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THE
LAST OF THE BARONS.

VOL. I.

“ The Earl of Warwick, commonly known, from the subsequent events, by the appellation of the *King-maker*, had distinguished himself by his gallantry in the field, by the hospitality of his table, by the magnificence, and still more by the generosity, of his expense, and by the spirited and bold manner which attended him in all his actions. The undesigning frankness and openness of his character rendered his conquest over men’s affections the more certain and infallible ; his presents were regarded as sure testimonies of esteem and friendship ; and his professions as the overflowings of his genuine sentiments. No less than thirty thousand persons are said to have daily lived at his board in the different manors and castles which he possessed in England ; the military men, allured by his munificence and hospitality, as well as by his bravery, were zealously attached to his interests ; the people in general bore him an unlimited affection ; his numerous retainers were more devoted to his will, than to the prince or to the laws ; **AND HE WAS THE GREATEST, AS WELL AS THE LAST, OF THOSE MIGHTY BARONS, WHO FORMERLY OVER-
AWED THE CROWN.**”—*Hume*.

THE
LAST OF THE BARONS

BY
THE AUTHOR OF "RIENZL"

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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DEDICATORY EPISTLE.

I DEDICATE to you, my indulgent Critic and long-tried Friend, the work which owes its origin to your suggestion. Long since, you urged me to attempt a fiction which might borrow its characters from our own Records, and serve to illustrate some of those truths which History is too often compelled to leave to the Tale-teller, the Dramatist, and the Poet. Unquestionably, Fiction, when aspiring to something higher than mere romance, does not pervert, but elucidate Facts. He who employs it worthily must, like a biographer, study the time and the characters he selects, with a minute and earnest diligence which the general historian, whose range extends over centuries, can scarcely be expected to bestow upon the things and the men of a single epoch ; his descriptions should fill up with colour and detail the cold outlines of the rapid chronicler ; and, in spite of all that has been

argued by pseudo-critics, the very fancy which urged and animated his theme should necessarily tend to increase the reader's practical and familiar acquaintance with the habits, the motives, and the modes of thought, which constitute the true idiosyncrasy of an age. More than all, to Fiction is permitted that liberal use of Analogical Hypothesis which is denied to History, and which, if sobered by research, and enlightened by that knowledge of mankind (without which Fiction can neither harm nor profit, for it becomes unreadable,) tends to clear up so much that were otherwise obscure, and to solve the disputes and difficulties of contradictory evidence by the philosophy of the human heart.

My own impression of the greatness of the labour to which you invited me, made me the more diffident of success, inasmuch as the field of English historical fiction had been so amply cultivated not only by the most brilliant of our many glorious Novelists, but by later writers of high and merited reputation. But however the annals of our History have been exhausted by the industry of Romance, the subject you finally pressed on my choice is unquestionably one which, whether in the delineation of character, the expression of passion, or the suggestion of historical truths, can hardly fail to direct the Novelist to paths wholly untrodden by his predecessors in the Land of Fiction.

Encouraged by you, I commenced my task— encouraged by you, I venture, on concluding it, to believe that, despite the partial adoption of that established compromise between the modern and the elder diction, which Sir Walter Scott so artistically improved from the more rugged phraseology employed by Strutt, and which later writers have perhaps somewhat over-hacknied, I may yet have avoided all material trespass upon ground which others have already redeemed from the waste.— Whatever the produce of the soil I have selected, I claim, at least, to have cleared it with my own labour, and ploughed it with my own heifer.

The reign of Edward IV. is in itself suggestive of new considerations and unexhausted interest to those who accurately regard it. Then commenced the policy consummated by Henry VII.; then were broken up the great elements of the old feudal order; a new Nobility was called into power, to aid the growing Middle Class in its struggles with the Ancient; and in the fate of the hero of the age, Richard Nevile, Earl of Warwick, popularly called the King-maker, “the greatest as well as the last of those mighty Barons who formerly overawed the Crown,”* was involved the

* Hume adds, “and rendered the people incapable of civil government;” a sentence, which, perhaps, judges too hastily the whole question at issue in our earlier history, between the jealousy of the Barons and the authority of the King.

very principle of our existing civilization. It adds to the wide scope of Fiction, which ever loves to explore the twilight, that, as Hume has truly observed—"No part of English history since the Conquest, is so obscure, so uncertain, so little authentic or consistent, as that of the Wars between the two Roses."* It adds also to the importance of that conjectural research in which Fiction may be made so interesting and so useful, that—"this profound darkness falls upon us just on the eve of the restoration of letters;"† while, amidst the gloom, we perceive the movement of those great and heroic passions in which Fiction finds delineations everlastingly new, and are brought in contact with characters sufficiently familiar for interest, sufficiently remote for adaptation to romance, and, above all, so frequently obscured by contradictory evidence, that we lend ourselves willingly to any one who seeks to help our judgment of the individual by tests taken from the general knowledge of mankind.

Round the great image of the Last of the Barons group Edward the Fourth, at once frank and false; the brilliant but ominous boyhood of Richard the Third; the accomplished Hastings, "a good knight and gentle, but somewhat dissolute of living;"‡ the vehement and fiery Margaret of

* Hume.

† Ibid.

‡ Chronicle of Edward V. in Stowe.

Anjou, the meek image of her "holy Henry," and the pale shadow of their son: there, may we see, also, the gorgeous Prelate, refining in policy and wile, as the enthusiasm and energy which had formerly upheld the Ancient Church pass into the stern and persecuted votaries of the New: We behold, in that social transition, the sober Trader—outgrowing the prejudices of the rude retainer or rustic franklin, from whom he is sprung—recognising sagaciously, and supporting sturdily, the sectarian interests of his order, and preparing the way for the mighty Middle Class in which our modern Civilization, with its faults and its merits, has established its strong-hold; while, in contrast to the measured and thoughtful notions of liberty which prudent Commerce entertains, we are reminded of the political fanaticism of the secret Lollard,—of the *jacquerie* of the turbulent mobleader; and perceive, amidst the various tyrannies of the time, and often partially allied with the warlike seignorie*—ever jealous against all kingly despotism,—the restless and ignorant movement of a democratic principle, ultimately suppressed, though not destroyed, under the Tudors,

* For it is noticeable that in nearly all the popular risings—that of Cade, of Robin of Redesdale, and afterwards of that which Perkin Warbeck made subservient to his extraordinary enterprise, the proclamations of the rebels always announced, among their popular grievances, the depression of the ancient nobles and the elevation of new men.

by the strong union of a Middle Class, anxious for security and order, with an Executive Authority determined upon absolute sway.

Nor should we obtain a complete and comprehensive view of that most interesting Period of Transition, unless we saw something of the influence which the sombre and sinister wisdom of Italian policy began to exercise over the councils of the great—a policy of refined stratagem—of complicated intrigue—of systematic falsehood—of ruthless, but secret violence: a policy which actuated the fell statecraft of Louis XI., which darkened, whenever he paused to think and to scheme, the gaudy and jovial character of Edward IV.; which appeared in its fullest combination of profound guile and resolute will in Richard III., and,—softened down into more plausible and specious purpose by the unimpassioned sagacity of Henry VII.—finally attained the object which justified all its villanies to the Princes of its native land—namely, the tranquillity of a settled state, and the establishment of a civilized but imperious despotism.

Again, in that twilight time, upon which was dawning the great Invention that gave to Letters and to Science the precision and durability of the printed page; it is interesting to conjecture what would have been the fate of any scientific achievement for which the world was less prepared. The

reception of printing into England, chanced just at the happy period when Scholarship and Literature were favoured by the great. The princes of York, with the exception of Edward IV. himself, who had, however, the grace to lament his own want of learning, and the taste to appreciate it in others, were highly educated. The Lords Rivers and Hastings* were accomplished in all the "witte and lere" of their age. Princes and Peers vied with each other in their patronage of Caxton, and Richard III., during his brief reign, spared no pains to circulate to the utmost the invention destined to transmit his own memory to the hatred and the horror of all succeeding time. But when we look around us, we see, in contrast to the gracious and fostering reception of the mere mechanism by which science is made manifest, the utmost intolerance to science itself. The mathematics in especial are deemed the very cabala of the black art—accusations of witchcraft were never more abundant, and yet, strange to say, those who openly professed to practise the unhallowed science,† and contrived to

* The erudite Lord Worcester had been one of Caxton's warmest patrons, but that nobleman was no more, at the time in which Printing is said to have been actually introduced into England.

† Nigromancy or Sorcery even took its place amongst the regular callings. Thus, "Thomas Vandyke late of Cambridge," is styled (Rolls Parl. 6, p. 273) Nigromancer, as his profession. Sharon Turner's *Hist. of Eng.*, vol. iv. p. 6. Bucke's *History of Richard III.*

make their deceptions profitable to some unworthy political purpose, appear to have enjoyed safety, and sometimes even honour, while those who, occupied with some practical, useful, and noble pursuits, uncomprehended by prince or people, denied their sorcery, were dispatched without mercy. The Mathematician and Astronomer, Bolingbroke (the greatest clerk of his age), is hanged and quartered as a wizard, while not only impunity but reverence seems to have awaited a certain Friar Bungey, for having raised mists and vapours, which greatly befriended Edward the Fourth at the battle of Barnet.

Our knowledge of the intellectual spirit of the age, therefore, only becomes perfect when we contrast the success of the Impostor with the fate of the true Genius. And as the prejudices of the populace ran high against all mechanical contrivances for altering the settled conditions of labour,* so, probably, in the very instinct and destiny of Genius, which ever drive it to a war with popular prejudice, it would be towards such con-

* Even in the article of bonnets and hats, it appears that certain wicked Fulling Mills were deemed worthy of a special anathema in the reign of Edward IV. These engines are accused of having sought, "by subtle imagination," the destruction of the original makers of hats and bonnets, "by man's strength—that is, with hands and feet." And an act of parliament was passed (22nd of Edward IV.) to put down the fabrication of the said hats and bonnets by *mechanical* contrivance.

trivances that a man of great ingenuity and intellect, if studying the physical sciences, would direct his ambition.

Whether the author, in the invention he has assigned to his philosopher (Adam Warner) has too boldly assumed the possibility of a conception so much in advance of the time, they who have examined such of the works of Roger Bacon as are yet given to the world, can best decide; but the assumption in itself belongs strictly to the most acknowledged prerogatives of Fiction; and the true and important question will obviously be, not whether Adam Warner could have constructed his model, but whether, having so constructed it, the fate that befel him was probable and natural.

Such characters as I have here alluded to seemed, then, to me, in meditating the treatment of the high and brilliant subject which your eloquence animated me to attempt, the proper Representatives of the multiform Truths which the time of Warwick, the Kingmaker, affords to our interest and suggests for our instruction; and I can only wish that the powers of the author were worthier of the theme.

It is necessary that I now state briefly the foundation of the Historical portions of this narrative. The charming and popular History, of Hume, which, however, in its treatment of the reign of Edward the Fourth is more than usually incor-

rect, has probably left upon the minds of many of my readers, who may not have directed their attention to more recent and accurate researches into that obscure period, an erroneous impression of the causes which led to the breach between Edward the Fourth and his great kinsman and subject, the Earl of Warwick. The general notion is probably still strong, that it was the marriage of the young King to Elizabeth Gray, during Warwick's negotiations in France for the alliance of Bona of Savoy, (sister-in-law to Louis the XI.,) which exasperated the fiery Earl, and induced his union with the House of Lancaster. All our more recent historians have justly rejected this groundless fable, which even Hume (his extreme penetration supplying the defects of his superficial research) admits with reserve.* A short summary of the reasons for this rejection is given by Dr. Lingard, and annexed below.† And, indeed, it is a matter

* "There may even some doubt arise with regard to the proposal of marriage made to Bona of Savoy," &c.—HUME, note to p. 222, vol. iii. edit. 1825.

† "Many writers tell us that the enmity of Warwick arose from his disappointment, caused by Edward's clandestine marriage with Elisabeth. If we may believe them, the earl was at the very time in France negotiating on the part of the king a marriage with Bona of Savoy, sister to the queen of France; and having succeeded in his mission, brought back with him the Count of Dampmartin as ambassador from Louis. To me the whole story appears a fiction. 1. It is not to be found in the more ancient historians. 2. Warwick was not at the time in France. On the 20th of April, ten days before the marriage, he

of wonder that so many of our chroniclers could have gravely admitted a legend contradicted by all the subsequent conduct of Warwick himself. For we find the Earl specially doing honour to the publication of Edward's marriage, standing godfather to his first-born, (the Princess Elizabeth,) employed as ambassador, or acting as minister, and fighting *for* Edward, and *against* the Lancastrians during the five years that elapsed between the coronation of Elizabeth and Warwick's rebellion.

The real causes of this memorable quarrel, in which Warwick acquired his title of King-maker, appear to have been these.

It is probable enough, as Sharon Turner suggests,* that Warwick was disappointed that, since Edward chose a subject for his wife, he neglected the more suitable marriage he might have formed with the Earl's eldest daughter: and it is im-

was employed in negotiating a truce with the French envoys in London (Rym. xi. 521), and on the 26th of May, about three weeks after it, was appointed to treat of another truce with the King of Scots (Rym. xi. 424). · 3. Nor could he bring Dampmartin with him to England. For that nobleman was committed a prisoner to the Bastile in September, 1463, and remained there till May, 1465. Monstrel. iii. 97, 109. Three contemporary and well-informed writers, the two continuators of the history of Croyland, and Wyrcester, attribute his discontent to the marriages and honours granted to the Wydeviles, and the marriage of the Princess Margaret with the Duke of Burgundy." Lingard. Vol. iii. c. 24. p. 5, 19. (4to edition.)

* Sh. Turner, Hist. England, vol. iii. p. 269.

possible but that the Earl should have been greatly chafed, in common with all his order, by the promotion of the Queen's relations,* new men, and apostate Lancastrians. But it is clear that these causes for discontent never weakened his zeal for Edward till the year 1467, when we chance upon the true origin of the romance concerning Bona of Savoy, and the first open dissension between Edward and the Earl.

In that year Warwick went to France, to conclude an alliance with Louis the Eleventh, and to secure the hand of one of the French Princess† for Margaret, sister to Edward the Fourth; during this period, Edward received the bastard brother of Charles, Count of Charolois, afterwards Duke of Burgundy, and arranged a marriage between Margaret and the Count.

Warwick's embassy was thus dishonoured, and the dishonour was aggravated by personal enmity to the bridegroom Edward had preferred.‡ The

* W. Wyr. 506, 7. Croyl. 542.

† Which of the Princes this was, does not appear, and can scarcely be conjectured. The Pictorial History of England, (Book v. 102,) in a tone of easy decision, says "it was one of the sons of Louis XI." But Louis had no living sons at all at the time. The Dauphin was not born till three years afterwards. The most probable person was the Duke of Guienne, Louis's brother.

‡ The Croyland Historian, who, as far as his brief and meagre record extends, is the best authority for the time of Edward IV., very decidedly states the Burgundian alliance

Earl retired in disgust to his castle. But Warwick's nature, which Hume has happily described as one of "undesigning frankness and openness,"* does not seem to have long harboured this resentment. By the intercession of the Archbishop of York and others, a reconciliation was effected, and the next year, 1468, we find Warwick again in favour, and even so far forgetting his own former cause of complaint as to accompany the procession in honour of Margaret's nuptials with his private foe.† In the following year, however, arose the second dissension between the King and his minister—viz., in the King's refusal to sanction the marriage of his brother Clarence with the Earl's daughter Isabel, a refusal which was attended with a resolute opposition that must greatly have galled the pride of the Earl, since Edward even went so far as ‡ to solicit the Pope to refuse his sanction, on the ground of relationship. The Pope, nevertheless, grants the dis-

to be the original cause of Warwick's displeasure, rather than the King's marriage with Elizabeth :—"Upon which (the marriage of Margaret with Charolois), Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, who had for so many years taken party with the French against the Burgundians, conceived great indignation; and I hold this to be the truer cause of his resentment, than the King's marriage with Elizabeth, for he had rather have procured a husband for the aforesaid Princess Margaret in the kingdom of France." The Croyland Historian also speaks emphatically of the strong animosity existing between Charolois and Warwick.—Cont. Croyl. 551.

* Hume, Henry VI., vol. iii. p. 172, edit. 1825.

† Lingard.

‡ Carte. Wm. Wyrce.

pensation, and the marriage takes place at Calais. A popular rebellion then breaks out in England. Some of Warwick's kinsmen—those, however, belonging to the branch of the Nevile family, that had always been Lancastrian, and at variance with the Earl's party—are found at its head. The King, who is in imminent danger, writes a supplicating letter to Warwick to come to his aid.* The Earl again forgets former causes for resentment, hastens from Calais, rescues the King, and quells the rebellion, by the influence of his popular name.

We next find Edward at Warwick's castle of Middleham, where, according to some historians, he is forcibly detained, an assertion, treated by others as a contemptible invention; this question will be examined in the course of these volumes;† but, whatever the true construction of the story, we find that Warwick and the King are still on such friendly terms, that the Earl marches in person against a rebellion on the Borders—obtains a signal victory—and that the rebel leader (the Earl's own kinsman) is beheaded by Edward at York. We find that, immediately after this supposed detention, Edward speaks of Warwick and his brothers “as his best friends”‡—that he betrothes his eldest daughter

* Paston Letters, cxviii. vol. ii., Knight's edition. See Lingard, c. 24, for the true date of Edward's letters to Warwick, Clarence, and the Archbishop of York.

† See Note appended to vol. ii.

‡ Paston Letters, cciv. vol. ii., Knight's edition. The date of this letter, which puzzled the worthy annotator, is clearly to

to Warwick's nephew, the male heir of the family. And then suddenly, only three months afterwards, (in Feb. 1470,) and without any clear and apparent cause, we find Warwick in open rebellion, animated by a deadly hatred to the King, refusing, from first to last, all overtures of conciliation; and so determined is his vengeance that he bows a pride, hitherto morbidly susceptible, to the vehement insolence of Margaret of Anjou, and forms the closest alliance with the Lancastrian party, in the destruction of which his whole life had previously been employed!

Here, then, where History leaves us in the dark—where our curiosity is the most excited, Fiction gropes amidst the ancient chronicles, and seeks to detect and to guess the truth. And then, Fiction, accustomed to deal with the human heart, seizes upon the paramount importance of a Fact which the modern historian has been contented to place

be referred to Edward's return from York, after his visit to Middleham in 1469. No mention is therein made by the gossiping contemporary of any rumour that Edward had suffered imprisonment. He enters the city in state, as having returned safe and victorious from a formidable rebellion. The letter goes on to say—"The King himself hath (that is, *holds*) good language of the Lords Clarence, of Warwick, &c., saying, 'they be his best friends.'" Would he say this if just escaped from a prison? Sir John Paston, the writer of the letter, adds, it is true, "But *his* household men have (hold) other language." Very probably, for the household men were the court creatures always at variance with Warwick, and held, no doubt, the same language they had been in the habit of holding before.

amongst dubious and collateral causes of dissension. We find it broadly and strongly stated, by Hall and others, that Edward had coarsely attempted the virtue of one of the Earl's female relations. "And farther it erreth not from the truth," says Hall, "that the King did attempt a thing once in the Earl's house, which was much against the Earl's honesty;"—but whether it was the daughter or the niece," adds the chronicler, "was not, for both their honours, openly known; but *surely* such a thing was attempted by King Edward," &c.

Any one at all familiar with Hall, (and, indeed, with all our principal chroniclers, except Fabyan,) will not expect any accurate precision as to the date he assigns for the outrage. He awards to it, therefore, the same date he erroneously gives to Warwick's other grudges, (*viz.*, a period brought some years lower by all judicious historians,)—a date at which Warwick was still Edward's fastest friend.

Once grant the probability of this insult to the Earl (the probability is conceded at once by the more recent historians, and received without scruple as a fact by Rapin, Habington, and Carte), and the whole obscurity which involves this memorable quarrel vanishes at once. Here was, indeed, a wrong never to be forgiven, and yet never to be proclaimed. As Hall implies, the honour of the Earl was implicated in hushing the scandal, and the

honour of Edward in concealing the offence.—That, if ever the insult were attempted, it must have been *just* previous to the Earl's declared hostility, is clear. Offences of that kind hurry men to immediate action at the first, or else, if they stoop to dissimulation, the more effectually to avenge afterwards, the outbreak bides its seasonable time. But the time selected by the Earl for *his* outbreak was the very worst he could have chosen, and attests the influence of a sudden passion—a new and uncalculated cause of resentment. He had no forces collected—he had not even sounded his own brother-in-law, Lord Stanley, (since he was uncertain of his intentions,) while, but a few months before, had he felt any desire to dethrone the King, he could either have suffered him to be crushed by the popular rebellion the Earl himself had quelled, or have disposed of his person as he pleased, when a guest at his own Castle of Middleham. His evident want of all preparation and forethought—a want which drove into rapid and compulsory flight from England the Baron to whose banner, a few months afterwards, flocked sixty thousand men—proves that the cause of his alienation was fresh and recent.

If, then, the cause we have referred to, as mentioned by Hall and others, seems the most probable we can find, (*no other* cause for such *abrupt* hostility being discernible,) the date for it

must be placed where it is in this work—viz., just prior to the Earl's revolt. The next question is, who could have been the lady thus offended, whether a Niece or Daughter; scarcely a Niece. For Warwick had one married brother, Lord Montagu, and several sisters, but the sisters were married to lords who remained friendly to Edward,* and Montagu seems to have had no daughter out of childhood,† while that nobleman himself did not share Warwick's rebellion at the first, but continued to enjoy the confidence of Edward. We cannot reasonably, then, conceive the uncle to have been so much more revengeful than the parents—the legitimate guardians of the honour of a daughter. It is, therefore, more probable that the insulted maiden should have been one of Lord Warwick's daughters, and this is the general belief. Carte plainly declares it was Isabel. But Isabel it could hardly have been; she was then married to Edward's brother, the Duke of Cla-

* Except the sisters married to Lord Fitzhugh and Lord Oxford. But though Fitzhugh, or rather his son, broke into rebellion, it was for some cause in which Warwick did not sympathize, for by Warwick himself was that rebellion put down; nor could the aggrieved lady have been a daughter of Lord Oxford's, for he was a stanch, though not avowed, Lancastrian, and seems to have carefully kept aloof from the Court.

† Montagu's wife could have been little more than thirty at the time of his death. She married again, and had a family by her second husband.

rence, and within a month of her confinement. The Earl had only one other daughter, Anne, then in the flower of her youth; and though Isabel appears to have possessed a more striking character of beauty, Anne must have had no inconsiderable charms to have won the love of the Lancastrian Prince Edward, and to have inspired a tender and human affection in Richard Duke of Gloucester.* It is also noticeable, that when, not as Shakspeare represents, but after long solicita-

* Not only does Majerus, the Flemish Annalist, speak of Richard's early affection to Anne, but Richard's pertinacity in marrying her, at a time when her family was crushed and fallen, seems to sanction the assertion. True, that Richard received with her a considerable portion of the estates of her parents. But both Anne herself and her parents were attainted, and the whole property at the disposal of the crown. Richard at that time had conferred the most important services on Edward. He had remained faithful to him during the rebellion of Clarence—he had been the hero of the day both at Barnet and Tewksbury. His reputation was then exceedingly high, and if he had demanded, as a legitimate reward, the lands of Middleham, without the bride, Edward could not well have refused them. He certainly had a much better claim than the only other competitor for the confiscated estates—viz., the perjured and despicable Clarence. For Anne's reluctance to marry Richard, and the disguise she assumed, see Miss Strickland's *Life of Anne of Warwick*. For the honour of Anne, rather than of Richard, to whose memory, one crime more or less, matters but little, it may here be observed that so far from there being any ground to suppose that Gloucester was an accomplice in the assassination of the young Prince Edward of Lancaster, there is some ground to believe that that Prince was not assassinated at all, but died (as we would fain hope the grandson of Henry V. did die) fighting manfully in the field. Harleian MSS.; Stowe's *Chronicle of Tewksbury*; Sharon Turner, vol. iii. p. 335.

tion, and apparently by positive coercion, Anne formed her second marriage, she seems to have been kept carefully by Richard from his gay brother's court, and rarely, if ever, to have appeared in London till Edward was no more.

That considerable obscurity should always rest upon the facts connected with Edward's meditated crime—that they should never be published amongst the grievances of the haughty rebel, is natural from the very dignity of the parties, and the character of the offence—that in such obscurity, sober History should not venture too far on the hypothesis suggested by the chronicler, is right and laudable. But probably it will be conceded by all, that here Fiction finds its lawful province, and that it may reasonably help, by no improbable nor groundless conjecture, to render connected and clear the most broken and the darkest fragments of our annals.

I have judged it better partially to forestall the interest of the reader in my narrative, by stating thus openly what he may expect, than to encounter the far less favourable impression, (if he had been hitherto a believer in the old romance of Bona of Savoy,*) that the author was taking unwarrantable liberty with the real facts, when, in truth, it is upon the real facts, as

* I say, the old romance of Bona of Savoy—so far as Edward's rejection of her hand for that of Elizabeth Gray, is stated to have made the cause of his quarrel with Warwick. But I do not deny the possibility that such a marriage had been contemplated and advised by Warwick, though he neither sought [to negotiate it, nor was wronged by Edward's preference of his fair subject.

far as they can be ascertained, that the author has built his tale, and his boldest inventions are but deductions from the amplest evidence he could collect. Nay, he even ventures to believe, that whoever, hereafter, shall write the history of Edward the Fourth, will not disdain to avail himself of some suggestions scattered throughout these volumes, and tending to throw new light upon the events of that intricate but important period.

It is probable that this work will prove more popular in its nature than my last fiction of "*Zanoni*," which could only be relished by those interested in the examination of the various problems in human life which it attempts to solve. But both fictions, however different and distinct their treatment, are constructed on those principles of art to which, in all my later works, however imperfect my success, I have sought at least steadily to adhere.

To my mind, a writer should sit down to compose a fiction as a painter prepares to compose a picture. His first care should be the conception of a whole as lofty as his intellect can grasp—as harmonious and complete as his art can accomplish; his second care, the *character* of the interest which the details are intended to sustain.

It is when we compare works of imagination in writing, with works of imagination on the canvas, that we can best form a critical idea of the different schools which exist in each; for common

both to the author and the painter are those styles which we call the Familiar, the Picturesque, and the Intellectual. By recurring to this comparison we can without much difficulty classify works of Fiction in their proper order, and estimate the rank they should severally hold. The Intellectual will probably never be the most widely popular for the moment. He who prefers to study in this school must be prepared for much depreciation, for its greatest excellences, even if he achieve them, are not the most obvious to the many. In discussing, for instance, a modern work, we hear it praised, perhaps, for some striking passage, some prominent character; but when do we ever hear any comment on its harmony of construction, on its fulness of design, on its ideal character,—on its essentials, in short, as a work of art? What we hear most valued in the picture, we often find the most neglected in the book—viz., *the composition*; and this, simply, because in England painting is recognised as an art, and estimated according to definite theories. But in literature, we judge from a taste never formed—from a thousand prejudices and ignorant predilections. We do not yet comprehend that the author is an artist, and that the true rules of art by which he should be tested are precise and immutable. Hence the singular and fantastic caprices of the popular opinion—its exaggerations of praise or censure—its passion and re-action. At

one while, its solemn contempt for Wordsworth—at another, its absurd idolatry. At one while we are stunned by the noisy celebrity of Byron—at another, we are calmly told that he can scarcely be called a poet. Each of these variations in the public is implicitly followed by the vulgar criticism; And as a few years back our journals vied with each other in ridiculing Wordsworth for the faults which he did not possess, they vie now with each other in eulogiums upon the merits which he has never displayed.

These violent fluctuations betray both a public and a criticism utterly unschooled in the elementary principles of literary art, and entitle the humblest author to dispute the censure of the hour, while they ought to render the greatest suspicious of its praise.

It is, then, in conformity, not with any presumptuous conviction of his own superiority, but with his common experience and common sense, that every author who addresses an English audience in serious earnest is permitted to feel that his final sentence rests not with the jury before which he is first heard. The literary history of the day consists of a series of judgments set aside.

But this uncertainty must more essentially betide every student, however lowly, in the school I have called the Intellectual, which must ever be more or less at variance with the popular canons;

it is its hard necessity to vex and disturb the lazy quietude of vulgar taste, for unless it did so, it could neither elevate nor move. He who resigns the Dutch art for the Italian must continue through the dark to explore the principles upon which he founds his design—to which he adapts his execution; in hope or in despondence, still faithful to the theory which cares less for the amount of interest created, than for the sources from which the interest is to be drawn—seeking in action the movement of the grander passions, or the subtler springs of conduct—seeking in repose the colouring of intellectual beauty.

The Low and the High of Art are not very readily comprehended; they depend not upon the worldly degree or the physical condition of the characters delineated; they depend entirely upon the quality of the emotion which the characters are intended to excite—viz., whether of sympathy for something low, or of admiration for something high. There is nothing high in a boor's head by Teniers—there is nothing low in a boor's head by Guido. What makes the difference between the two?—The absence or presence of the Ideal! But every one can judge of the merit of the first—for it is of the Familiar school—it requires a connoisseur to see the merit of the last, for it is of the Intellectual.

I have the less scrupled to leave these remarks

to cavil or to sarcasm, because this fiction is probably the last with which I shall trespass upon the Public, and I am desirous that it shall contain, at least, my avowal of the principles upon which it and its later predecessors have been composed ; you know well, however others may dispute the fact, the earnestness with which those principles have been meditated and pursued,—with high desire, if but with poor results.

It is a pleasure to feel that the aim, which I value more than the success, is comprehended by one, whose exquisite taste as a critic is only impaired by that far rarer quality—the disposition to *over-estimate* the person you *profess* to esteem ! Adieu, my sincere and valued friend ; and accept as a mute token of gratitude and regard, these last flowers gathered in the Garden where we, so often, have roved together.

E. L. B.

London, January, 1843.

BOOK THE FIRST.

**THE ADVENTURES OF MASTER MARMADUKE
NEVILE.**

VOL. I.

B

BOOK THE FIRST.

I.

THE PASTIME GROUND OF OLD COCKAIGNE.

WESTWARD, beyond the still pleasant, but, even then, no longer solitary hamlet of Charing, a broad space broken, here and there, by scattered houses and venerable pollards, in the early spring of 1467, presented the rural scene for the sports and pastimes of the inhabitants of Westminster and London. Scarcely need we say that open spaces for the popular games and diversions were then numerous in the suburbs of the metropolis. Grateful to some, the fresh pools of Islington; to others, the grass-bare fields of Finsbury; to all, the hedgeless plains of vast Mile-end. But the site to which we are now summoned, was a new and maiden holiday ground, lately bestowed upon the townsfolk of Westminster, by the powerful Earl of Warwick.

Raised by a verdant slope above the low marsh-grown soil of Westminster, the ground communicated to the left with the Brook-fields, through which stole the peaceful Ty-bourne, and commanded prospects, on all sides fair, and on each side varied. Behind, rose the twin green hills of Hampstead and Highgate, with the upland park and chase of Marybone—its stately manor-house half hid in woods. In front, might be seen the Convent of the Lepers, dedicated to St. James—now a palace; then, to the left, York House,* now Whitehall; farther on, the spires of Westminster Abbey and the gloomy tower of the Sanctuary; next, the Palace, with its bulwark and vawmure, soaring from the river; while, eastward, and nearer to the scene, stretched the long bush-grown passage of the Strand, picturesquely varied with bridges, and flanked to the right by the embattled halls of feudal nobles, or the inns of the no less powerful prelates,—while sombre and huge, amidst hall and inn, loomed the gigantic ruins of the Savoy, demolished in the insurrection of Wat Tyler. Farther on, and farther yet, the eye wandered over tower, and gate, and arch, and spire, with frequent glimpses of the broad sunlit river, and the opposite shore crowned by the palace of Lambeth, and the church of St. Mary Overies, till the indistinct cluster of battlements around the Fortress-Palatine bounded the

* The residence of the Archbishops of York.

curious gaze. As whatever is new is for a while popular, so to this pastime-ground, on the day we treat of, flocked, not only the idlers of Westminster, but the lordlier dwellers of Lud-gate and the Flete, and the wealthier citizens of tumultuous Chepe.

The ground was well suited to the purpose to which it was devoted. About the outskirts, indeed, there were swamps and fish-pools; but a considerable plot towards the centre presented a level sward, already worn bare and brown by the feet of the multitude. From this, towards the left, extended alleys, some recently planted, intended to afford, in summer, cool and shady places for the favourite game of bowls; while scattered clumps, chiefly of old pollards, to the right, broke the space agreeably enough into detached portions, each of which afforded its separate pastime or diversion. Around were ranged many carts, or wagons—horses of all sorts and value were led to and fro, while their owners were at sport. Tents, awnings, hostels—temporary buildings—stages for showmen and jugglers—abounded, and gave the scene the appearance of a fair. But what particularly now demands our attention was a broad plot in the ground, dedicated to the noble diversion of archery. The reigning House of York owed much of its military success to the superiority of the bowmen under its banners, and the Londoners themselves were jealous of their reputation in this martial accomplishment. For the last fifty years,

notwithstanding the warlike nature of the times, the practice of the bow, in the intervals of peace, had been more neglected than seemed wise to the rulers. Both the king and his loyal city had of late taken much pains to enforce the due exercise of "Goddess instrumente,"* upon which, more than all else, an edict had declared "the liberties and honour of England principally rested!"

And numerous now was the attendance, not only of the citizens, the burghers, and the idle populace, but of the gay and gallant nobles who surrounded the court of Edward IV., then in the prime of his youth; the handsomest, the gayest, and the bravest prince in Christendom.

The royal tournaments, (which were, however, waning from their ancient lustre to kindle afresh, and to expire in the reigns of the succeeding Tudors,) restricted to the amusements of knight and noble, no doubt presented more of pomp and splendour than the motley and mixed assembly of all ranks that now grouped around the competitors for the silver arrow, or listened to the itinerant jongleur, dissour, or minstrel;—or, seated under the stunted shade of the old trees, indulged with eager looks, and hands often wandering to their dagger hilts, in the absorbing passion of the dice; but no later and earlier scenes of revelry ever,

* So called emphatically by Bishop Latimer, in his celebrated Sixth Sermon.

perhaps, exhibited that heartiness of enjoyment, that universal holiday, which attended this mixture of every class, and established a rude equality for the hour—between the knight and the retainer, the burgess and the courtier.

The Revolution that placed Edward IV. upon the throne, had, in fact, been a popular one. Not only had the valour and moderation of his father Richard, Duke of York, bequeathed a heritage of affection to his brave and accomplished son—not only were the most beloved of the great barons, the leaders of his party—but the King himself, partly from inclination, partly from policy, spared no pains to win the good graces of that slowly rising, but even then important part of the population—the Middle Class. He was the first king who descended, without loss of dignity and respect, from the society of his peers and princes, to join familiarly in the feasts and diversions of the merchant and the trader. The lord mayor and council of London were admitted, on more than one solemn occasion, into the deliberations of the Court; and Edward had not long since, on the coronation of his queen, much to the discontent of certain of his barons, conferred the Knighthood of the Bath upon four of the citizens. On the other hand, though Edward's gallantries—the only vice which tended to diminish his popularity with the sober burgesses—were little worthy of his station, his frank, joyous familiarity

with his inferiors, was not debased by the buffooneries that had led to the reverses and the awful fate of two of his royal predecessors. There must have been a popular principle, indeed, as well as a popular fancy, involved in the steady and ardent adherence which the population of London, in particular, and most of the great cities, exhibited to the person and the cause of Edward the Fourth. There was a feeling that his reign was an advance, in civilization, upon the monastic virtues of Henry VI., and the stern ferocity which accompanied the great qualities of "The Foreign Woman," as the people styled and regarded his haughty consort, Margaret of Anjou. While thus the gifts, the courtesy, and the policy of the young sovereign made him popular with the middle classes, he owed the allegiance of the more powerful barons and the favour of the rural population to a man who stood colossal amidst the iron images of the Age—the greatest and the last of the old Norman Chivalry—kinglier in pride, in state, in possessions, and in renown, than the king himself—Richard Nevile, Earl of Salisbury and Warwick.

This princely personage, in the full vigour of his age, possessed all the attributes that endear the noble to the herd. His valour in the field was accompanied with a generosity rare in the captains of the time. He valued himself on sharing the perils and the hardships of his meanest soldier.

His haughtiness to the great was not incompatible with frank affability to the lowly. His wealth was enormous, but it was equalled by his magnificence, and rendered popular by his lavish hospitality. No less than thirty thousand persons are said to have feasted daily at the open tables with which he allured to his countless castles the strong hands and grateful hearts of a martial and unsettled population. More haughty than ambitious, he was feared because he avenged all affront; and yet not envied, because he seemed above all favour.

The holiday on the archery-ground was more than usually gay, for the rumour had spread from the court to the city, that Edward was about to increase his power abroad, and to repair what he had lost in the eyes of Europe, through his marriage with Elizabeth Gray—by allying his sister Margaret with the brother of Louis XL, and that no less a person than the Earl of Warwick had been the day before selected as ambassador on the important occasion.

Various opinions were entertained upon the preference given to France in this alliance, over the rival candidate for the hand of the princess—viz., the Count de Charolois, afterwards Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.

“By'r Lady,” said a stout citizen, about the age of fifty, “but I am not over pleased with this French marriage-making! I would liefer the

stout Earl were going to France with bows and bills, than sarcenets and satins. What will become of our trade with Flanders—answer me that, Master Stokton? The House of York is a good house, and the King is a good king, but trade is trade. Every man must draw water to his own mill.”

“Hush, Master Heyford!” said a small lean man in a light-grey surcoat. “The King loves not talk about what the king does. It’s ill jesting with lions. Remember William Walker, hanged for saying his son should be heir to the crown.”

“Troth,” answered Master Heyford, nothing daunted, for he belonged to one of the most powerful corporations of London—“it was but a scurvy Pepperer* who made that joke. But a joke from a worshipful goldsmith, who has monies and influence, and a fair wife of his own, whom the King himself has been pleased to commend, is another guess sort of matter. But here’s my grave-visaged headman, who always contrives to pick up the last gossip astir, and has a deep eye into millstones. Why, ho, there! Alwyn—I say, Nicholas Alwyn!—who would have thought to see thee with that bow, a good half ell taller than thyself? Methought thou wert too sober and studious for such man-at-arms sort of devilry.”

“An’ it please you, Master Heyford,” answered the person thus addressed—a young man, pale and lean, though sinewy and large-boned, with a coun-

* Old name for Grocer.

tenance of great intelligence, but a slow and somewhat formal manner of speech, and a strong provincial accent—"An' it please you, King Edward's edict ordains every Englishman to have a bow of his own height; and he who neglects the shaft on a holiday, forfeiteth one halfpenny and some honour. For the rest, methinks that the citizens of London will become of more worth and potency every year; and it shall not be my fault if I do not, though but a humble headman to your worshipful mastership; help to make them so."

"Why, that's well said, lad; but if the Londoners prosper, it is because they have nobles in their gipsires,* not bows in their hands."

"Thinkest thou, then, Master Heyford, that any king at a pinch would leave them the gipsire, if they could not protect it with the bow? That Age may have gold, let not Youth despise iron."

"Body o' me!" cried Master Heyford, "but thou hadst better curb in thy tongue. Though I have my jest—as a rich man and a corpulent—a lad who has his way to make good should be silent and—but he's gone."

"Where hooked you up that young jack-fish?" said Master Stokton—the thin mercer, who had reminded the goldsmith of the fate of the grocer.

"Why he was meant for the cowl, but his mother, a widow, at his own wish, let him make choice of the flat cap. He was the best 'prentice

* Gipsire, a kind of pouch worn at the girdle.

ever I had. By the blood of St. Thomas, he will push his way in good time; he has a head, Master Stokton—a head—and an ear; and a great big pair of eyes always looking out for something to his proper advantage.”

In the meanwhile, the goldsmith's headman had walked leisurely up to the Archery Ground, and even in his gait and walk, as he thus repaired to a pastime, there was something steady, staid, and business-like.

The youths of his class and calling were at that day very different from their equals in this. Many of them the sons of provincial retainers, some even of franklins and gentlemen, their childhood had made them familiar with the splendour and the sports of knighthood; they had learned to wrestle, to cudgel, to pitch the bar or the quoit, to draw the bow, and to practise the sword and buckler, before transplanted from the village green to the city stall. And, even then, the constant broils and wars of the time—the example of their betters—the holiday spectacle of mimic strife—and, above all, the powerful and corporate association they formed amongst themselves—tended to make them as wild, as jovial, and as dissolute a set of young fellows as their posterity are now sober, careful, and discreet. And as Nicholas Alwyn passed by, with a slight inclination of his head, two or three loud, swaggering, bold-looking groups of apprentices—their shaggy hair streaming over

their shoulders—their caps on one side—their short cloaks of blue, torn or patched, though still passably new—their bludgeons under their arms—and their whole appearance and manner not very dissimilar from the German collegians in the last century—the contrast of his prim neat dress, his precise walk, and the feline care with which he stepped aside from any patches of mire that might sully the soles of his square-toed shoes, (which studiously avoided the two extremes of the fashion—the upturned point, and the preposterous width which, reversing the shape of the human foot, made the toe resemble the base of a triangle,)—was, no doubt, such as would have delighted his anxious mother.

The idle apprentices winked and whispered, and lolled out their tongues at him as he passed. “Oh! but that must be as good as a May-Fair day—sober Nick Alwyn’s maiden flight of the shaft. Hollo, puissant archer, take care of the goslings yonder! Look this way when thou pull’st, and then woe to the other side!” Venting these and many similar specimens of the humour of Cockaigne, the apprentices, however, followed their quondam colleague, and elbowed their way into the crowd gathered around the competitors at the butts; and it was at this spot, commanding a view of the whole space, that the spectator might well have formed some notion of the vast following of the House of Nevile. For everywhere along

the front lines—everywhere in the scattered groups—might be seen, glistening in the sunlight, the armorial badges of that mighty family. The Pied Bull, which was the proper cognizance* of the Neviles, was principally borne by the numerous kinsmen of Earl Warwick, who rejoiced in the Nevile name. The Lord Montagu, Warwick's brother, to whom the King had granted the forfeit title and estates of the Earls of Northumberland, distinguished his own retainers, however, by the special crest of the ancient Montagus—a Gryphon issuant from a ducal crown. But far more numerous than Bull or Gryphon (numerous as either seemed) were the badges borne by those who ranked themselves among the peculiar followers of the great Earl of Warwick:—The cognizance of the Bear and Ragged Staff, which he assumed in right of the Beauchamps, whom he represented through his wife, the heiress of the Lords of Warwick, was worn in the hats of the more gentle and well-born clansmen and followers, while the Ragged Staff alone was worked, front and back, on the scarlet jackets of his more humble and personal retainers. It was a matter of popular notice and admiration, that in those who bore these badges, as in the wearers of the hat and staff of the ancient Spartans, might be traced a grave loftiness of bearing, as if they belonged to another caste—another race than the herd of men. Near the place where the rivals

* The Pied Bull the cognizance—the Dun Bull's head the crest.

for the silver arrow were collected, a lordly party had reined in their palfreys, and conversed with each other, as the judges of the field were marshalling the competitors.

“Who,” said one of these gallants, “who is that comely young fellow just below us, with the Neville cognizance of the Bull on his hat? He has the air of one I should know.”

“I never saw him before, my Lord of Northumberland,” answered, with an inclination of respect, one of the gentlemen thus addressed, “but, pardieu, he who knows all the Neviles by eye, must know half England.” The Lord Montagu, for though at that moment invested with the titles of the Percy, by that name Earl Warwick’s brother is known to history, and by that, his rightful name, he shall therefore be designated in these pages;—the Lord Montagu smiled graciously at this remark, and a murmur through the crowd announced that the competition for the silver arrow was about to commence. The butts, formed of turf, with a small white mark fastened to the centre by a very minute peg, were placed apart, one at each end, at the distance of eleven score yards. At the extremity, where the shooting commenced, the crowd assembled, taking care to keep clear from the opposite butt, as the warning word of “Fast” was thundered forth; but eager was the general murmur, and many were the wagers given and

accepted, as some wellknown archer tried his chance. Near the butt, that now formed the target, stood the marker with his white wand; and the rapidity with which archer after archer discharged his shaft, and then, if it missed, hurried across the ground to pick it up, (for arrows were dear enough not to be lightly lost,) amidst the jeers and laughter of the bystanders, was highly animated and diverting. As yet, however, no marksman had hit the white, though many had gone close to it, when Nicholas Alwyn stepped forward; and there was something so un-warlike in his whole air, so prim in his gait, so careful in his deliberate survey of the shaft, and his precise adjustment of the leathern gauntlet that protected the arm from the painful twang of the string, that a general burst of laughter from the bystanders attested their anticipation of a signal failure.

“Fore heaven!” said Montagu, “he handles his bow an’ it were a yard measure. One would think he were about to bargain for the bow-string, he eyes it so closely.”

“And now,” said Nicholas, slowly adjusting the arrow, “a shot for the honour of old Westmoreland!” And as he spoke, the arrow sprang gallantly forth, and quivered in the very heart of the white. There was a general movement of surprise among the spectators, as the marker thrice shook his wand over his head. But Alwyn, as

indifferent to their respect as he had been to their ridicule, turned round and said, with a significant glance at the silent nobles, "We springals of London can take care of our own, if need be."

"These fellows wax insolent. Our good king spoils them," said Montagu, with a curl of his lip. "I wish some young squire of gentler blood would not disdain a shot for the Nevile against the craftsman. How say you, fair sir?" And, with a princely courtesy of mien and smile, Lord Montagu turned to the young man he had noticed, as wearing the cognizance of the First House in England. The bow was not the customary weapon of the well-born; but still, in youth, its exercise formed one of the accomplishments of the future knight, and even princes did not disdain, on a popular holiday, to match a shaft against the yeoman's cloth-yard.* The young man thus addressed, and whose honest, open, handsome, hardy face augured a frank and fearless nature, bowed his head in silence, and then slowly advancing to the umpires, craved permission to essay his skill, and to borrow the loan of a shaft and bow. Leave given and the weapons lent—as the young gentleman took his stand, his comely person, his dress of a better quality than that of the compe-

* At a later period, Henry VIII. was a match for the best bowman in his kingdom. His accomplishment was hereditary, and distinguished alike his wise father and his pious son.

titors hitherto, and, above all, the Nevile badge worked in silver on his hat, diverted the general attention from Nicholas Alwyn. A mob is usually inclined to aristocratic predilections, and a murmur of goodwill and expectation greeted him, when he put aside the gauntlet offered to him, and said, "In my youth I was taught so to brace the bow that the string should not touch the arm; and though eleven score yards be but a boy's distance, a good archer will lay his body into his bow* as much as if he were to hit the *blanc* four hundred yards away."

"A tall fellow this!" said Montagu; "and one, I wot, from the North," as the young gallant fitted the shaft to the bow. And graceful and artistic was the attitude he assumed, the head slightly inclined, the feet firmly planted, the left a little in advance, and the stretched sinews of the bow-hand alone evincing that into that grasp was pressed the whole strength of the easy and careless frame. The public expectation was not disappointed—the youth performed the feat considered of all the most dexterous, his arrow disdaining the white mark, struck the small peg which fas-

* "My father taught me to lay my body in my bow," &c., said Latimer, in his well-known sermon before Edward VI.—1549. The Bishop also herein observes, that "it is best to give the bow so much bending that the string need never touch the arm. This," he adds, "is practised by many good archers with whom I am acquainted."

tened it to the butts, and which seemed literally invisible to the bystanders.

“Holy St. Dunstan! there’s but one man who can beat me in that sort that I know of,” muttered Nicholas, “and I little expected to see him take a bite out of his own hip.” With that he approached his successful rival.

“Well, Master Marmaduke,” said he, “it is many a year since you shewed me that trick at your father, Sir Guy’s—God rest him! But I scarce take it kind in you to beat your own countryman!”

“Beshrew me!” cried the youth, and his cheerful features brightened into hearty and cordial pleasure; “but if I see in thee, as it seems to me, my old friend and foster-brother, Nick Alwyn, this is the happiest hour I have known for many a day. But stand back and let me look at thee, man! Thou! thou a tame London trader! Ha! ha!—is it possible?”

“Hout, Master Marmaduke,” answered Nicholas, “every crow thinks his own bard bonniest, as they say in the North. We will talk of this anon, an’ thou wilt honour me. I suspect the archery is over now. Few will think to mend that shot.”

And here, indeed, the umpires advanced, and their chief—an old mercer, who had once borne arms, and indeed been a volunteer at the battle of Touton—declared that the contest was over, “Un-

less," he added, in the spirit of a lingering fellow-feeling with the Londoner, "this young fellow, whom I shall hope to see an alderman one of these days, will demand another shot, for as yet there hath been but one prick each at the butts."

"Nay, master," returned Alwyn, "I have met with my betters—and, after all," he added, indifferently, "the silver arrow, though a pretty bauble enough, is over light in its weight."

"Worshipful sir," said the young Nevile, with equal generosity, "I cannot accept the prize for a mere trick of the craft—the blanc was already disposed of by Master Alwyn's arrow. Moreover, the contest was intended for the Londoners, and I am but an interloper—beholden to their courtesy for a practice of skill—and even the loan of a bow—wherefore the silver arrow be given to Nicholas Alwyn."

"That may not be, gentle sir," said the umpire, extending the prize. "Sithence Alwyn vails of himself, it is thine, by might and by right."

The Lord Montagu had not been inattentive to this dialogue, and he now said, in a loud tone that silenced the crowd, "Young Badgeman, thy gallantry pleases me no less than thy skill. Take the arrow, for thou hast won it; but, as thou seemest a new comer, it is right thou shouldst pay thy tax upon entry—this be my task. Come hither, I pray thee, good sir," and the nobleman graciously

beckoned to the mercer; "be these five nobles the prize of whatever Londoner shall acquit himself best in the bold English combat of quarter-staff, and the prize be given in this young archer's name. Thy name, youth?"

"Marmaduke Nevile, good my lord."

Montagu smiled, and the umpire withdrew to make the announcement to the bystanders. The proclamation was received with a shout that traversed from group to group, and line to line, more hearty from the love and honour attached to the name of Nevile, than even from a sense of the gracious generosity of Earl Warwick's brother. One man alone, a sturdy, well-knit fellow, in a franklin's Lincoln broadcloth, and with a hood half-drawn over his features, did not join the popular applause. "These Yorkists," he muttered, "know well how to fool the people."

Meanwhile, the young Nevile still stood by the gilded stirrup of the great noble who had thus honoured him, and contemplated him with that respect and interest which a youth's ambition ever feels for those who have won a name.

The Lord Montagu bore a very different character from his puissant brother. Though so skilful a captain, that he had never been known to lose a battle, his fame as a warrior was, strange to say, below that of the great Earl, whose prodigious strength had accomplished those personal feats that

dazzled the populace, and revived the legendary renown of the earlier Norman knighthood. The caution and wariness indeed which Montagu displayed in battle, probably caused his success as a general, and the injustice done to him, (at least by the vulgar,) as a soldier. Rarely had Lord Montagu, though his courage was indisputable, been known to mix personally in the affray. Like the captains of modern times, he contented himself with directing the manœuvres of his men, and hence preserved that inestimable advantage of coldness and calculation, which was not always characteristic of the eager hardihood of his brother. The character of Montagu differed yet more from that of the Earl in peace than in war. He was supposed to excel in all those supple arts of the courtier, which Warwick neglected or despised ; and if the last was, on great occasions, the adviser of his sovereign, the other, in ordinary life, was his companion. Warwick owed his popularity to his own large, open, daring, and lavish nature. The subtler Montagu sought to win, by care and pains, what the other obtained without an effort. He attended the various holiday meetings of the citizens, where Warwick was rarely seen. He was smooth-spoken and courteous to his equals, and generally affable, though with constraint, to his inferiors. He was a close observer, and not without that genius for intrigue, which in rude ages

passes for the talent of a statesman. And yet in that thorough knowledge of the habits and tastes of the great mass, which gives wisdom to a ruler, he was far inferior to the Earl. In common with his brother, he was gifted with the majesty of mien which imposes on the eye, and his port and countenance were such as became the prodigal expense of velvet, minever, gold, and jewels, by which the gorgeous magnates of the day communicated to their appearance the arrogant splendour of their power. "Young gentleman," said the Earl, after eyeing with some attention the comely archer, "I am pleased that you bear the name of Nevile. Vouchsafe to inform me to what scion of our house we are this day indebted for the credit with which thou hast upborne its cognizance?"

"I fear," answered the youth, with a slight, but not ungraceful hesitation, "that my Lord of Montagu and Northumberland will hardly forgive the presumption with which I have intruded upon this assembly a name borne by nobles so illustrious, especially if it belong to those less fortunate branches of his family which have taken a different side from himself in the late unhappy commotions. My father was Sir Guy Nevile, of Arsdale, in Westmoreland."

Lord Montagu's lip lost its gracious smile—he glanced quickly at the courtiers round him, and said, gravely—"I grieve to hear it. Had I known

this, certes my gipsire had still been five nobles the richer. It becomes not one, fresh from the favour of King Edward IV., to shew countenance to the son of a man, kinsman though he was, who bore arms for the usurpers of Lancaster. I pray thee, sir, to doff, henceforth, a badge dedicated only to the service of Royal York. No more, young man; we may not listen to the son of Sir Guy Nevile.—Sirs, shall we ride to see how the Londoners thrive at quarter-staff?”

With that, Montagu, deigning no farther regard at Nevile, wheeled his palfrey towards a distant part of the ground, to which the multitude was already pressing its turbulent and noisy way.

“Thou art hard on thy namesake, fair my lord,” said a young noble, in whose dark-auburn hair, aquiline haughty features, spare but powerful frame, and inexpressible air of authority and command, were found all the attributes of the purest and eldest Norman race—the Patricians of the World.

“Dear Raoul de Fulke,” returned Montagu, coldly, “when thou hast reached my age of thirty and four, thou wilt learn that no man’s fortune casts so broad a shadow as to shelter from the storm the victims of a fallen cause.”

“Not so would say thy bold brother,” answered Raoul de Fulke, with a slight curl of his proud lip. “And I hold, with him, that no king is so

sacred that we should render to his resentments our own kith and kin. God's wot, whosoever wears the badge, and springs from the stem, of Raoul de Fulke, shall never find me question overmuch whether his father fought for York or Lancaster."

"Hush, rash babbler!" said Montagu, laughing gently; "what would King Edward say if this speech reached his ears? Our friend," added the courtier, turning to the rest, "in vain would bar the tide of change; and in this our New England, begirt with new men and new fashions, affect the feudal baronage of the worn-out Norman. But thou art a gallant knight, De Fulke, though a poor courtier."

"The saints keep me so!" returned De Fulke. "From over gluttony, from over wine-bibbing, from cringing to a king's leman, from quaking at a king's frown, from unbonneting to a greasy mob, from marrying an old crone for vile gold, may the saints ever keep Raoul de Fulke and his sons! Amen!"

This speech, in which every sentence struck its stinging satire into one or other of the listeners, was succeeded by an awkward silence, which Montagu was the first to break.

"Pardieu!" he said, "when did Lord Hastings leave us? and what fair face can have lured the truant?"

“He left us suddenly on the archery ground,” answered the young Lovell. “But as well might we track the breeze to the rose, as Lord William’s sigh to maid or matron.”

While thus conversed the cavaliers, and their plumes waved, and their mantles glittered along the broken ground, Marmaduke Nevile’s eye pursued the horsemen with all that bitter feeling of wounded pride and impotent resentment with which Youth regards the first insult it receives from Power.

II.

THE BROKEN GITTERN.

ROUSING himself from his indignant reverie, Marmaduke Nevile followed one of the smaller streams into which the crowd divided itself on dispersing from the archery-ground, and soon found himself in a part of the holiday scene appropriated to diversions less manly, but no less characteristic of the period, than those of the staff and arrow. Beneath an awning, under which an itinerant landlord dispensed cakes and ale, the humorous Bourdour (the most vulgar degree of minstrel, or rather tale-teller,) collected his clownish audience, while seated by themselves—apart, but within hearing—two harpers, in the King's livery, consoled each other for the popularity of their ribald rival, by wise reflections on the base nature of common folk. Farther on, Marmaduke started to behold what seemed to him the heads of giants at least six yards high; but on a nearer approach

these formidable apparitions resolved themselves to a company of dancers upon stilts. There, one juggler exhibited the antics of his well-tutored ape—there, another eclipsed the attractions of the baboon by a marvellous horse, that beat a tabor with his fore feet—there the more sombre *Tregetour*, before a table raised upon a lofty stage, promised to cut off and refix the head of a sad-faced little boy, who, in the meantime, was preparing his mortal frame for the operation by apparently larding himself with sharp knives and bodkins. Each of these wonder-dealers found his separate group of admirers, and great was the delight and loud the laughter in the pastime-ground of old Cockaigne.

While Marmaduke, bewildered by this various bustle, stared around him, his eye was caught by a young maiden, in evident distress, struggling in vain to extricate herself from a troop of timbrel girls, or *tymbesteres*, (as they were popularly called,) who surrounded her with mocking gestures, striking their instruments to drown her remonstrances, and dancing about her in a ring at every effort towards escape. The girl was modestly attired, as one of the humbler ranks, and her wimple in much concealed her countenance, but there was, despite her strange and undignified situation and evident alarm, a sort of quiet, earnest self-possession—an effort to hide her terror, and to appeal to the better and more womanly feelings of her perse-

cutors. In the intervals of silence from their clamour, her voice, though low, clear, well-tuned, and impressive, forcibly arrested the attention of young Nevile; for at that day, even more than this, (sufficiently apparent as it now is,) there was a marked distinction in the intonation, the accent, the modulation of voice between the better bred and better educated, and the inferior classes. But this difference, so ill according with her dress and position, only served to heighten the more the bold insolence of the musical Bacchantes, who, indeed, in the eyes of the sober, formed the most immoral nuisance attendant on the sports of the time, and whose hardy licence and peculiar sisterhood might tempt the antiquarian to search for their origin amongst the relics of ancient Paganism. And now, to increase the girl's distress, some half score of dissolute apprentices and journeymen suddenly broke into the ring of the Mænads, and were accosting her with yet more alarming insults, when Marmaduke, pushing them aside, strode to her assistance. "How now, ye lewd varlets!—ye make me blush for my countrymen in the face of day? Are these the sports of merry England—these your manly contests—to strive which can best affront a poor maid? Out on ye, cullions and bezonians! Cling to me, gentle donzell, and fear not. Whither shall I lead thee?"

The apprentices were not, however, so easily

daunted. Two of them approached to the rescue, flourishing their bludgeons about their heads with formidable gestures—"Ho, ho!" cried one, "what right hast thou to step between the hunters and the doe? The young quean is too much honoured by a kiss from a bold 'prentice of London."

Marmaduke stepped back, and drew the small dagger which then formed the only habitual weapon of a gentleman.* This movement, discomposing his mantle, brought the silver arrow he had won, (which was placed in his girdle) in full view of the assailants. At the same time they caught sight of the badge on his hat. These intimidated their ardour more than the drawn poniard.

"A Nevile!" said one, retreating. "And the jolly marksman who beat Nick Alwyn," said the other, lowering his bludgeon, and doffing his cap. "Gentle sir, forgive us, we knew not your quality. But as for the girl—your gallantry misleads you."

"The Wizard's daughter! ha! ha!—the Imp of Darkness!" screeched the timbrel girls, tossing up their instruments, and catching them again on the points of their fingers. "She has enchanted him with her glamour. Foul is fair! Foul fare thee, young springal, if thou go to the nets. Shadow

* Swords were not worn, in peace, at that period.

and goblin to goblin and shadow ! Flesh and blood to blood and flesh !"—and dancing round him, with wanton looks and bare arms, and gossamer robes that brushed him as they circled, they chanted—

“ Come kiss me, my darling,
Warm kisses I trade for ;
Wine, music, and kisses—
What else was life made for !”

With some difficulty, and with a disgust which was not altogether without a superstitious fear of the strange words and the outlandish appearance of these loathsome Dalilahs, Marmaduke broke from the ring with his new charge ; and in a few moments the Nevile and the maiden found themselves, unmolested and unpursued, in a deserted quarter of the ground ; but still the scream of the timbrel girls, as they hurried, wheeling and dancing, into the distance, was borne ominously to the young man's ear,—“ Ha, ha ! the witch and her lover ! Foul is fair !—foul is fair ! Shadow to goblin, goblin to shadow—and the Devil will have his own !”

“ And what mischance, my poor girl,” asked the Nevile, soothingly, “ brought thee into such evil company ?”

“ I know not, fair sir,” said the girl, slowly recovering herself, “ but my father is poor, and I had heard that on these holiday occasions one who had some slight skill on the gittern might win a few

groats from the courtesy of the bystanders. So I stole out with my serving-woman, and had already got more than I dared hope, when those wicked timbrel players came round me, and accused me of taking the money from them. And then they called an officer of the ground, who asked me my name and holding; so when I answered, they called my father a wizard, and the man broke my poor gittern—see !”—and she held it up, with innocent sorrow in her eyes, yet a half smile on her lips —“and they soon drove poor old Madge from my side, and I knew no more till you, worshipful sir, took pity on me.”

“But why,” asked the Nevile, “did they give to your father so unholy a name?”

“Alas, sir! he is a great scholar, who has spent his means in studying what he says will one day be of good to the people.”

“Humph!” said Marmaduke, who had all the superstitions of his time, who looked upon a scholar, unless in the Church, with mingled awe and abhorrence, and who, therefore, was but ill satisfied with the girl’s artless answer,—

“Humph! your father—but”—checking what he was about, perhaps harshly, to say, as he caught the bright eyes and arch intelligent face lifted to his own—“but it is hard to punish the child for the father’s errors.”

“Errors, sir!” repeated the damsel, proudly,

and with a slight disdain in her face and voice. "But yes, Wisdom is ever, perhaps, the saddest Error!"

This remark was of an order superior in intellect to those which had preceded it: it contrasted with the sternness of experience the simplicity of the child; and of such contrasts, indeed, was that character made up. For with a sweet, an infantine change of tone and countenance, she added, after a short pause—"They took the money!—the gittern, —see, they left that, when they had made it useless."

"I cannot mend the gittern, but I can refill the gipsire," said Marmaduke.

The girl coloured deeply. "Nay, sir, to earn is not to beg."

Marmaduke did not heed this answer, for as they were now passing by the stunted trees, under which sate several revellers, who looked up at him from their cups and tankards, some with sneering, some with grave looks, he began, more seriously than in his kindly impulse he had hitherto done, to consider the appearance it must have, to be thus seen walking, in public, with a girl of inferior degree, and perhaps doubtful repute. Even in our own day, such an exhibition would be, to say the least, suspicious, and in that day, when ranks and classes were divided with iron demarcations, a young gallant, whose dress bespoke him of gentle quality, with one of opposite sex, and be-

longing to the humbler orders, in broad day too, was far more open to censure. The blood mounted to his brow, and halting abruptly, he said, in a dry and altered voice—"My good damsel, you are now, I think, out of danger; it would ill beseem you, so young and so comely, to go further with one not old enough to be your protector, so, in God's name, depart quickly, and remember me when you buy your new gittern—poor child!" So saying, he attempted to place a piece of money in her hand. She put it back, and the coin fell on the ground.

"Nay, this is foolish," said he.

"Alas, sir!" said the girl, gravely, "I see well that you are ashamed of your goodness. But my father begs not. And once—but that matters not."

"Once what?" persisted Marmaduke, interested in her manner, in spite of himself.

"Once," said the girl, drawing herself up, and with an expression that altered the whole character of her face—"the beggar ate at my father's gate. He is a born gentleman and a knight's son."

"And what reduced him thus?"

"I have said," answered the girl, simply, yet with the same half scorn on her lip that it had before betrayed—"he is a scholar, and thought more of others than himself."

"I never saw any good come to a gentleman

from those accursed books," said the Nevile; "fit only for monks and shavelings. But still, for your father's sake, though I am ashamed of the poorness of the gift——"

"No—God be with you, sir, and reward you." She stopped short, drew her wimple round her face, and was gone. Nevile felt an uncomfortable sensation of remorse and disapproval at having suffered her to quit him while there was yet any chance of molestation or annoyance, and his eye followed her till a group of trees veiled her from his view.

The young maiden slackened her pace as she found herself alone under the leafless boughs of the dreary pollards;—a desolate spot, made melancholy by dull swamps, half overgrown with rank verdure, through which forced its clogged way the shallow Brook that now gives its name (though its waves are seen no more) to one of the main streets in the most polished quarter of the metropolis. Upon a mound formed by the gnarled roots of the dwarfed and gnome-like oak, she sat down, and wept. In our earlier years, most of us may remember, that there was one day which made an epoch in life—the day that separated Childhood from Youth; for that day seems not to come gradually, but to be a sudden crisis, an abrupt revelation. The buds of the heart open to close no more. Such a day was this in that girl's fate. But the day was not yet gone! That morning, when

she dressed for her enterprise of filial love, perhaps for the first time Sybill Warner felt that she was fair—who shall say, whether some innocent, natural vanity had not blended with the deep, devoted earnestness, which saw no shame in the act by which the child could aid the father. Perhaps she might have smiled to listen to old Madge's praises of her winsome face—old Madge's predictions that the face and the gittern would not lack admirers on the gay ground. Perhaps some indistinct, vague forethoughts of the Future to which the sex will deem itself to be born, might have caused the cheek—no, not to blush, but somewhat to take a rosier hue, and the pulse to beat quicker, she knew not why. At all events, to that ground went the young Sybill, cheerful, and almost happy, in her inexperience of actual life, and sure, at least, that youth and innocence sufficed to protect from insult. And now, she sat down under the leafless tree, to weep; and in those bitter tears, childhood itself was laved from her soul for ever.

“What ailest thou, maiden?” asked a deep voice; and she felt a hand laid lightly on her shoulder. She looked up in terror and confusion, but it was no form or face to inspire alarm that met her eye. It was a cavalier, holding by the rein a horse richly caparisoned, and though his dress was plainer and less exaggerated than that usually worn by men of rank, its materials were those which the

sumptuary laws (constantly broken, indeed, as such laws ever must be,) confined to nobles. Though his surcoat was but of cloth, and the colour dark and sober, it was woven in foreign looms—an unpatriotic luxury, above the degree of knight—and edged deep with the costliest sables. The hilt of the dagger, suspended round his breast, was but of ivory, curiously wrought, but the scabbard was sown with large pearls. For the rest, the stranger was of ordinary stature, well knit, and active rather than powerful, and of that age (about thirty-five) which may be called the second prime of man. His face was far less handsome than Marmaduke Neville's, but infinitely more expressive, both of intelligence and command, the features straight and sharp, the complexion clear and pale, and under the bright grey eyes a dark shade spoke either of dissipation or of thought.

“What ailest thou, maiden?—weepest thou some faithless lover? Tush! love renews itself in youth, as flower succeeds flower in spring.”

Sybill made no reply; she rose, and moved a few paces, then arrested her steps, and looked around her. She had lost all clue to her way homeward, and she saw with horror, in the distance, the hateful timbrel girls, followed by the rabble, and weaving their strange dances towards the spot.

“Dost thou fear me, child? there is no cause,”

said the stranger, following her. "Again, I say, 'What ailest thou?'"

This time his voice was that of command, and the poor girl involuntarily obeyed it. She related her misfortunes, her persecution by the tymbesteres, her escape—thanks to the Nevile's courtesy—her separation from her attendant, and her uncertainty as to the way she should pursue.

The nobleman listened with interest: he was a man sated and wearied by pleasure and the world, and the evident innocence of Sybill was a novelty to his experience, while the contrast between her language and her dress moved his curiosity. "And," said he, "thy protector left thee, his work half done;—fie on his chivalry! But I, donzell, wear the spurs of knighthood, and to succour the distressed is a duty my oath will not let me swerve from. I will guide thee home, for I know well all the purlieus of this evil den of London. Thou hast but to name the suburb in which thy father dwells."

Sybill involuntarily raised her wimple, lifted her beautiful eyes to the stranger, in bewildered gratitude and surprise—Her childhood had passed in a court—her eye, accustomed to rank, at once perceived the high degree of the speaker; the contrast between this unexpected and delicate gallantry, and the condescending tone and abrupt desertion of Marmaduke, affected her again to tears.

"Ah, worshipful sir!" she said, falteringly, "what can reward thee for this unlooked-for goodness?"

"One innocent smile, sweet virgin!—for such, I'll be sworn, thou art."

He did not offer her his hand, but hanging the gold-enamelled rein over his arm, walked by her side; and a few words sufficing for his guidance, led her across the ground, through the very midst of the throng. He felt none of the young shame, the ingenuous scruples of Marmaduke, at the gaze he encountered, thus companioned. But Sybill noted that ever and anon bonnet and cap were raised as they passed along, and the respectful murmur of the vulgar, who had so lately jeered her anguish, taught her the immeasurable distance, in men's esteem, between Poverty shielded but by Virtue, and Poverty protected by Power.

But suddenly a gaudy tinsel group broke through the crowd, and wheeling round their path, the foremost of them daringly approached the nobleman, and looking full into his disdainful face, exclaimed—"Tradest thou, too, for kisses? Ha! ha!—life is short—the witch is outwitted by thee! But witchcraft and death go together, as, peradventure, thou mayest learn at the last, sleek wooer." Then darting off, and heading her painted, tawdry throng, the timbrel girl sprung into the crowd, and vanished.

This incident produced no effect upon the strong and cynical intellect of the stranger. Without allusion to it, he continued to converse with his young companion, and artfully to draw out her own singular but energetic and gifted mind. He grew more than interested, he was both touched and surprised. His manner became yet more respectful, his voice more subdued and soft.

On what hazards turn our fate! On that day—a little, and Sybill's pure, but sensitive heart had, perhaps, been given to the young Nevile. He had defended and saved her; he was fairer than the stranger, he was more of her own years, and nearer to her in station; but in shewing himself *ashamed* to be seen with her, he had galled her heart, and moved the bitter tears of her pride. What had the stranger done? Nothing, but reconciled the wounded delicacy to itself; and suddenly he became to her one ever to be remembered—wondered at—perhaps more. They reached an obscure suburb, and parted at the threshold of a large, gloomy, ruinous house, which Sybill indicated as her father's home.

The girl lingered before the porch; and the stranger gazed, with the passionless admiration some fair object of art produces on one who has refined his taste, but who has survived enthusiasm, upon the downcast cheek that blushed beneath his gaze—"Farewell!" he said; and the girl looked

up wistfully. He might, without vanity, have supposed that look to imply what the lip did not dare to say—"And shall we meet no more?"

But he turned away, with formal though courteous salutation; and as he remounted his steed, and rode slowly towards the interior of the city, he muttered to himself, with a melancholy smile upon his lips—"Now might the grown infant make to himself a new toy; but an innocent heart is a brittle thing, and one false vow can break it. Pretty maiden, I like thee well enow not to love thee. So, as my young Scotch minstrel sings and prays,

"Christ keep these birdis bright in bowers,
Sic peril lies in paramours!"*

We must now return to Marmaduke. On leaving Sybill, and retracing his steps towards the more crowded quarter of the space, he was agreeably surprised by encountering Nicholas Alwyn, escorted in triumph by a legion of roaring apprentices from the victory he had just obtained over six competitors at the quarter-staff.

When the cortège came up to Marmaduke,

* A Scotch poet, in Lord Hailes' Collection, has the following lines in the very pretty poem called "Peril in Paramours":—

"Wherefore I pray, in termys short,
Christ keep these birdis bright in bowers,
Fra false lovers and their disport,
Sic peril lies in paramours."

Nicholas halted, and fronting his attendants, said, with the same cold and formal stiffness that had characterized him from the beginning—"I thank you, lads, for your kindness. It is your own triumph. All I cared for was to shew that you London boys are able to keep up your credit in these days, when there's little luck in a yard measure if the same hand cannot bend a bow, or handle cold steel. But the less we think of the strife when we are in the stall, the better for our pouch. And so I hope we shall hear no more about it, until I get a Ware of my own, when the more of ye that like to talk of such matters the better ye will be welcome,—always provided ye be civil customers, who pay on the nail, for, as the saw saith, 'Ell and tell makes the crypt swell.' For the rest, thanks are due to this brave gentleman, Marmaduke Nevile, who, though the son of a knight-banneret, who never furnished less to the battle-field than fifty men-at-arms, has condescended to take part and parcel in the sports of us peaceful London traders; and if ever you can do him a kind turn—for turn and turn is fair play—why you will, I answer for it. And so one cheer for old London, and another for Marmaduke Nevile. Here goes! Hurrah, my lads!" And with this pithy address Nicholas Alwyn took off his cap and gave the signal for the shouts, which, being duly performed, he bowed stiffly to

his companions, who departed with a hearty laugh, and coming to the side of Nevile, the two walked on to a neighbouring booth, where, under a rude awning, and over a flagon of clary, they were soon immersed in the confidential communications each had to give and receive.

III.

THE TRADER AND THE GENTLE; OR, THE CHANGING
GENERATION.

“No, my dear foster-brother,” said the Nevile, “I do not yet comprehend the choice you have made. You were reared and brought up with such careful book-lere, not only to read and to write—the which, save the mark! I hold to be labour enow—but chop Latin and logic and theology with St. Aristotle (is not that his hard name?) into the bargain, and all because you had an uncle of high note in Holy Church. I cannot say I would be a shaveling myself; but surely a monk, with the hope of preferment, is a nobler calling to a lad of spirit and ambition than to stand out at a door and cry, ‘Buy, buy’—‘What d’ye lack’—to spend youth as a Flat-cap, and drone out manhood in measuring cloth, hammering metals, or weighing out spices?”

“Fair and softly, Master Marmaduke,” said

Alwyn, "you will understand me better anon. My uncle, the sub-prior, died—some say of austerities, others of ale—that matters not; he was a learned man and a cunning. 'Nephew Nicholas, said he, on his death-bed, 'think twice before you tie yourself up to the cloister; it's ill leaping now-a-days in a sackcloth bag. If a pious man be moved to the cowl by holy devotion, there is nothing to be said on the subject; but if he take to the Church as a calling, and wish to march a-head like his fellows, these times shew him a prettier path to distinction. The nobles begin to get the best things for themselves; and a learned monk, if he is the son of a yeoman, cannot hope, without a speciality of grace, to become abbot or bishop. The King, whoever he be, must be so drained by his wars, that he has little land or gold to bestow on his favourites; but his gentry turn an eye to the temporalities of the Church, and the Church and the King wish to strengthen themselves by the gentry. This is not all; there are free opinions afloat. The House of Lancaster has lost ground, by its persecutions and burnings. Men dare not openly resist, but they treasure up recollections of a fried grandfather, or a roasted tenth-cousin; recollections which have done much damage to the Henries, and will shake Holy Church itself one of these days. The Lollards lie hid, but Lollardism will never die. There is a new class rising

again, where a little learning goes a great way, if mixed with spirit and sense. Thou likest broad pieces, and a creditable name—go to London, and be a Trader. London begins to decide who shall wear the crown, and the traders to decide what king London shall befriend. Wherefore, cut thy trace from the cloister, and take thy road to the shop.’ The next day my uncle gave up the ghost.—They had better clary than this at the convent, I must own. But every stone has its flaw!”

“Yet,” said Marmaduke, “if you took distaste to the cowl, from reasons that I pretend not to judge of, but which seem to my poor head very bad ones, seeing that the Church is as mighty as ever, and King Edward is no friend to the Lollards, and that your uncle himself was at least a sub-prior——”

“Had he been son to a baron, he had been a cardinal,” interrupted Nicholas, “for his head was the longest that ever came out of the north country. But go on; you would say my father was a sturdy yeoman, and I might have followed his calling.”

“You hit the mark, Master Nicholas.”

“Hout,—man. I crave pardon of your rank, Master Nevile. But a yeoman is born a yeoman, and he dies a yeoman—I think it better to die Lord Mayor of London; and so I craved my mother’s blessing and leave, and a part of the old

hyde has been sold to pay for the first step to the red gown, which I need not say must be that of the Flat-cap. I have already taken my degrees, and no longer wear blue. I am head-man to my master, and my master will be sheriff of London."

"It is a pity," said the Neville, shaking his head; "you were ever a tall, brave lad, and would have made a very pretty soldier."

"Thank you, Master Marmaduke, but I leave cut and thrust to the gentles. I have seen enow of the life of a Retainer. He goes out on foot with his shield and his sword, or his bow and his quiver, while Sir Knight sits on horseback, armed from the crown to the toe, and the arrow slants off from rider and horse, as a stone from a tree. If the retainer is not sliced and carved into mincemeat, he comes home to a heap of ashes, and a handful of acres, harried and rivelled into a common; Sir Knight thanks him for his valour, but he does not build up his house; Sir Knight gets a grant from the King, or an heiress for his son, and Hob Yeoman turns gisarme and bill into ploughshares. No, no, there's no liberty, no safety, no getting on, for a man who has no right to the gold spurs, but in the guild of his fellows; and London is the place for a born Saxon, like Nicholas Alwyn."

As the young aspirant thus uttered the sentiments, which, though they might not so plainly avow and shrewdly enforce them, tended towards

that slow Revolution, which, under all the stormy events that the superficial record we call HISTORY alone deigns to enumerate, was working that great change in the thoughts and habits of the people—that impulsion of the provincials citywards—that gradual formation of a class between knight and vassal—which became first *constitutionally* visible and distinct in the reign of Henry VII., Marmaduke Nevile, inly half-regretting and half-despising the reasonings of his foster-brother, was playing with his dagger, and glancing at his silver arrow.

“Yet you could still have enow of the tall yeoman and the stout retainer about you to try for this bauble, and to break half-a-dozen thick heads with your quarter-staff!”

“True,” said Nicholas; “you must recollect we are only, as yet, between the skin and the selle—half trader, half retainer. The old leaven will out:—‘Eith to learn the cat to the kirk,’—as they say in the North. But that’s not all; a man, to get on, must win respect from those who are to jostle him hereafter, and it’s good policy to shew those roystering youngsters that Nick Alwyn, stiff and steady though he be, has the old English metal in him, if it comes to a pinch; it’s a lesson to yon lords too, save your quality, if they ever wish to ride roughshod over our guilds and companies. But enow of me—Drawer, another stoup of the clary. Now, gentle sir, may I make bold to ask news of

yourself? I saw, though I spake not before, that my Lord Montagu shewed a cold face to his kinsman. I know something of these great men, though I be but a small one—a dog is no bad guide in the city he trots through.”

“My dear foster-brother,” said the Nevile, “you had ever more brains than myself, as is meet that you should have, since you lay by the steel casque, which, I take it, is meant as a substitute for us gentlemen and soldiers who have not so many brains to spare, and I will willingly profit by your counsels. You must know,” he said, drawing nearer to the table, and his frank, hardy face assuming a more earnest expression, “that though my father, Sir Guy, at the instigation of his chief, the Earl of Westmoreland, and of the Lord Nevile, bore arms, at the first, for King Henry—”

“Hush! hush! for Henry of Windsor!”

“Henry of Windsor!—so be it! Yet being connected, like the nobles I have spoken of, with the blood of Warwick and Salisbury, it was ever with doubt and misgiving, and rather in the hope of ultimate compromise between both parties, (which the Duke of York’s moderation rendered probable,) than of the extermination of either. But when, at the battle of York, Margaret of Anjou and her generals stained their victory by cruelties which could not fail to close the door on all conciliation; when the infant son of the Duke himself was mur-

dered, though a prisoner, in cold blood ; when my father's kinsman, the Earl of Salisbury, was beheaded without trial ; when the head of the brave and good Duke, who had fallen in the field, was, against all knightly and kinglike generosity, mockingly exposed, like a dishonoured robber, on the Gates of York, my father, shocked and revolted, withdrew at once from the army, and slacked not, bit or spur, till he found himself in his hall at Arsdale. His death, caused partly by his travail and vexation of spirit, together with his timely withdrawal from the enemy, preserved his name from the attainder passed on the Lords Westmoreland and Nevile ; and my eldest brother, Sir John, accepted the King's proffer of pardon, took the oaths of allegiance to Edward, and lives safe, if obscure, in his father's halls. Thou knowest, my friend, that a younger brother has but small honour at home. Peradventure, in calmer times, I might have bowed my pride to my calling, hunted my brother's dogs, flown his hawks, rented his Keeper's Lodge, and gone to my grave contented. But to a young man who, from his childhood, had heard the stirring talk of knights and captains, who had seen valour and fortune make the way to distinction, and whose ears, of late, had been filled by the tales of wandering minstrels and dissours, with all the gay wonders of Edward's court, such a life soon grew distasteful. My father, on his death-bed, (like thy

uncle, the Sub-prior,) encouraged me little to follow his own footsteps. 'I see,' said he, 'that King Henry is too soft to rule his Barons, and Margaret too fierce to conciliate the Commons—the only hope of peace is in the settlement of the House of York. Wherefore let not thy father's errors stand in the way of thy advancement;'—and therewith he made his confessor—for he was no penman himself, the worthy old knight!—indite a letter to his great kinsman, the Earl of Warwick, commending me to his protection. He signed his mark, and set his seal to this missive, which I now have at mine hostel, and died the same day. My brother judged me too young then to quit his roof, and condemned me to bear his humours till, at the age of twenty-three, I could bear no more! So, having sold him my scant share in the heritage, and turned, like thee, bad land, into good nobles,—I joined a party of horse in their journey to London, and arrived yesterday at Master Sackbut's hostelry, in East-chepe. I went this morning to my Lord of Warwick, but he was gone to the King's, and hearing of the merry-makings here, I came hither for kill-time. A chance word of my Lord of Montagu, whom St. Dunstan confound, made me conceit that a feat of skill with the cloth-yard, might not ill preface my letter to the great Earl. But, pardie! it seems I reckoned without my host, and in seeking to make my fortunes too rashly, I have helped to

mar them." Wherewith he related the particulars of his interview with Montagu.

Nicholas Alwyn listened to him with friendly and thoughtful interest, and, when he had done, spake thus:—

"The Earl of Warwick is a generous man, and, though hot, bears little malice, except against those whom he deems misthink or insult him; he is proud of being looked up to as a protector, especially by those of his own kith and name. Your father's letter will touch the right string, and you cannot do better than deliver it with a plain story. A young partisan like thee is not to be despised. Thou must trust to Lord Warwick to set matters right with his brother; and now, before I say further, let me ask thee plainly, and without offence, Dost thou so love the House of York that no chance could ever make thee turn sword against it? Answer as I ask—under thy breath; those drawers are parlous spies!"

And here, in justice to Marmaduke Nevile and to his betters, it is necessary to preface his reply by some brief remarks, to which we must crave the earnest attention of the reader. What we call PATRIOTISM, in the high and Catholic acceptation of the word, was little if at all understood in days when passion, pride, and interest were motives unsoftened by reflection and education, still less by the fusion of classes that characterized the small

states of old, and marks the civilization of a modern age. Though the right by descent of the House of York, if genealogy alone were consulted, was indisputably prior to that of Lancaster, yet the long exercise of power in the latter house, the genius of the Fourth Henry and the victories of the Fifth would, no doubt, have completely superseded the obsolete claims of the Yorkists, had Henry the Sixth possessed any of the qualities necessary for the time. As it was, men had got puzzled by genealogies and cavils; the sanctity attached to the King's name was weakened by his doubtful right to his throne, and the wars of the rival Roses were at last (with two exceptions, presently to be noted,) the mere contests of exasperated factions, in which public considerations were scarcely even made the blind to individual interest, prejudice, or passion.

Thus instances of desertion, from the one to the other party, even by the highest nobles, and on the very eve of battle, had grown so common, that little if any disgrace was attached to them: and any knight or captain held an affront to himself an amply sufficient cause for the transfer of his allegiance. It would be obviously absurd to expect in any of the actors of that age the more elevated doctrines of party faith and public honour, which clearer notions of national morality, and the salutary exercise of a large general opinion, free from the passions of single individuals, have brought

into practice in our more enlightened days. The individual feelings of the individual MAN, strong in himself, became his guide, and he was free in much from the regular and thoughtful virtues, as well as the mean and plausible vices of those who act only in bodies and corporations. The two exceptions to this idiosyncrasy of motive and conduct, were First, in the general disposition of the rising middle class, especially in London, to connect great political interests with the more popular House of York. The Commons in Parliament had acted in opposition to Henry the Sixth, as the laws they wrung from him tended to shew, and it was a popular and trading party that came, as it were, into power under King Edward. It is true that Edward was sufficiently arbitrary in himself, but a popular party will stretch as much as its antagonists in favour of despotism—*exercised on its enemies*. And Edward did his best to consult the interests of commerce, though the prejudices of the merchants interpreted those interests in a way opposite to that in which political economy now understands them. The Second exception to the mere hostilities of individual chiefs and feudal factions has, not less than the former, been too much overlooked by historians. But this was a still more powerful element in the success of the House of York. The hostility against the Roman church, and the tenets of the Lollards, were shared by an

immense part of the population. In the previous century an ancient writer computes that one-half the population were Lollards ; and though the sect were diminished and silenced by fear, they still ceased not to exist, and their doctrines not only shook the church under Henry the Eighth, but destroyed the throne by the strong arm of their children, the Puritans, under Charles the First. It was impossible that these men should not have felt the deepest resentment at the fierce and steadfast persecution they endured under the House of Lancaster ; and without pausing to consider how far they would benefit under the dynasty of York, they had all those motives of revenge which are mistaken so often for the counsels of policy, to rally round any standard raised against their oppressors. These two great exceptions to merely selfish policy, which it remains for the historian clearly and at length to enforce, these and these alone will always, to a sagacious observer, elevate the Wars of the Roses above those bloody contests for badges which we are, at first sight, tempted to regard them. But these deeper motives animated very little the nobles and the knightly gentry,* and with them the governing principles

* Amongst many instances of the self-seeking of the time, not the least striking is the subservience of John Mowbray, the great Duke of Norfolk, to his old political enemy, the Earl of Oxford, the moment the last comes into power, during the brief

were, as we have just said, interest, ambition, and the zeal for the honour and advancement of houses and chiefs.

“Truly,” said Marmaduke, after a short and rather embarrassed pause, “I am little beholden as yet to the House of York. There, where I see a noble benefactor, or a brave and wise leader, shall I think my sword and heart may best proffer allegiance.”

“Wisely said,” returned Alwyn, with a slight, but half sarcastic smile; “I asked thee the question because—(draw closer)—there are wise men in our city who think the ties between Warwick and the King less strong than a ship’s cable. And if thou attachest thyself to Warwick, he will be better pleased, it may be, with talk of devotion to himself, than professions of exclusive loyalty to King Edward. He that has little silver in his pouch must have the more silk on his tongue. A word to a Westmoreland or a Yorkshire-man is as good as a sermon to men not born so far north. One word more, and I have done. Thou art kind, and affable, and gentle, my dear foster-brother, but it will not do for thee to be seen again with the goldsmith’s headman. If thou wantest me, send

restoration of Henry VI. John Paston, whose family had been sufficiently harassed by this great Duke, says, with some glee, “The Duke and Duchess (of Norfolk) sue to him (Lord Oxford) as humbly as ever I did to them”—Paston Letters, cciii.

for me at nightfall; I shall be found at Master Heyford's, in the Chepe. And if," added Nicholas, with a prudent reminiscence, "thou succeedest at court, and canst recommend my master—there is no better goldsmith—it may serve me when I set up for myself, which I look to do shortly."

"But, to send for thee, my own foster-brother, at nightfall, as if I were ashamed!"—

"Hout, Master Marmaduke, if thou wert not ashamed of me I should be ashamed to be seen with a gay springal like thee. Why, they would say in the Chepe that Nick Alwyn was going to ruin. No, no. Birds of a feather must keep shy of those that moult other colours; and so, my dear young master, this is my last shake of the hand. But hold. Dost thou know thy way back?"

"Oh, yes—never fear!" answered Marmaduke; "though I see not why so far, at least, we may not be companions."

"No, better as it is; after this day's work, they will gossip about both of us, and we shall meet many who know my long visage on the way back. God keep thee, and advise me how thou prosperest."

So saying, Nicholas Alwyn walked off, too delicate to propose to pay his share of the reckoning with a superior. But when he had gone a few paces, he turned back, and accosting the Nevile, as the latter was rebuckling his mantle, said—

“I have been thinking, Master Nevile, that these gold nobles, which it has been my luck to bear off, would be more useful in thy gipsire than mine. I have sure gains and small expenses—but a gentleman gains nothing, and his hand must be ever in his pouch—so——”

“Foster-brother !” said Marmaduke, haughtily, “a gentleman never borrows—except of the Jews, and with due interest. Moreover, I too have my calling ; and as thy stall to thee, so to me my good sword. God keep thee ! Be sure I will serve thee when I can.”

“The devil’s in these young strips of the herald’s tree,” muttered Alwyn, as he strode off ; “as if it were dishonest to borrow a broad piece without cutting a throat for it ! Howbeit, Money is a prolific mother ; and here is enow to buy me a gold chain against I am Alderman of London. Hout, thus goes the world—the knight’s baubles become the alderman’s badges—so much the better !”

IV.

ILL FARES THE COUNTRY MOUSE IN THE TRAPS OF TOWN.

WE trust we shall not be deemed discourteous, either, on the one hand, to those who value themselves on their powers of reflection, or, on the other, to those who lay claim to what, in modern phrenological jargon, is called the Organ of Locality, when we venture to surmise that the two are rarely found in combination; nay, that it seems to us a very evident truism, that in proportion to the general activity of the intellect upon subjects of pith and weight, the mind will be indifferent to those minute external objects by which a less contemplative understanding will note, and map out, and impress upon the memory, the chart of the road its owner has once taken. Master Marmaduke Nevile, a hardy and acute forester from childhood, possessed to perfection the useful faculty of looking well and closely before him as he walked the earth, and ordinarily, therefore, the path he had

once taken, however intricate and obscure, he was tolerably sure to retrace with accuracy, even at no inconsiderable distance of time—the outward senses of men are usually thus alert and attentive in the savage or the semi-civilized state. He had not, therefore, overvalued his general acuteness in the note and memory of localities, when he boasted of his power to re-find his way to his hostelry without the guidance of Alwyn. But it so happened that the events of this day, so memorable to him, withdrew his attention from external objects, to concentrate it within. And in marvelling and musing over the new course upon which his destiny had entered, he forgot to take heed of that which his feet should pursue; so that, after wandering unconsciously onward for some time, he suddenly halted in perplexity and amaze to find himself entangled in a labyrinth of scattered suburbs, presenting features wholly different from the road that had conducted him to the archery ground in the forenoon. The darkness of the night had set in, but it was relieved by a somewhat faint and mist-clad moon, and some few and scattered stars, over which rolled, fleetly, thick clouds, portending rain. No lamps at that time cheered the steps of the belated wanderer; the houses were shut up, and their inmates, for the most part, already retired to rest, and the suburbs did not rejoice, as the city, in the round of the

watchman with his drowsy call to the inhabitants, "Hang out your lights!" The passengers, who at first, in various small groups and parties, had enlivened the stranger's way, seemed to him, unconscious as he was of the lapse of time, to have suddenly vanished from the thoroughfares; and he found himself alone in places thoroughly unknown to him, waking to the displeasing recollection that the approaches to the city were said to be beset by brawlers and ruffians of desperate characters, whom the cessation of the civil wars had flung loose upon the skirts of society, to maintain themselves by deeds of rapine and plunder. As might naturally be expected, most of these had belonged to the defeated party, who had no claim to the good offices or charity of those in power. And although some of the Neviles had sided with the Lancastrians, yet the badge worn by Marmaduke was considered a pledge of devotion to the reigning House, and added a new danger to those which beset his path. Conscious of this—for he now called to mind the admonitions of his host in parting from the hostelry—he deemed it but discreet to draw the hood of his mantle over the silver ornament; and while thus occupied, he heard not a step emerging from a lane at his rear, when suddenly a heavy hand was placed on his shoulder; he started, turned, and before him stood a man, whose aspect and dress betokened

little to lessen the alarm of the uncourteous salutation. Marmaduke's dagger was bare on the instant.

"And what wouldst thou with me?" he asked.

"Thy purse and thy dagger!" answered the stranger.

"Come and take them," said the Nevile, unconscious that he uttered a reply famous in classic history, as he sprang backward a step or so, and threw himself into an attitude of defence. The stranger slowly raised a rude kind of mace, or rather club, with a ball of iron at the end, garnished with long spikes, as he replied, "Art thou mad enow to fight for such trifles?"

"Art thou in the habit of meeting one Englishman who yields his goods, without a blow, to another?" retorted Marmaduke. "Go to—thy club does not daunt me." The stranger warily drew back a step, and applied a whistle to his mouth. The Nevile sprang at him, but the stranger warded off the thrust of the poniard with a light flourish of his heavy weapon; and had not the youth drawn back on the instant, it had been good night and a long day to Marmaduke Nevile. Even as it was, his heart beat quick, as the whirl of the huge weapon sent the air like a strong wind against his face. Ere he had time to renew his attack, he was suddenly seized from behind, and found himself struggling in the arms of two men. From

these he broke, and his dagger glanced harmless against the tough jerkin of his first assailant. The next moment his right arm fell to his side, useless and deeply gashed. A heavy blow on the head,—the moon—the stars reeled in his eyes—and then darkness;—he knew no more. His assailants very deliberately proceeded to rifle the inanimate body, when one of them, perceiving the silver badge, exclaimed, with an oath, “One of the rampant Neviles! This cock at least shall crow no more!” And laying the young man’s head across his lap, while he stretched back the throat with one hand, with the other he drew forth a long sharp knife, like those used by huntsmen in dispatching the hart. Suddenly, and in the very moment when the blade was about to inflict the fatal gash, his hand was forcibly arrested, and a man, who had silently and unnoticed joined the ruffians, said, in a stern whisper, “Rise, and depart from thy brotherhood for ever. We admit no murderer.”

The ruffian looked up in bewilderment. “Robin—captain—thou here!” he said, falteringly.

“I must needs be everywhere, I see, if I would keep such fellows as thou and these from the gallows. What is this?—a silver arrow—the young archer.—Um.”

“A Nevile!” growled the would-be murderer.

“And for that very reason his life should be

safe. Knowest thou not that Richard of Warwick, the great Nevile, ever spares the Commons. Begone! I say." The captain's low voice grew terrible as he uttered the last words. The savage rose, and without a word stalked away.

"Look you, my masters," said Robin, turning to the rest, "soldiers must plunder a hostile country. While York is on the throne, England is a hostile country to us Lancastrians. Rob, then, rifle, if ye will. But he who takes life shall lose it. Ye know me!" The robbers looked down, silent and abashed. Robin bent a moment over the youth. "He will live," he muttered. "So! he already begins to awaken. One of these houses will give him shelter. Off, fellows, and take care of your necks!"

When Marmaduke, a few minutes after this colloquy, began to revive, it was with a sensation of dizziness, pain, and extreme cold. He strove to lift himself from the ground, and at length succeeded. He was alone; the place where he had lain, damp and red with stiffening blood. He tottered on for several paces, and perceived from a lattice, at a little distance, a light still burning. Now reeling—now falling, he still dragged on his limbs as the instinct attracted him to that sign of refuge. He gained the doorway of a detached and gloomy house, and sank on the stone before it to cry aloud. But his voice soon sank into deep groans, and

once more, as his efforts increased the rapid gush of the blood, became insensible. The man styled Robin, who had so opportunely saved his life, now approached from the shadow of a wall, beneath which he had watched Marmaduke's movements. He neared the door of the house, and cried, in a sharp, clear voice—"Open, for the love of Christ!"

A head was now thrust from the lattice—the light vanished—a minute more, the door opened; and Robin, as if satisfied, drew hastily back, and vanished—saying to himself, as he strode along, "A young man's life must needs be dear to him; yet, had the lad been a lord, methinks I should have cared little to have saved for the people one tyrant more."

After a long interval, Marmaduke again recovered, and his eyes turned with pain from the glare of a light held to his face.

"He wakes, father!—he will live!" cried a sweet voice.

"Ay, he will live, child!" answered a deeper tone; and the young man muttered to himself, half audibly, as in a dream, "Holy Mother be blessed! it is sweet to live!"

The room, in which the sufferer lay, rather exhibited the remains of better fortunes than testified to the solid means of the present possessor. The ceiling was high and groined, and some tints of faded, but once gaudy painting, blazoned its com-

partments and hanging pendants. The walls had been rudely painted, (for arras* then was rare, even among the wealthiest,) but the colours were half obliterated by time and damp. The bedstead on which the wounded man reclined was curiously carved, with a figure of the Virgin at the head, and adorned with draperies, in which were wrought huge figures from scriptural subjects, but in the dress of the date of Richard II.—Solomon in pointed up-turned shoes, and Goliath, in the armour of a crusader,—frowning grimly upon the sufferer. By the bedside stood a personage, who, in reality, was but little past the middle age, but whose pale visage intersected with deep furrows, whose long beard and hair, partially grey, gave him the appearance of advanced age: nevertheless there was something peculiarly striking in the aspect of the man. His forehead was singularly high and massive, but the

* Mr. Hallam, (*History of the Middle Ages*, chap. ix. part 2,) implies a doubt whether great houses were furnished with hangings so soon as the reign of Edward IV. But there is abundant evidence to satisfy our learned historian upon that head. The *Narrative of the "Lord of Grauthuse,"* edited by Sir F. Madden, specifies the hangings of cloth of gold in the apartments in which that lord was received by Edward IV.; also the hangings of white silk and linen in the chamber appropriated to himself at Windsor. But long before this period (to say nothing of the Bayeux Tapestry)—viz. in the reign of Edward III: (in 1344,) a writ was issued to inquire into the mystery of working tapestry; and in 1398, Mr. Britton observes that the celebrated arras hangings at Warwick Castle are mentioned. (See Britton's *Dictionary of Architecture and Archæology*—art. Tapestry.)

back of the head was disproportionately small, as if the intellect too much preponderated over all the animal qualities for strength in character and success in life. The eyes were soft, dark, and brilliant, but dreamlike and vague; the features in youth must have been regular and beautiful, but their contour was now sharpened by the hollowness of the cheeks and temples. The form, in the upper part, was nobly shaped, sufficiently muscular, if not powerful, and with the long throat and falling shoulders, which always give something of grace and dignity to the carriage; but it was prematurely bent, and the lower limbs were thin and weak, as is common with men who have sparsely used them; they seemed disproportioned to that broad chest, and still more to that magnificent and spacious brow. The dress of this personage corresponded with the aspect of his abode. The materials were those worn by the gentry, but they were old, threadbare, and discoloured with innumerable spots and stains. His hands were small and delicate, with large blue veins, that spoke of relaxed fibres, but their natural whiteness was smudged with smoke-stains, and his beard—a masculine ornament utterly out of fashion among the younger race in King Edward's reign, but when worn by the elder gentry, carefully trimmed and perfumed—was dishevelled into all the spiral and

tangled curls, displayed in the sculptured head of some old Grecian sage or poet.

On the other side of the bed, knelt a young girl, of about sixteen, with a face exquisitely lovely in its delicacy and expression. She seemed about the middle stature, and her arms and neck, as displayed by the close-fitting vest, had already the smooth and rounded contour of dawning womanhood, while the face had still the softness, innocence, and inexpressible bloom of the child. There was a strong likeness between her and her father, (for such the relationship,) despite the difference of sex and years—the same beautiful form of lip and brow—the same rare colour of the eyes, dark-blue, with black fringing lashes—and perhaps the common expression, at that moment, of gentle pity and benevolent anxiety contributed to render the resemblance stronger.

“Father, he sinks again!” said the girl.

“Sybill,” answered the man, putting his finger upon a line in a manuscript book that he held, “the authority saith, that a patient so contused should lose blood, and then the arm must be tightly bandaged. Verily, we lack the where-withal.”

“Not so, father!” said the girl, and blushing, she turned aside, and took off the partelet of lawn, upon which holiday finery her young eyes perhaps that

morning had turned with pleasure, and white as snow was the neck which was thus displayed—"this will suffice to bind his arm."

"But the book," said the father, in great perplexity—"the book telleth us not how the lancet should be applied. It is easy to say, 'Do this and do that'—but to do it once, it should have been done before! This is not among my experiments."

Luckily, perhaps, for Marmaduke, at this moment there entered an old woman, the solitary servant of the house, whose life, in those warlike times, had made her pretty well acquainted with the simpler modes of dealing with a wounded arm and a broken head. She treated with great disdain the learned authority referred to by her master; she bound the arm, plastered the head, and taking upon herself the responsibility to promise a rapid cure, insisted upon the retirement of father and child, and took her solitary watch beside the bed.

"If it had been any other mechanism than that of the vile human body!" muttered the philosopher, as if apologizing to himself;—and with that he recovered his self-complacency, and looked round him proudly.

V.

WEAL TO THE IDLER—WOE TO THE WORKMAN.

As Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, so it possibly might conform the heads of that day to a thickness suitable for the blows and knocks to which they were variously subjected;—yet it was not without considerable effort, and much struggling, that Marmaduke's senses recovered the shock received, less by his flesh wound, and the loss of blood, than a blow on the seat of reason, that might have despatched a passable ox of these degenerate days. Nature, to say nothing of Madge's leechcraft, ultimately triumphed, and Marmaduke woke one morning in full possession of such understanding as Nature had endowed him with. He was then alone, and it was with much simple surprise that he turned his large hazel eyes from corner to corner of the unfamiliar room. He then began to retrace and

weave together sundry disordered and vague reminiscences: he commenced with the commencement, and clearly satisfied himself that he had been grievously wounded and sorely bruised; he then recalled the solitary light at the high lattice, and his memory found itself at the porch of the large, lonely, ruinous old house; then all became a bewildered and feverish dream. He caught at the vision of an old man with a long beard, whom he associated, displeasingly, with recollections of pain; he glanced off to a fair young face, with eyes that looked tender pity whenever he writhed or groaned under the tortures that, no doubt, that old accursed carle had inflicted upon him. But even this face did not dwell with pleasure in his memory—it woke up confused and labouring associations of something weird and witchlike—of sorceresses and tymbesteres—of wild warnings screeched in his ear—of incantations, and devilries, and doom. Impatient of these musings, he sought to leap from his bed, and was amazed that the leap subsided into a tottering crawl. He found an ewer and basin, and his ablutions refreshed and invigorated him. He searched for his raiment, and discovered it all except the mantle, dagger, hat, and girdle; and, while looking for these, his eye fell on an old tarnished steel mirror. He started as if he had seen his ghost; was it possible that his hardy face could have waned into that pale, and almost femininely

delicate visage. With the pride (call it not coxcombr) that then made the care of person the distinction of gentle birth, he strove to reduce into order the tangled locks of the long hair, of which a considerable portion above a part that seemed peculiarly sensitive to the touch, had been mercilessly clipped; and as he had just completed this task, with little satisfaction and much inward chafing at the lack of all befitting essences and perfumes, the door gently opened, and the fair face he had dreamed of appeared at the aperture.

The girl uttered a cry of astonishment and alarm at seeing the patient thus arrayed and convalescent, and would suddenly have retreated, but the Nevile advanced, and courteously taking her hand—

“Fair maiden,” said he, “if, as I trow, I owe to thy cares my tending and cure—nay, it may be a life hitherto of little worth, save to myself—do not fly from my thanks. May our Lady of Walsingham bless and reward thee!”

“Sir,” answered Sybill, gently withdrawing her hands from his clasp, “our poor cares have been a slight return for thy generous protection to myself.”

“To thee! ah, forgive me,—how could I be so dull? I remember thy face now; and, perchance, I deserved the disaster I met with in leaving thee so discourteously. My heart smote me for it as thy light footfall passed from my side.”

A slight blush, succeeded by a thoughtful smile—the smile of one who recalls and caresses some not displeasing remembrance, passed over Sybill's charming countenance, as the sufferer said this with something of the grace of a well-born man, whose boyhood had been taught to serve God and the Ladies.

There was a short pause before she answered, looking down, “Nay, sir, I was sufficiently beholden to you;—and for the rest, all molestation was over. But I will now call your nurse—for it is our servant, not us, to whom your thanks are due—to see to your state, and administer the proper medicaments.”

“Truly, fair damsel, it is not precisely medicaments that I hunger and thirst for; and if your hospitality could spare me from the larder a manchet, or a corner of a pasty, and from the cellar a stoup of wine or a cup of ale, methinks it would tend more to restore me, than those potions which are so strange to my taste that they rather offend than tempt it; and, pardie, it seemeth to my poor senses as if I had not broken bread for a week!”

“I am glad to hear you of such good cheer,” answered Sybill; “wait but a moment or so, till I consult your physician.”

And, so saying, she closed the door, slowly descended the steps, and pursued her way into what

seemed more like a vault than a habitable room, where she found the single servant of the household. Time, which makes changes so fantastic in the dress of the better classes, has a greater respect for the costume of the humbler; and, save that the garments were of the coarse material of a sort of serge, there was not so great a difference, in point of comfort and sufficiency, as might be supposed, between the dress of old Madge and that of some primitive servant in the North during the last century. The old woman's face was thin and pinched, but its sharp expression brightened into a smile as she caught sight, through the damp and darkness, of the gracious form of her young mistress. "Ah, Madge," said Sybill, with a sigh, "it is a sad thing to be poor!"

"For such as thou, Mistress Sybill, it is indeed. It does not matter for the like of us. But it goes to my old heart when I see you shut up here, or worse, going out in that old courtpie and wimple—you, a knight's grandchild—you, who have played round a queen's knees, and who might have been so well to do, an' my master had thought a little more of the gear of this world. But patience is a good palfrey, and will carry us a long day. And, when the master has done what he looks for, why the King—sith we must so call the new man on the throne—will be sure to reward him; but, sweet-heart, tarry not here; it's an ill air for your

young lips to drink in. What brings you to old Madge?"

"The stranger is recovered, and——"

"Ay, I warrant me, I have cured worse than he. He must have a spoonful of broth—I have not forgot it. You see I wanted no dinner myself—what is dinner to old folks?—so I e'en put it all in the pot for him. The broth will be brave and strong."

"My poor Madge, God requite you for what you suffer for us! But he has asked"—here was another sigh and a downcast look that did not dare to face the consternation of Madge, as she repeated, with a half smile—"he has asked—for meat, and a stoup of wine, Madge!"

"Eh, sirs! And where is he to get them? Not that it will be bad for the lad, either. Wine! There's Master Sancroft, of the Oak, will not trust us a penny, the seely hilding, and——"

"Oh, Madge, I forgot!—we can still sell the gittern for something. Get on your wimple, Madge—quick—while I go for it."

"Why, Mistress Sybill, that's your only pleasure, when you sit all alone, the long summer days."

"It will be more pleasure to remember that it supplied the wants of my father's guest," said Sybill; and retracing the way up the stairs, she returned with the broken instrument, and despatched Madge with it, laden with instructions

that the wine should be of the best. She then once more mounted the rugged steps, and halting a moment at Marmaduke's door, as she heard his feeble step walking impatiently to and fro, she ascended higher, as the flight, winding up a square dilapidated turret, became rougher, narrower, and darker, and opened the door of her father's retreat.

It was a room so bare of ornament and furniture that it seemed merely wrought out of the mingled rubble and rough stones which composed the walls of the mansion, and was lighted towards the street by a narrow slit, glazed, it is true,—which all the windows of the house were not,—but the sun scarcely pierced the dull panes and the deep walls in which they were sunk. The room contained a strong furnace, and a rude laboratory. There were several strange-looking mechanical contrivances scattered about, several manuscripts upon some oaken shelves, and a large panier of wood and charcoal in the corner. In that poverty-stricken house, the money spent on fuel alone, in the height of summer, would have comfortably maintained the inmates; but neither Sybill nor Madge ever thought to murmur at this waste, dedicated to what had become the vital want of a man who drew air in a world of his own. This was the first thing to be provided for; and Science was of more imperative necessity than even Hunger.

Adam Warner was indeed a creature of remark-

able genius—and genius, in an age where it is not appreciated, is the greatest curse the iron Fates can inflict on man. If not wholly without the fond fancies which led the wisdom of the darker ages to the philosopher's stone and the elixir, he had been deterred from the chase of a chimera by want of means to pursue it; for it required the resources or the patronage of a prince or noble to obtain the costly ingredients consumed in the alchemist's crucible. In early life, therefore, and while yet in possession of a competence, derived from a line of distinguished and knightly ancestors, Adam Warner had devoted himself to the surer, and less costly, study of the mathematics, which then had begun to attract the attention of the learned, but which was still looked upon by the herd as a branch of the black art. This pursuit had opened to him the insight into discoveries equally useful and sublime. They necessitated a still more various knowledge; and in an age when there was no division of labour, and rare and precarious communication among students, it became necessary for each discoverer to acquire sufficient science for his own collateral experiments.

In applying mathematics to the practical purposes of life, in seeing its mighty utilities to commerce and civilization, Adam Warner was driven to conjoin with it, not only an extensive knowledge of languages, but many of the rudest tasks of the

mechanist's art; and chemistry was, in some of his researches, summoned to his aid. By degrees, the tyranny that a man's genius exercises over his life, abstracted him from all external objects. He had loved his wife tenderly, but his rapid waste of his fortune in the purchase of instruments and books, then enormously dear, and the neglect of all things not centred in the hope to be the benefactor of the world, had ruined her health and broke her heart. Happily Warner perceived not her decay till her death; happily he never conceived its cause; for her soul was wrapt in his. She revered, and loved, and never upbraided. Her heart was the martyr to his mind. Had she foreseen the future destinies of her daughter it might have been otherwise. She could have remonstrated with the father, though not the husband. But, fortunately, as it seemed to her, she (a Frenchwoman by birth) had passed her youth in the service of Margaret of Anjou, and that haughty queen, who was equally warm to friends and inexorable to enemies, had, on her attendant's marriage, promised to ensure the fortunes of her offspring. Sybill, at the age of ~~ten~~, ^{six} years before the date the story enters on, and two years prior to the fatal field of Tooton, which gave to Edward the throne of England, had been admitted among the young girls whom the custom of the day ranked amidst the attendants of the

Queen ; and in the interval that elapsed before Margaret was obliged to dismiss her to her home, her mother died. She died without foreseeing the reverses that were to ensue, in the hope that her child, at least, was nobly provided for, and not without the belief (for there is so much faith in love!) that her husband's researches, which, in his youth had won favour of the Protector-Duke of Gloucester, the most enlightened Prince of his time, would be crowned at last with the rewards and favours of his King. That precise period was, indeed, the fairest that had yet dawned upon the philosopher. Henry the Sixth, slowly recovering from one of those attacks which passed for imbecility, had condescended to amuse himself with various conversations with Warner, urged to it first by representations of the unholy nature of the student's pursuits ; and, having satisfied his mind of his learned subject's orthodoxy, the poor Monarch had taken a sort of interest, not so much, perhaps, in the objects of Warner's occupations, as in that complete absorption from actual life which characterized the subject, and gave him in this, a melancholy resemblance to the King. While the House of Lancaster was on the throne, the wife felt that her husband's pursuits would be respected, and his harmless life safe from the fierce prejudices of the people ; and the good Queen would not suffer him to starve, when the last mark was expended in

devices how to benefit his country :—and in these hopes, the woman died !

A year afterwards, all at Court was in disorder—armed men supplied the service of young girls, and Sybill, with a purse of broad pieces, soon converted into manuscripts, was sent back to her father's desolate home. There had she grown a flower amidst ruins—with no companion of her own age, and left to bear, as her sweet and affectionate nature well did, the contrast between the luxuries of a court and the penury of a hearth, which, year after year, hunger and want came more and more sensibly to invade.

Sybill had been taught, even as a child, some accomplishments little vouchsafed, then, to either sex—she could read and write; and Margaret had not so wholly lost, in the sterner north, all reminiscence of the accomplishments that graced her father's court, as to neglect the education of those brought up in her household. Much attention was given to music, for it soothed the dark hours of King Henry; the blazoning of missals or the lives of saints, with the labours of the loom, were also among the resources of Sybill's girlhood, and by these last she had, from time to time, served to assist the maintenance of the little family of which, child though she was, she became the actual head. But latterly—that is, for the last few weeks, even these sources failed her; for as more

peaceful times allowed her neighbours to interest themselves in the affairs of others, the dark reports against Warner had revived. His name became a by-word of horror—the lonely light at the lattice burning till midnight—against all the early usages and habits of the day—the dark smoke of the furnace, constant in summer as in winter, scandalized the Religion of the Place far and near; and finding, to their great dissatisfaction, that the King's government and the Church interfered not for their protection, and unable themselves to volunteer any charges against the recluse, (for the cows in the neighbourhood remained provokingly healthy,) they came suddenly, and, as it were, by one of those common sympathies which in all times the huge Persecutor we call the PUBLIC manifests, when a victim is to be crushed,—to the pious resolution of starving where they could not burn. Why buy the quaint devilries of the wizard's daughter?—no luck could come of it. A missal blazoned by such hands—an embroidery worked at such a loom, was like the Lord's Prayer read backwards. And one morning, when poor Sybill stole out as usual to vend a month's labour, she was driven from door to door with oaths and curses.

Though Sybill's heart was gentle, she was not without a certain strength of mind. She had

much of the patient devotion of her mother, much of the quiet fortitude of her father's nature. If not comprehending to the full the loftiness of Warner's pursuits, she still anticipated from them an ultimate success which reconciled her to all temporary sacrifices. The violent prejudices—the ignorant cruelty, thus brought to bear against existence itself, filled her with sadness, it is true, but not unmixed with that contempt for her persecutors which, even in the meekest tempers, takes the sting from despair. But hunger pressed. Her father was nearing the goal of his discoveries, and in a moment of that pride which in its very contempt for appearances braves them all, Sybill had stolen out to the pastime-ground, with what result has been seen already. Having thus accounted for the penury of the mansion, we return to its owner.

Warner was contemplating with evident complacency and delight the model of a machine which had occupied him for many years, and which he imagined he was now rapidly bringing to perfection. His hands and face were grimed with the smoke of his forge, and his hair and beard, neglected as usual, looked parched and dried up, as if with the constant fever that burned within.

“Yes—yes,” he muttered—“How they will bless me for this! What Roger Bacon only sug-

gested I shall accomplish! How it will change the face of the globe! What wealth it will bestow on ages yet unborn!"

"My father," said the gentle voice of Sybill—"my poor father, thou hast not tasted bread to-day."

Warner turned, and his face relaxed into a tender expression as he saw his daughter.

"My child," he said, pointing to his model, "the time comes when *it will live!* Patience—patience!"

"And who would not have patience with thee, and *for* thee, father?" said Sybill, with enthusiasm speaking on every feature. "What is the valour of knight and soldier—dull statues of steel—to thine? Thou, with thy naked breast, confronting all dangers—sharper than the lance and glaive, and all ——"

"All to make England great!"

"Alas! what hath England merited from men like thee! The people more savage than their rulers, clamour for the stake, the gibbet, and the dungeon, for all who strive to make them wiser. Remember the death of Bolingbroke :*—a wizard, because, O father!—because his pursuits were thine!"

Adam, startled by this burst, looked at his

* A mathematician, accused as an accomplice, in sorcery, of Eleanor Cobham, wife of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and hanged upon that charge. His contemporary (William Wyrcestre) highly extols his learning.

daughter with more attention than he usually evinced to any living thing: "Child," he said, at length, shaking his head in grave reproof, "Let me not say to thee, 'O thou of little faith!' There were no heroes were there no martyrs!"

"Do not frown on me, father," said Sybill, sadly; "let the world frown—not thou! Yes, thou art right. Thou must triumph at last." And suddenly her whole countenance, changing into a soft and caressing endearment, she added—"But now come, father. Thou hast laboured well for this morning. We shall have a little feast for thee in a few minutes. And the stranger is recovered, thanks to our leechcraft. He is impatient to see and thank thee."

"Well—well, I come, Sybill," said the student, with a regretful, lingering look at his model, and a sigh to be disturbed from its contemplation; and he slowly quitted the room with Sybill.

"But not, dear sir and father, not thus—not quite thus—will you go to the stranger, well-born like yourself. Oh, no! your Sybill is proud, you know—proud of her father." So saying, she clung to him fondly, and drew him mechanically, for he had sunk into a reverie, and heeded her not, into an adjoining chamber in which he slept. The comforts even of the gentry, of men with the acres that Adam had sold, were then few and scanty. The nobles and the wealthy merchants, indeed,

boasted many luxuries that excelled in gaud and pomp those of their equals now. But the class of the *gentry* who had very little money at command, were contented with hardships from which a menial of this day would revolt. What they could spend in luxury was usually consumed in dress and the table they were obliged to keep. These were the essentials of dignity. Of furniture there was a woeful stint. In many houses, even of knights, an edifice large enough to occupy a quadrangle, was composed more of offices than chambers inhabited by the owners; rarely boasting more than three beds, which were bequeathed in wills as articles of great value. The reader must, therefore, not be surprised that Warner's abode contained but one bed, properly so called, and that was now devoted to Nevile. The couch which served the philosopher for bed was a wretched pallet, stretched on the floor, stuffed with straw,—with rough say or serge, and an old cloak for the coverings. His daughter's, in a room below, was little better. The walls were bare; the whole house boasted but one chair, which was in Marmaduke's chamber—stools, or settles, of rude oak, elsewhere supplied their place. There was no chimney, except in Nevile's room, and in that appropriated to the forge.

To this chamber, then, resembling a dungeon in appearance, Sybill drew the student, and here, from

an old worm-eaten chest, she carefully extracted a gown of brown velvet, which his father, Sir Armine, had bequeathed to him by will, faded, it is true, but still such as the low-born wore not,* trimmed with fur, and clasped with a brooch of gold. And then she held the ewer and basin to him, while, with the docility of a child, he washed the smoke-soil from his hands and face. It was touching to see in this, as in all else, the reverse of their natural position — the child tending, and heeding, and protecting, as it were, the father; and that not from his deficiency, but his greatness; not because he was below the vulgar intelligences of life, but above them. And certainly, when, his patriarchal hair and beard smoothed into order, and his velvet gown flowing in majestic folds, around a figure tall and commanding, Sybill followed her father into Marmaduke's chamber, — she might well have been proud of his appearance. And she felt the innocent vanity of her sex and age, in noticing the half-start of surprise with which Marmaduke regarded his host, and the tone of respect in which he proffered him his salutations and thanks. Even his manner altered to Sybill; it grew less frank and affable, more courtly and reserved; and when Madge came to announce that the refectation was served, it was with a blush of

* By the sumptuary laws only a knight was entitled to wear velvet.

shame, perhaps, at his treatment of the poor gittern-player on the pastime ground, that the Nevile extended his left hand, for his right was still not at his command, to lead the damsel to the hall.

This room, which was divided from the entrance by a screen, and, except a small closet that adjoined it, was the only sitting-room in a day, when, as now on the Continent, no shame was attached to receiving visitors in sleeping apartments, was long and low; an old, and very narrow table, that might have feasted thirty persons, stretched across a dais raised upon a stone floor; there was no *rere-dosse*, or fire-place, which does not seem at that day to have been an absolute necessity in the houses of the metropolis, and its suburbs; its place being supplied by a moveable brazier; three oak stools were placed in state at the board, and to one of these Marmaduke, in a silence unusual to him, conducted the fair Sybill.

"You will forgive our lack of provisions," said Warner, relapsing into the courteous fashions of his elder days, which the unwonted spectacle of a cold capon, a pasty, and a flask of wine, brought to his mind by a train of ideas that actively glided by the intervening circumstances which ought to have filled him with astonishment at the sight, "for my Sybill is but a young housewife, and I am a simple scholar, of few wants."

"Verily," answered Marmaduke, finding his

tongue as he attacked the pasty, "I see nothing that the most dainty need complain of; fair mistress Sybill, your dainty lips will not, I trow, refuse me the waisall. To you also, worshipful sir! Gramercy! it seems that there is nothing which better stirs a man's appetite than a sick bed. And, speaking thereof, deign to inform me, kind sir, how long I have been indebted to your hospitality. Of a surety, this pasty hath an excellent flavour, and if not venison, is something better. But to return, it mazes me much to think what time hath passed since my encounter with the robbers."

"They were robbers, then, that so cruelly assailed thee?" observed Sybill.

"Have I not said so—surely, who else? and, as I was remarking to your worshipful father, whether this mischance happened hours, days, months, or years ago, beshrew me if I can venture the smallest guess."

Master Warner smiled, and observing that some reply was expected from him, said, "Why, indeed, young sir, I fear I am almost as oblivious as yourself. It was not yesterday that you arrived, nor the day before, nor——Sybill, my child, how long is it since this gentleman hath been our guest?"

"This is the fifth day," answered Sybill.

"So long! and I like a senseless log by the way-side, when others are pushing on bit and spur,

to the great road. I pray you, sir, tell me the news of the morning. The Lord Warwick is still in London—the Court still at the Tower?”

Poor Adam, whose heart was with his model, and who had now satisfied his temperate wants, looked somewhat bewildered and perplexed by this question: “The King, save his honoured head,” said he, inclining his own, “is, I fear me, always at the Tower since his unhappy detention, but he minds it not, sir—he heeds it not; his soul is not on this side Paradise.”

Sybill uttered a faint exclamation of fear at this dangerous indiscretion of her father’s absence of mind; and, drawing closer to Neville, she put her hand with touching confidence on his arm, and whispered—“You will not repeat this, sir! my father lives only in his studies, and he has never known but one King!”

Marmaduke turned his bold face to the maid, and pointed to the salt-cellar, as he answered in the same tone—“Does the brave man betray his host?”

There was a moment’s silence. Marmaduke rose. “I fear,” said, he, “that I must now leave you; and, while it is yet broad noon, I must indeed be blind if I again miss my way.”

This speech suddenly recalled Adam from his meditations, for whenever his kindly and simple benevolence was touched, even his mathematics

and his model were forgotten. "No, young sir," said he, "you must not quit us yet; your danger is not over. Exercise may bring fever. Celsus recommends quiet. You must consent to tarry with us a day or two more."

"Can you tell me," said the Nevile, hesitatingly, "what distance it is to the Temple gate, or the nearest wharf on the river?"

"Two miles, at the least," answered Sybill.

"Two miles!—and now I mind me, I have not the accoutrements that beseem me. Those hildings have stolen my mantle, (which I perceive, by the way, is but a rustic garment, now laid aside for the super-tunic,) and my hat and dague, nor have they left even a half groat to supply their place. Verily, therefore, since ye permit me to burthen your hospitality longer, I will not say ye nay, provided you, worshipful sir, will suffer one of your people to step to the house of one Master Heyford, goldsmith, in the Chepe, and crave one Nicholas Alwyn, his freedman to visit me. I can commission him, touching my goods left at mine hostelry, and learn some other things which it behoves me to know."

"Assuredly. Sybill, tell Simon or Jonas to put themselves under our guest's order."

Simon or Jonas! The poor Adam absolutely forgot that Simon and Jonas had quitted the house these six years! How could he look on the capon,

the wine, and the velvet gown trimmed with fur, and not fancy himself back in the heyday of his wealth?

Sybill half smiled and half sighed, as she withdrew to consult with her sole councillor, Madge, how the guest's orders were to be obeyed, and how alas, the board was to be replenished for the evening meal. But in both these troubles she was more fortunate than she anticipated. Madge had sold the broken gittern, for musical instruments were then, comparatively speaking, dear, (and this had been a queen's gift,) for sufficient to provide decently for some days, and elated herself with the prospect of so much good cheer, she readily consented to be the messenger to Nicholas Alwyn.

When, with a light step, and a lighter heart, Sybill tripped back to the hall, she was scarcely surprised to find the guest alone. Her father, after her departure, had begun to evince much restless perturbation. He answered Marmaduke's queries, but by abstracted and desultory monosyllables, and seeing his guest at length engaged in contemplating some old pieces of armour hung upon the walls, he stole stealthily and furtively away, and halted not till once more before his beloved model.

Unaware of his departure, Marmaduke, whose back was turned to him, was, as he fondly imagined, enlightening his host with much soldier-

like learning as to the old helmets and weapons that graced the hall. "Certes, my host," said he, musingly, "that sort of casque, which has not, I opine, been worn this century, had its merits; the vizor is less open to the arrows. But, as for these chain suits, they suited only—I venture, with due deference, to declare—the Wars of the Crusades, where the enemy fought little, save with dart and scymetar. They would be but a sorry defence against the mace and battle-axe, nevertheless, they were light for man and horse, and, in some service, especially against foot, might be revived with advantage. Think you not so?"

He turned, and saw the arch face of Sybill.

"I crave pardon for my blindness, gentle damsel," said he, in some confusion, "but your father was here anon."

"His mornings are so devoted to labour," answered Sybill, "that he entreats you to pardon his discourtesy. Meanwhile, if you would wish to breathe the air, we have a small garden in the rear;" and so saying, she led the way into the small withdrawing-room, or rather closet, which was her own favourite chamber, and which communicated by another door, with a broad, neglected grass plot, surrounded by high walls, having a raised terrace in front, divided by a low stone gothic palisade from the green sward.

On the palisade sate droopingly, and half asleep,

a solitary peacock ; but when Sybill and the stranger appeared at the door, he woke up suddenly, descended from his height, and, with a vanity not wholly unlike his young mistress's wish to make the best possible display in the eyes of a guest—spread his plumes broadly in the sun. Sybill threw him some bread, which she had taken from the table for that purpose ; but the proud bird, however hungry, disdained to eat, till he had thoroughly satisfied himself that his glories had been sufficiently observed.

“Poor proud one,” said Sybill, half to herself, “thy plumage lasts with thee through all changes.”

“Like the name of a brave knight,” said Marmaduke, who overheard her.

“Thou thinkest of the career of arms.”

“Surely—I am a Nevile !”

“Is there no fame to be won but that of a warrior ?”

“Not that I weet of, or heed for, Mistress Sybill.”

“Thinkest thou it were nothing to be a minstrel, that gave delight ?—a scholar, that dispelled darkness ?”

“For the scholar ; certes, I respect holy Mother Church, which they tell me alone produces that kind of wonder with full safety to the soul, and that only in the higher prelates and dignitaries. For the minstrel, I love him—I would fight for him

—I would give him at need the last penny in my gipsire. But it is better to do deeds than to sing them.”

Sybill smiled, and the smile perplexed, and half displeased the young adventurer. But the fire of the young man had its charm.

By degrees, as they walked to and fro the neglected terrace, their talk flowed free and familiar; for Marmaduke, like most young men, full of himself, was joyous with the happy egotism of a frank and careless nature. He told his young confidante of a day his birth, his history, his hopes, and fears; and in return he learned, in answer to the questions he addressed to her, so much, at least, of her past and present life—as the reverses of her father, occasioned by costly studies—her own brief sojourn at the court of Margaret—and the solitude, if not the struggles, in which her youth was consumed. It would have been a sweet and grateful sight to some kindly bystander to hear these pleasant communications between two young persons so unfriended, and to imagine that hearts thus opened to each other might unite in one. But Sybill, though she listened to him with interest, and found a certain sympathy in his aspirations, was ever and anon secretly comparing him to one, the charm of whose voice still lingered in her ears; and her intellect, cultivated and acute, detected in Marmaduke the deficient

education—and that limited experience, which is the folly and the happiness of the young.

On the other hand, whatever admiration Nevile might conceive, was strangely mixed with surprise, and, it might almost be said, of fear. This girl, with her wise converse and her child's face, was a character so thoroughly new to him. Her language was superior to what he had ever heard, the words more choice, the current more flowing—was that to be attributed to her court-training, or her learned parentage?

“Your father, fair mistress,” said he, rousing himself in one of the pauses of their conversation—“your father, then, is a mighty scholar, and I suppose knows Latin like English?”

“Why a hedge priest pretends to know Latin,” said Sybill, smiling; “my father is one of the six men living who have learned the Greek and the Hebrew.”

“Gramercy!” cried Marmaduke, crossing himself. “That is awsome indeed! He has taught you his lere in the tongues?”

“Nay, I know but my own and the French; my mother was a native of France.”

“The Holy Mother be praised!” said Marmaduke, breathing more freely; “for French I have heard my father and uncle say is a language fit for gentles and knights, specially those who come, like the Neviles from Norman stock. This Margaret

of Anjou—didst thou love her well, Mistress Sybill?”

“Nay,” answered Sybill, “Margaret commanded awe, but she scarcely permitted love from an inferior; and though gracious and well-governed when she so pleased, it was but to those whom she wished to win. She cared not for the heart, if the hand or the brain could not assist her. But, poor queen, who could blame her for this?—her nature was turned from its milk; and, when, more lately, I have heard how many she trusted most have turned against her, I rebuked myself that——”

“Thou wert not by her side!” added the Nevile, observing her pause, and with the generous thought of a gentleman and a soldier.

“Nay, I meant not that so expressly, Master Nevile, but rather that I had ever murmured at her haste and shrewdness of mood. By her side, said you?—alas! I have a nearer duty at home; my father is all in this world to me! Thou knowest not, Master Nevile, how it flatters the weak to think there is some one they can protect. But enow of myself. Thou wilt go to the stout Earl, thou wilt pass to the court, thou wilt win the gold spurs, and thou wilt fight with the strong hand, and leave others to cozen with the keen head.”

“She is telling my fortune!” muttered Marmaduke, crossing himself again. “The gold spurs—I thank thee, Mistress Sybill!—will it be on the

battle-field that I shall be knighted, and by whose hand?"

Sybill glanced her bright eye at the questioner, and seeing his wistful face, laughed outright.

"What, thinkest thou, Master Nevile, I can read thee all riddles without my sieve and my shears?"

"They are essentials, then, Mistress Sybill?" said the Nevile, with blunt simplicity. "I thought ye more learned damozels might tell by the palm, or the——why dost thou laugh at me?"

"Nay," answered Sybill, composing herself. It is my right to be angered. Sithence thou wouldst take me to be a witch, all that I can tell thee of thy future (she added touchingly) is from that which I have seen of thy past. Thou hast a brave heart, and a gentle; thou hast a frank tongue, and a courteous; and these qualities make men honoured and loved—except they have the gifts which turn all into gall, and bring oppression for honour, and hate for love."

"And those gifts, gentle Sybill?"

"Are my father's," answered the girl, with another and a sadder change in her expressive countenance. And the conversation flagged till Marmaduke, feeling more weakened by his loss of blood than he had conceived it possible, retired to his chamber to repose himself.

VI.

MASTER MARMADUKE NEVILLE FEARS FOR THE SPIRITUAL
WEAL OF HIS HOST AND HOSTESS.

BEFORE the hour of supper, which was served at six o'clock, Nicholas Alwyn arrived at the house indicated to him by Madge. Marmaduke, after a sound sleep, which was little flattering to Sybill's attractions, had descended to the hall in search of the maiden and his host, and finding no one, had sauntered in extreme weariness and impatience into the little withdrawing closet, where, as it was now dusk, burned a single candle in a melancholy and rusted sconce; standing by the door that opened on the garden he amused himself with watching the peacock, when his friend, following Madge into the chamber, tapped him on the shoulder.

"Well, Master Nevile. Ha! by St. Thomas, what has chanced to thee? Thine arm swathed up, thy locks shorn, thy face blanched! My ho-

noured foster-brother, thy Westmoreland blood seems over-hot for Cockaigne !”

“ If so, there are plenty in this city of cut-throats to let out the surplusage,” returned Marmaduke ; and he briefly related his adventure to Nicholas.

When he had done, the kind trader reproached himself for having suffered Marmaduke to find his way alone. “ The suburbs abound with these miscreants,” said he ; “ and there is more danger in a night-walk near London, than in the loneliest glens of green Sherwood—more shame to the city ! An’ I be Lord Mayor, one of these days, I will look to it better. But our civil wars make men hold human life very cheap, and there’s parlous little care from the great, of the blood and limbs of the wayfarers. But war makes thieves—and peace hangs them ! Only wait till I manage affairs !”

“ Many thanks to thee, Nicholas,” returned the Nevile ; “but foul befall me if ever I seek protection from sheriff or mayor ! A man who cannot keep his own life with his own right hand, merits well to hap-lose it ; and I, for one, shall think ill of the day when an Englishman looks more to the laws than his good arm for his safety ; but, letting this pass, I beseech thee to advise me if my Lord Warwick be still in the city ?”

“ Yes, marry, I know that by the hostelries, which swarm with his badges, and the oxen,

that go in scores to the shambles. It is a shame to the Estate to see one subject so great, and it bodes no good to our peace. The Earl is preparing the most magnificent embassy that ever crossed the salt seas—I would it were not to the French, for our interests lie contrary; but thou hast some days yet to rest here and grow stout, for I would not have thee present thyself with a visage of chalk to a man who values his kind mainly by their thews and their sinews. Moreover, thou shouldst send for the tailor, and get thee trimmed to the mark. It would be a long step in thy path to promotion an' the Earl would take thee in his train; and the gaudier thy plumes, why the better chance for thy flight. Wherefore, since thou sayest they are thus friendly to thee under this roof, bide yet awhile peacefully—I will send thee the mercer and the clothier and the tailor, to divert thy impatience. And, as these fellows are greedy, my gentle and dear Master Nevile, may I ask, without offence, how thou art provided?"

"Nay, nay, I have monies at the hostelry, an' thou wilt send me my mails. For the rest I like thy advice, and will take it."

"Good!" answered Nicholas. "Hem! thou seemest to have got into a poor house—a decayed gentleman, F wot, by the slovenly ruin!"

"I would that were the worst," replied Marma-

duke, solemnly, and under his breath, and therewith he repeated to Nicholas the adventure on the pastime ground, the warnings of the timbrel-girls, and the "awsome" learning and strange pursuits of his host. As for Sybill, he was evidently inclined to attribute to glamour the reluctant admiration with which she had inspired him. "For," said he, "though I deny not that the maid is passing fair—there be many with rosier cheeks, and taller by this hand!"

Nicholas listened, at first, with the peculiar expression of shrewd sarcasm which mainly characterized his intelligent face, but his attention grew more earnest before Marmaduke had concluded.

"In regard to the maiden," said he, smiling and shaking his head, "it is not always the handsomest that win us the most—while fair Meg went a maying, black Mog got to church—and I give thee more reasonable warning than thy timbrel-girls, when, in spite of thy cold language, I bid thee take care of thyself against her attractions; for, verily, my dear foster-brother, thou must mend, and not mar thy fortune, by thy love matters; and keep thy heart whole for some fair one with marks in her gipsire, whom the Earl may find out for thee. Love and raw pease are two ill things in the porridge-pot. But, the father!—I mind me now that I have heard of his name, through my friend Master Caxton, the mercer, as one of prodigious

skill in the mathematics. I should like much to see him, and, with thy leave (an' he ask me), will tarry to supper. But what are these?"—and Nicholas took up one of the illuminated MSS. which Sybill had prepared for sale. "By the blood! this is couthly and marvellously blazoned."

The book was still in his hand when Sybill entered. Nicholas stared at her, as he bowed with a stiff and ungraceful embarrassment, which often at first did injustice to his bold, clear intellect, and his perfect self-possession in matters of trade or importance.

"The first woman face," muttered Nicholas to himself, "I ever saw that had the sense of a man's. And by the rood, what a smile!"

"Is this thy friend, Master Nevile?" said Sybill, with a glance at the goldsmith. "He is welcome. But is it fair and courteous, Master Nelwyn——"

"Alwyn, an' it please you, fair mistress. A humble name, but good Saxon—which, I take it, Nelwyn is not," interrupted Nicholas.

"Master Alwyn, forgive me; but can I forgive thee so readily for thy espial of my handiwork, without licence or leave?"

"Yours, comely mistress!" exclaimed Nicholas, opening his eyes, and unheeding the gay rebuke—"why, this is a master-hand. My Lord Scales—nay, the Earl of Worcester himself, hath scarce a finer in all his amassment."

“Well, I forgive thy fault for thy flattery; and I pray thee, in my father’s name, to stay and sup with thy friend.”

Nicholas bowed low, and still riveted his eyes on the book with such open admiration, that Marmaduke thought it right to excuse his abstraction; but there was something in that admiration which raised the spirits of Sybill, which gave her hope when hope was well nigh gone, and she became so vivacious, so debonnair, so charming, in the flow of a gaiety natural to her, and very uncommon with English maidens, but which she took partly, perhaps, from her French blood, and partly from the example of girls and maidens of French extraction in Margaret’s court, that Nicholas Alwyn thought he had never seen any one so irresistible. Madge having now served the evening meal, put in her head to announce it, and Sybill withdrew to summon her father.

“I trust he will not tarry too long, for I am sharp set!” muttered Marmaduke. “What thinkest thou of the damozel?”

“Marry,” answered Alwyn, thoughtfully, “I pity and marvel at her. There is enow in her to furnish forth twenty court beauties. But what good can so much wit and cunning do to an honest maiden?”

“That is exactly my own thought,” said Mar-

maduke; and both the young men sunk into silence, till Sybill re-entered with her father.

To the surprise of Marmaduke, Nicholas Alwyn, whose less gallant manner he was inclined to ridicule, soon contrived to rouse their host from his lethargy, and to absorb all the notice of Sybill; and the surprise was increased, when he saw that his friend appeared not unfamiliar with those abstruse and mystical sciences in which Adam was engaged.

“What!” said Adam. “You know, then, my deft and worthy friend, Master Caxton! He hath seen notable things abroad.”

“Which he more than hints,” said Nicholas, “will lower the value of those manuscripts this fair damozel has so couthly enriched; and that he hopes, ere long, to shew the Englishers how to make fifty, a hundred,—nay, even five hundred exemplars of the choicest book, in a much shorter time than a scribe would take in writing out two or three score pages in a single copy.”

“Verily,” said Marmaduke, with a smile of compassion, “the poor man must be somewhat demented; for I opine that the value of such curiosities must be in their rarity—and who would care for a book, if five hundred others had precisely the same?—allowing always, good Nicholas, for thy friend’s vaunting and over-crowing. Five

hundred! By'r lady, there would be scarcely five hundred fools in merry England to waste good nobles on spoilt rags, specially while bows and mail are so dear."

"Young gentleman," said Adam, rebukingly, "me seemeth that thou wrongest our age and country, to the which, if we have but peace and freedom, I trust the birth of great discoveries is ordained. Certes, Master Alwyn," he added, turning to the goldsmith, "this achievement may be readily performed, and hath existed, I heard an ingenious Fleming say, years ago, for many ages amongst a strange people* known to the Venetians! But dost thou think there is much appetite among those who govern the state to lend encouragement to such matters?"

"My master serves my Lord Hastings, the King's Chamberlain, and my lord has often been pleased to converse with me, so that I venture to say, from my knowledge of his affection to all excellent craft and lere, that whatever will tend to make men wiser will have his countenance and favour with the King."

"That is it—that is it!" exclaimed Adam, rubbing his hands. "My invention shall not die!"

"And that invention ——"

"Is one that will multiply exemplars of books without hands; works of craft without 'prentice or

* Query, the Chinese?

journeyman; will move wagons and litters without horses; will direct ships without sails; will—but, alack! it is not yet complete, and, for want of means, it never may be.”

Sybill still kept her animated countenance fixed on Alwyn, whose intelligence she had already detected, and was charmed with the profound attention with which he listened. But her eye glancing from his sharp features to the handsome, honest face of the Nevile, the contrast was so forcible, that she could not restrain her laughter, though, the moment after, a keen pang shot through her heart. The worthy Marmaduke had been in the act of conveying his cup to his lips—the cup stood arrested midway, his jaws dropped, his eyes opened to their widest extent, an expression of the most evident consternation and dismay spoke in every feature, and, when he heard the merry laugh of Sybill, he pushed his stool from her as far as he well could, and surveyed her with a look of mingled fear and pity.

“Alas! thou art sure my poor father is a wizard now?”

“Pardie!” answered the Nevile. “Hath he not said so? Hath he not spoken of wagons without horses—ships without sails? And is not all this what every dissour and jongleur tells us of in his stories of Merlin? Gentle maiden,” he added, earnestly, drawing nearer to her, and whispering

in a voice of much simple pathos—"thou art young, and I owe thee much. Take care of thyself. Such wonders and dareindo are too solemn for laughter."

"Ah!" answered Sybill, rising, "I fear they are. How can I expect the people to be wiser than thou, or their hard natures kinder in their judgment than thy kind heart?" Her low and melancholy voice went to the heart thus appealed to. Marmaduke also rose, and followed her into the parlour, or withdrawing-closet, while Adam and the goldsmith continued to converse, (though Alwyn's eye followed the young hostess,) the former appearing perfectly unconscious of the secession of his other listeners. But Alwyn's attention occasionally wandered, and he soon contrived to draw his host into the parlour.

When Nicholas rose, at last, to depart, he beckoned Sybill aside: "Fair mistress," said he, with some awkward hesitation, "forgive a plain, blunt tongue; but ye of the better birth are not always above aid, even from such as I am. If you would sell these blazoned manuscripts, I can not only obtain you a noble purchaser, in my Lord Scales, or in my Lord Hastings, an equally ripe scholar, but it may be the means of my procuring a suitable patron for your father; and, in these times, the scholar must creep under the knight's manteline."

“Master Alwyn,” said Sybill, suppressing her tears, “it was for my father’s sake that these labours were wrought. We are poor and friendless. Take the manuscripts, and sell them as thou wilt, and God and St. Mary requite thee !”

“Your father is a great man,” said Alwyn, after a pause.

“But, were he to walk the streets, they would stone him,” replied Sybill, with a quiet bitterness.

Here the Nevile, carefully shunning the magician, who, in the nervous excitement produced by the conversation of a mind less uncongenial than he had encountered for many years, seemed about to address him—here, I say, the Nevile chimed in—“Hast thou no weapon but thy bludgeon? Dear foster-brother, I fear for thy safety.”

“Nay, robbers rarely attack us mechanical folk; and I know my way better than thou. I shall find a boat near York House, so pleasant night and quick cure to thee, honoured foster-brother; I will send the tailor and other craftsmen to-morrow.”

“And at the same time,” whispered Marmaduke, accompanying his friend to the door, “send me a breviary, just to patter an ave or so. This grey-haired carle puts my heart in a tremble. Moreover, buy me a gittern—a brave one—for the damozel. She is too proud to take money, and, ’fore heaven, I have small doubts the old wizard could

turn my hose into nobles an' he had a mind for such gear. Wagons without horses—ships without sails, quotha !”

As soon as Alwyn had departed, Madge appeared with the final refreshment called “the Wines,” consisting of spiced hippocras and confectations, of the former of which the Nevile partook in solemn silence.

VII.

THERE IS A ROD FOR THE BACK OF EVERY FOOL WHO
WOULD BE WISER THAN HIS GENERATION.

THE next morning, when Marmaduke descended to the hall, Madge, accosting him on the threshold, informed him that Mistress Sybill was unwell, and kept her chamber, and that Master Warner was never visible much before noon. He was, therefore, prayed to take his meal alone. "Alone" was a word peculiarly unwelcome to Marmaduke Nevile, who was an animal thoroughly social and gregarious. He managed, therefore, to detain the old servant, who, besides the liking a skilful leech naturally takes to a thriving patient, had enough of her sex about her to be pleased with a comely face, and a frank, good-humoured voice. Moreover, Marmaduke, wishing to satisfy his curiosity, turned the conversation upon Warner and Sybill, a theme upon which the old woman was well disposed to be garrulous. He soon learned the poverty of the

mansion, and the sacrifice of the gittern; and his generosity and compassion were busily engaged in devising some means to requite the hospitality he had received, without wounding the pride of his host, when the arrival of his mails, together with the visits of the tailor and mercer, sent to him by Alwyn, diverted his thoughts into a new channel.

Between the comparative merits of gowns and surcoats, broad-toed shoes, and pointed, some time was disposed of with much cheerfulness and edification; but when his impudent visitors had retired, the benevolent mind of the young guest again recurred to the penury of his host. Placing his marks before him on the table in the little withdrawing parlour, he began counting them over, and putting aside the sum he meditated devoting to Warner's relief. "But how," he muttered, "how to get him to take the gold. I know, by myself, what a gentleman and a knight's son must feel at the proffer of alms—pardie! I would as lief Alwyn had struck me as offered me his gipsire—the ill-mannered, affectionate fellow! I must think—I must think——"

And while still thinking, the door softly opened, and Warner himself, in a high state of abstraction and reverie, stalked noiselessly into the room, on his way to the garden, in which, when musing over some new spring for his invention, he was

wont to peripatize. The sight of the gold on the table struck full on the philosopher's eyes, and waked him at once from his reverie. That gold—oh, what precious instruments, what learned manuscripts it could purchase! That gold, it was the breath of life to his model! He walked deliberately up to the table, and laid his hand upon one of the little heaps. Marmaduke drew back his stool, and stared at him with open mouth.

“Young man, what wantest thou with all this gold?” said Adam, in a petulant, reproachful tone. “Put it up—put it up! Never let the poor see gold; it tempts them, sir—it tempts them.” And so saying, the student abruptly turned away his eyes, and moved towards the garden.

“Marmaduke rose and put himself in Adam’s way—

“Honoured sir,” said the young man, “you say justly—what want I with all this gold? The only gold a young man should covet is enow for the knight’s spurs to his heels. If, without offence, you would—that is—ehem!—I mean, Gramercy! I shall never say it—but I believe my father owed your father four marks, and he bade me repay them. Here, sir!” He held out the glittering coins—the philosopher’s hand closed on them as the fish’s maw closes on the bait. Adam burst into a laugh, that sounded strangely weird and unearthly upon Marmaduke’s startled ear.

"All this for me!" he exclaimed. "For me! No—no! not for *me*, for *it*—I take it—I take it, sir! I will pay it back with large usury. Come to me this day year, when this world will be a new world, and Adam Warner will be—ha! ha! O God, I thank thee!" Suddenly turning away, the philosopher strode through the hall, opened the front door, and escaped into the street.

"By'r Lady!" said Marmaduke, slowly recovering his surprise, "I need not have been so much at a loss; the old gentleman takes to my gold as kindly as if it were mother's milk. 'Fore heaven, mine host's laugh is a ghastly thing!" So soliloquizing, he prudently put up the rest of his money, and locked his mails.

As time went on, the young man became exceedingly weary of his own company. Sybill still withheld her appearance; the gloom of the old hall, the uncultivated sadness of the lonely garden, preyed upon his spirits. At length, impatient to get a view of the world without, he mounted a high stool in the hall, and so contrived to enjoy the prospect, which the unglazed wicker lattice, deep set in the wall, afforded. But the scene without was little more animated than that within—all was so deserted in the neighbourhood!—the shops mean and scattered—the thoroughfare almost desolate. At last, he heard a shout, or rather hoot, at a distance; and, turning his attention whence it

proceeded, he beheld a figure emerge from an alley opposite the casement, with a sack under one arm, and several books heaped under the other. At his heels followed a train of ragged boys, shouting and hallooing, "The wizard! the wizard!—Ah!—Bah!—The old devil's-kin!" At this cry the dull neighbourhood seemed suddenly to burst forth into life. From the casements and thresholds of every house, curious faces emerged, and many voices of men and women joined, in deeper bass, with the shrill tenor of the choral urchins, "The wizard! the wizard!—out at daylight!" The person thus stigmatized, as he approached the house, turned his face, with an expression of wistful perplexity, from side to side. His lips moved convulsively, and his face was very pale, but he spoke not. And now, the children seeing him near his refuge, became more outrageous. They placed themselves menacingly before him—they pulled his robe—they even struck at him—and one, bolder than the rest, jumped up, and plucked his beard. At this last insult, Adam Warner, for it was he, broke silence; but such was the sweetness of his disposition, that it was rather with pity than reproof in his voice, that he said—

"Fie, little one!—I fear me thine own age will have small honour if thou thus mockest mature years in me."

This gentleness only served to increase the

audacity of his persecutors, who now, momentarily augmenting, presented a formidable obstacle to his further progress. Perceiving that he could not advance, without offensive measures on his own part, the poor scholar halted; and looking at the crowd with mild dignity, he asked, "What means this, my children? How have I injured you?"

"The wizard—the wizard!" was the only answer he received.

Adam shrugged his shoulders, and strode on with so sudden a step, that one of the smaller children, a curly-headed laughing rogue, of about eight years old, was thrown down at his feet, and the rest gave way. But the poor man, seeing one of his foes thus fallen, instead of pursuing his victory, again paused, and, forgetful of the precious burthens he carried, let drop the sack and books, and took up the child in his arms. On seeing their companion in the embrace of the wizard, a simultaneous cry of horror broke from the assemblage—"He is going to curse poor Tim!"

"My child!—my boy!" shrieked a woman, from one of the casements—"let go my child!"

On his part, the boy kicked and shrieked lustily, as Adam, bending his noble face tenderly over him, said, "Thou art not hurt, child. Poor boy! thinkest thou I would harm thee?" While he spoke, a storm of missiles—mud, dirt, sticks, bricks, stones,—from the enemy, that had now fallen back

in the rear, burst upon him. A stone struck him on the shoulder. Then his face changed—an angry gleam shot from his deep, calm eyes—he put down the child—and, turning steadily to the grown people at the windows, said, “Ye train your children ill”—picked up his sack and books—sighed, as he saw the latter stained by the mire, which he wiped with his long sleeve, and slowly, too proud to shew fear, made for his door. Fortunately Sybill had heard the clamour, and was ready to admit her father, and close the door upon the rush which instantaneously followed his escape. The baffled rout set up a yell of wrath, and the boys were now joined by several foes more formidable. From the adjacent houses, assured in their own minds that some terrible execration had been pronounced upon the limbs and body of Master Tim, who still continued bellowing and howling, probably from the excitement of finding himself raised to the dignity of a martyr,—poured forth, with oaths, and curses, and such weapons as they could seize in haste—the whole goodly population—to storm the wizard’s fortress.

From his undetected watch-tower, Marmaduke Neville had espied all that had hitherto passed, and though indignant at the brutality of the persecutors, he had thought it by no means unnatural. “If men, gentlemen born, will read uncanny books, and resolve to be wizards, why they must reap

what they sow," was the logical reflection that passed through the mind of that ingenuous youth; but when he now perceived the arrival of more important allies—when stones began to fly through the wicker lattices—when threats of setting fire to the house and burning the sorcerer, who muttered spells over innocent little boys, were heard, seriously increasing in depth and loudness—Marmaduke felt his chivalry called forth, and, with some difficulty, opening the rusty wicket in the casement, he exclaimed, "Shame on you, my countrymen, for thus disturbing, in broad day, a peaceful habitation! Ye call mine host a wizard. Thus much say I on his behalf: I was robbed and wounded a few nights since in your neighbourhood, and in this house alone I found shelter and healing."

The unexpected sight of the fair young face of Marmaduke Nevile, and the healthful sound of his clear ringing voice, produced a momentary effect on the besiegers, when one of them, a sturdy baker, cried out, "Heed him not—he is a goblin! Those devil-mongers can bake ye a dozen such every moment, as deftly as I can draw loaves from the oven!"

This speech turned the tide, and at that instant a savage-looking man, the father of the aggrieved boy, followed by his wife, gesticulating and weeping, ran from his house, waving a torch in his right

hand, his arm bare to the shoulder, and the cry of "Fire the door!" was universal.

In fact, the danger now grew imminent: several of the party were already piling straw and fagots against the threshold, and Marmaduke began to think the only chance of life to his host and Sybill was in flight by some back way, when he beheld a man, clad somewhat in the fashion of a country yeoman, with a formidable knotted club in his hand, pushing his way, with Herculean shoulders, through the crowd, and stationing himself before the threshold and brandishing aloft his formidable weapon, he exclaimed, "What! In the devil's name, do you mean to get yourselves all hanged for riot? Do you think that King Edward is as soft a man as King Henry was, and that he will suffer any one but himself to set fire to people's houses in this way? I dare say you are all right enough on the main, but, by the blood of St. Thomas, I will brain the first man who advances a step, by way of preserving the necks of the rest!"

"A Robin! a Robin!" cried several of the mob. "It is our good friend Robin. Harken to Robin. He is always right!"

"Ay, that I am!" quoth the defender; "you know that well enough. If I had my way, the world should be turned upside down, but what the poor folk should get nearer to the sun! But what I say is this, never go against law, while the law

is too strong. And it were a sad thing to see fifty fine fellows trussed up for burning an old wizard. So, be off with you, and let us, all that can afford it, make for Master Sancroft's hostel, and talk soberly over our ale. For little, I trow, will ye work now your blood's up."

This address was received with a shout of approbation. The father of the injured child set his broad foot on his torch, the baker chucked up his white cap, the ragged boys yelled out, "A Robin! a Robin!" and in less than two minutes the place was as empty as it had been before the appearance of the scholar. Marmaduke, who, though so ignorant of books, was acute and penetrating in all matters of action, could not help admiring the address and dexterity of the club-bearer; and the danger being now over, withdrew from the casement, in search of the inmates of the house. Ascending the stairs, he found on the landing-place, near his room, and by the embrasure of a huge casement which there jutted from the wall, Adam and his daughter. Adam was leaning against the wall, with his arms folded, and Sybill, hanging upon him, was uttering the softest and most soothing words of comfort her tenderness could suggest.

"My child," said the old man, shaking his head sadly, "I shall never again have heart for these studies—never. A king's anger I could brave, a

priest's malice I could pity—but to find the very children, the young race, for whose sake I have made thee and myself paupers, to find them thus—thus——” He stopped, for his voice failed him, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

“Come and speak comfort to my father, Master Neville!” exclaimed Sybill, “come and tell him that whoever is above the herd, whether knight or scholar, must learn to despise the hootings that follow Merit. Father, father, they threw mud and stones at thy king as he passed through the streets of London. Thou art not the only one whom this base world misjudges.”

“Worthy mine host!” said Marmaduke, thus appealed to: “Algates! it were not speaking truth to tell thee that I think a gentleman of birth and quality should walk the thoroughfares with a bundle of books under his arm, yet as for the raptril vulgar, the hildings and cullions who hiss one day what they applaud the next, I hold it the duty of every Christian and well-born man to regard them as the dirt on the crossings. Brave soldiers term it no disgrace to receive a blow from a base hind. An’ it had been knights and gentles who had insulted thee, thou mightest have cause for shame. But a mob of lewd rascallions and squalling infants—bah! verily, it is mere matter for scorn and laughter.”

These philosophical propositions and distinc-

tions did not seem to have their due effect upon Adam. He smiled, however, gently upon his guest, and with a blush over his pale face, said, "I am rightly chastised, good young man; mean was I, methinks, and sordid, to take from thee thy good gold. But thou knowest not what fever burns in the brain of a man who feels that had he wealth, his knowledge could do great things,—such things!—I thought to repay thee well. Now the frenzy is gone, and I, who an hour ago esteemed myself a puissant sage, sink in mine own conceit to a miserable, blinded fool. Child, I am very weak; I will lay me down and rest."

So saying, the poor philosopher went his way to his chamber, leaning on his daughter's arm.

In a few minutes Sybill rejoined Marmaduke, who had returned to the hall, and informed him, that her father had lain down awhile to compose himself.

"It is a hard fate, sir," said the girl, with a faint smile; "a hard fate to be banned and accursed by the world, only because one has sought to be wiser than the world is."

"My young and fair maiden," returned the Nevile; "it is happy for thee that thy sex forbids thee to follow thy father's footsteps, or I should say his hard fate were thy fair warning."

Sybill smiled faintly, and after a pause, said, with a deep blush:—

"You have been generous to my father; do not misjudge him. He would give his last groat to a starving beggar. But when his passion of scholar and inventor masters him—thou mightest think him worse than miser. It is an over-noble yearning that oftentimes makes him mean."

"Nay," answered Marmaduke, touched by the heavy sigh and swimming eyes with which the last words were spoken; "I have heard Nick Alwyn's uncle, who was a learned monk, declare that he could not constrain himself to pray to be delivered from temptation—seeing that he might thereby lose an occasion for filching some notable book! For the rest," he added, "you forget how much I owe to Master Warner's hospitality."

He took her hand with a frank and brotherly gallantry as he spoke; but the touch of that small, soft hand, freely and innocently resigned to him, sent a thrill to his heart—and again the face of Sybill seemed to him wondrous fair.

There was a long silence, which Sybill was the first to break. She turned the conversation once more upon Marmaduke's views in life. It had been easy for a deeper observer than he was, to see, that under all that young girl's simplicity and sweetness, there lurked something of dangerous ambition. She loved to recal the court-life her childhood had known, though her youth had re-

signed it with apparent cheerfulness. Like many who are poor and fallen, Sybill built herself a sad consolation out of her pride; she never forgot that she was well-born. But Marmaduke, in what was ambition, saw but interest in himself, and his heart beat more quickly as he bent his eyes upon that downcast, thoughtful, earnest countenance.

After an hour thus passed, Sybill left the guest, and remounted to her father's chamber. She found Adam pacing the narrow floor, and muttering to himself. He turned abruptly as she entered, and said, "Come hither, child—I took four marks from that young man, for I wanted books and instruments, and there are two left;—see—take them back to him."

"My father, he will not receive them. Fear not, thou shalt repay him some day."

"Take them, I say, and if the young man says thee nay, why, buy thyself gauds and gear, or let us eat, and drink, and laugh. What else is life made for? Ha! ha! Laugh, child, laugh!"

There was something strangely pathetic in this outburst, this terrible mirth, born of profound dejection. Alas for this guileless, simple creature, who had clutched at gold with a huckster's eagerness—who, forgetting the wants of his own child, had employed it upon the service of an Abstract Thought, and whom the scorn of his kind now pierced

through all the folds of his close-webbed philosophy and self-forgetful genius. Awful is the duel between **MAN** and **THE AGE** in which he lives! For the gain of posterity Adam Warner had martyred existence, and the children pelted him as he passed the streets! Sybill burst into tears.

"No, my father, no," she sobbed, pushing back the money into his hands. "Let us both starve, rather than you should despond. God and man will bring you justice yet."

"Ah!" said the baffled enthusiast, "my whole mind is one sore now. I feel as if I could love man no more. Go, and leave me. Go, I say!" and the poor student, usually so mild and gall-less, stamped his foot in impotent rage. Sybill, weeping as if her heart would break, left him.

Then Adam Warner again paced to and fro restlessly, and again muttered to himself for several minutes. At last he approached his Model—the model of a mighty and stupendous invention—the fruit of no chimerical and visionary science—a great Promethean **THING**, that, once matured, would divide the Old World from the New, enter into all operations of Labour, animate all the future affairs, colour all the practical doctrines, of active men. He paused before it, and addressed it as if it heard and understood him—"My hair was dark, and my head was firm, when one night, **A THOUGHT** passed into my soul—a thought to make Matter the

gigantic slave of Mind. Out of this thought, thou, not yet born after five and twenty years of travail, wert conceived. My coffers were then full, and my name was honoured; and the rich respected, and the poor loved, me. Art thou a devil, that has tempted me to ruin, or a god, that has lifted me above the earth? I am old before my time, my hair is blanced, my frame is bowed, my wealth is gone, my name is sullied. And all, dumb Idol of Iron and the Element, all for thee! I had a wife whom I adored—she died—I forgot her loss in the hope of *thy* life. I have a child still—God and Our Lady forgive me—she is less dear to me than thou hast been. And now—” the old man ceased abruptly, and folding his arms, looked at the deaf iron sternly, as on a human foe. By his side was a huge hammer, employed in the toils of his forge; suddenly he seized and swung it aloft. One blow, and the labour of years were shattered into pieces! One blow!—But the heart failed him, and the hammer fell heavily to the ground.

“Ay!” he muttered, “true—true! if thou, who hast destroyed all else, wert destroyed too, what were left me? Is it a crime to murder Man?—a greater crime to murder Thought, which is the life of all men. Come—I forgive thee!”

And all that day, and all that night, the Enthusiast laboured in his chamber, and the next day the remembrance of the hootings, the pelting,

the mob, was gone—clean gone from his breast. The Model began to move — life hovered over its wheels; and the Martyr of Science had forgotten the very world for which he, groaning and rejoicing, toiled!

VIII.

MASTER MARMADUKE NEVILLE MAKES LOVE, AND IS
FRIGHTENED.

FOR two or three days, Marmaduke and Sybill were necessarily brought much together. Such familiarity of intercourse was peculiarly rare in that time, when, except perhaps in the dissolute Court of Edward IV., the virgins of gentle birth mixed sparingly, and with great reserve, amongst those of opposite sex. Marmaduke, rapidly recovering from the effect of his wounds, and, without other resource than Sybill's society, in the solitude of his confinement, was not proof against the temptation which one so young and so sweetly winning brought to his fancy or his senses. The poor Sybill—she was no faultless paragon—she was a rare and singular mixture of many opposite qualities in heart and in intellect! She was one moment infantine in simplicity and gay playfulness—the next, a shade passed over her bright face, and she uttered some sentence of that bitter and chilling

wisdom, which the sense of persecution, the cruelty of the world, had already taught her. She was, indeed, at that age when the Child and the Woman are struggling against each other. Her character was not yet formed—a little happiness would have ripened it at once into the richest bloom of goodness. But sorrow, that ever sharpens the intellect, might only serve to sour the heart. Her mind was so innately chaste and pure, that she knew not the nature of the admiration she excited. But the admiration pleased her as it pleases some young child—she was vain then, but it was an infant's vanity, not a woman's. And thus, from innocence itself, there was a fearlessness, a freedom, a something endearing and familiar in her manner, which might have turned a wiser head than Marmaduke Nevile's. And this the more, because, while liking her young guest, confiding in him, raised in her own esteem by his gallantry, enjoying that intercourse of youth with youth, so unfamiliar to her, and rendering herself the more to its charm from the joy that animated her spirits, in seeing that her father had forgotten his humiliation, and returned to his wonted labours—she yet knew not for the handsome Nevile one sentiment that approached to virgin love. Her mind was so superior to his own, that she felt almost as if older than him, and in their talk, her rosy lips preached to him in grave advice.

On the landing, by Marmaduke's chamber, there was a large oriel casement jutting from the wall. It was only glazed at the upper part, and that most imperfectly, the lower part being closed at night, or in inclement weather, with rude shutters. The recess formed by this comfortless casement answered, therefore, the purpose of a balcony; it commanded a full view of the vicinity without, and gave to those who might be passing by, the power also of indulging their own curiosity by a view of the interior.

Whenever he lost sight of Sybill, and had grown weary of the peacock, this spot was Marmaduke's favourite haunt. It diverted him, poor youth, as it diverteth even ourself—shame to say it!—when sick or ailing,—to look out of the window upon the livelier world beyond. The place, it is true, was ordinarily deserted, but still the spires and turrets of London were always discernible—and they were something.

Accordingly, in this embrasure stood Marmaduke, when one morning, Sybill, coming from her father's room, joined him.

“And what, Master Nevile,” said Sybill, with a malicious yet charming smile, “what claimed thy meditations? Some misgiving as to the trimming of thy tunic, or the length of thy shoon?”

“Nay,” returned Marmaduke, gravely, “such thoughts, though not without their importance in

the mind of a gentleman, who would not that his ignorance of court delicacies should commit him to the japes of his equals, were not at that moment uppermost. I was thinking——”

“Of those mastiffs, quarrelling for a bone. Avow it.”

“By our Lady I saw them not, but now I look, they are brave dogs. Ha!—seest thou how gallantly each fronts the other, the hair bristling, the eyes fixed, the tail on end, the fangs glistening. Now the lesser one moves slowly round and round the bigger, who, mind you, Mistress Sybill, is no dullard, but moves, too, quick as thought, not to be taken unawares. Ha! that is a brave spring! Heigh, dogs, heigh! a good sight—it makes the blood warm!—the little one hath him by the throat!”

“Alack,” said Sybill, turning away her eyes, “can you find pleasure in seeing two poor brutes mangle themselves for a bone!”

“By St. Dunstan! doth it matter what may be the cause of quarrel, so long as dog or man bears himself bravely, with a due sense of honour and derring-do. See! the big one is up again. Ah! foul fall the butcher, who drives them away. Those seely mechanics know not the joyaunce of fair fighting to gentle and to hound. For a hound, mark you, hath nothing mechanical in his nature. He is a gentleman all over—brave against equal and stranger, forbearing to the small and defence-

less, true in poverty and need where he loveth, stern and ruthless where he hateth, and despising thieves, hildings, and the vulgar, as much as e'er a gold spur in King Edward's Court! Oh! certes, your best gentleman is the best hound!"

"You moralize to-day. And I know not how to gainsay you," returned Sybill, as the dogs, reluctantly beaten off, retired each from each, snarling and reluctant, while a small black cur, that had hitherto sat unobserved at the door of a small hostel, now coolly approached and dragged off the bone of contention. "But what say'st thou now? See! see! the patient mongrel carries off the bone from the gentlemen-hounds. Is that the way of the world?"

"Pardie! it is a naught world, if so, and much changed from the time of our fathers, the Normans. But these Saxons are getting uppermost again, and the yard-measure, I fear me, is more potent in these holiday times than the mace or the battle-axe." The Nevile paused, sighed, and changed the subject: "This house of thine must have been a stately pile in its day. I see but one side of the quadrangle is left, though it be easy to trace where the other three have stood."

"And you may see their stones and their fittings in the butcher's and baker's stalls over the way," replied Sybill.

“Ay!” said the Nevile, “the parings of the gentry begin to be the wealth of the varlets.”

“Little ought we to pine at that,” returned Sybill, “if the varlets were but gentle with our poverty; but they loathe the humbled fortunes on which they rise, and while slaves to the rich, are tyrants to the poor.”

This was said so sadly, that the Nevile felt his eyes overflow; and the humble dress of the girl, the melancholy ridges which evinced the site of a noble house, now shrunk into a dismal ruin, the remembrance of the pastime-ground, the insults of the crowd, and the broken gittern, all conspired to move his compassion, and to give force to yet more tender emotions.

“Ah!” he said, suddenly, and with a quick, faint blush over his handsome and manly countenance—“ah, fair maid—fair Sybill!—God grant that I may win something of gold and fortune amidst yonder towers, on which the sun shines so cheerly. God grant it, not for my sake—not for mine; but that I may have something besides a true heart and a stainless name to lay at thy feet. Oh, Sybill! By this hand—by my father’s soul—I love thee, Sybill! Have I not said it before? Well, hear me now—I love thee!”

As he spoke, he clasped her hand in his own, and she suffered it for one instant to rest in his.

Then withdrawing it, and meeting his enamoured eyes, with a strange sadness in her own darker, deeper, and more intelligent orbs, she said—

“I thank thee—thank thee for the honour of such kind thoughts; and frankly, I answer as thou hast frankly spoken. It was sweet to me, who have known little in life not hard and bitter—sweet to wish I had a brother like thee, and, as a brother, I can love and pray for thee. But ask not more, Marmaduke. I have aims in life which forbid all other love !”

“Art thou too aspiring for one who has his spurs to win?”

“Not so; but listen. My mother’s lessons and my own heart have made my poor father the first end and object of all things on earth to me. I live to protect him, work for him, honour him, and for the rest—I have thoughts thou canst not know—an ambition thou canst not feel. Nay,” she added, with that delightful smile which chased away the graver thought which had before saddened her aspect, “what would thy sober friend Master Alwyn say to thee, if he heard thou hadst courted the wizard’s daughter?”

“By my faith,” exclaimed Marmaduke, “thou art a very April—smiles and clouds in a breath! If what thou despisest in me be my want of book-

craft, and such like, by my halidame I will turn scholar for thy sake ; and——”

Here, as he had again taken Sybill's hand, with the passionate ardour of his bold nature, not to be lightly daunted by a maiden's first “ No,” a sudden shrill, wild burst of laughter, accompanied with a gusty fit of unmelodious music from the street below, made both maiden and youth start, and turn their eyes: there, weaving their immodest dance, tawdry in their tinsel attire, their naked arms glancing above their heads, as they waved on high their instruments, went the timbrel-girls.

“ Ha! ha!” cried their leader, “ see the gallant and the witch-leman! The glamour has done its work! Foul is fair!—foul is fair! and the devil will have his own!”

But these creatures, whose bold licence the ancient chronicler records, were rarely seen alone. They haunted parties of pomp and pleasure; they linked together the extremes of life—the grotesque Chorus that introduced the terrible truth of foul Vice, and abandoned Wretchedness in the midst of the World's Holiday and Pageant. So now, as they wheeled into the silent, squalid street, they heralded a goodly company of dames and cavaliers, on horseback, who were passing through the neighbouring plains into the park of Marybone, to enjoy the sport of falconry. The splendid dresses of this pro-

cession, and the grave and measured dignity with which it swept along, contrasted forcibly with the wild movements, and disorderly mirth of the timbrel players. These last darted round and round the riders, holding out their instruments for largess, and retorting, with laugh and gibe, the disdainful look or sharp rebuke with which their salutations were mostly received.

Suddenly, as the company, two by two, paced up the street, Sybill uttered a faint exclamation, and strove to snatch her hand from the Nevile's grasp. Her eye rested upon one of the horsemen who rode last, and who seemed in earnest conversation with a dame, who, though scarcely in her first youth, excelled all her fair companions in beauty of face, and grace of horsemanship, as well as in the costly equipments of the white barb that caracoled beneath her easy hand. At the same moment the horseman looked up and gazed steadily at Sybill, whose countenance grew pale, and flushed in a breath. His eye then glanced rapidly at Marmaduke—a half-smile passed his pale firm lips; he slightly raised the plumed cap from his brow—inclined gravely to Sybill—and, turning once more to his companion, appeared to answer some question she addressed to him, as to the object of his salutation, for her look, which was proud, keen, and lofty, was raised to Sybill, and then dropped

somewhat disdainfully, as she listened to the words addressed her by the cavalier.

The lynx eyes of the tymbesteres had seen the recognition ; and their leader, laying her bold hand on the embossed bridle of the horseman, exclaimed, in a voice shrill and loud enough to be heard in the balcony above, "Largess ! noble lord, largess ! for the sake of the lady thou lovest best !"

The fair equestrian turned away her head at these words, the nobleman watched her, a moment, and dropped some coins into the timbrel.

"Ha ! ha !" cried the tymbestere, pointing her long arm to Sybill, and springing towards the balcony—

" The cushat would mate
Above her state, '
And she flutters her wings round the falcon's beak ;
But death to the dove
Is the falcon's love—
Oh, sharp is the kiss of the falcon's beak !"

Before this rude song was ended, Sybill had vanished from the place ; the cavalcade had disappeared. The timbrel-players, without deigning to notice Marmaduke, darted elsewhere to ply their discordant trade, and the Nevile, crossing himself devoutly, muttered, "Jesu defend us ! Those she Will-o'-the-wisps are enow to scare all the blood out of one's body. What—a murrain on them !—

do they portend, flitting round and round, and skirring off, as if the devil's broomstick was behind them? By the mass! they have frightened away the damozel, and I am not sorry for it. They have left me small heart for the part of Sir Launval."

His meditations were broken off by the sudden sight of Nicholas Alwyn, mounted on a small palfrey, and followed by a sturdy groom on horseback, leading a steed handsomely caparisoned. In another moment, Marmaduke had descended—opened the door—and drawn Alwyn into the hall.

IX.

MASTER MARMADUKE NEVILE LEAVES THE WIZARD'S HOUSE
FOR THE GREAT WORLD.

“RIGHT glad am I,” said Nicholas, “to see you so stout and hearty, for I am the bearer of good news. Though I have been away, I have not forgotten you; and it so chanced that I went yesterday to attend my Lord of Warwick with some nowches* and knackeries, that he takes out as gifts and exemplars of English work. They were indifferently well wrought, specially a chevesail, of which the——”

“Spare me the fashion of thy mechanicals, and come to the point,” interrupted Marmaduke, impatiently.

“Pardon me, Master Nevile. I interrupt thee not when thou talkest of bassinets and hauberks—every cobbler to his last. But, as thou sayest, to the point: the stout Earl, while scanning my workmanship, for in much the chevesail was mine, was pleased to speak graciously of my skill with the

* Nowches—buckles and other ornaments.

bow, of which he had heard ; and he then turned to thyself, of whom my Lord Montagu had already made disparaging mention : When I told the Earl somewhat more about thy qualities and disposings ; and when I spoke of thy desire to serve him, and the letter of which thou art the bearer, his black brows smoothed mighty graciously, and he bade me tell thee to come to him this afternoon, and he would judge of thee with his own eyes and ears. Wherefore I have ordered the craftsmen to have all thy gauds and gear ready at thine hostel, and I have engaged thee henchman and horses for thy fitting appearance. Be quick : time and the great wait for no man. So take whatever thou needest for present want, from thy mails, and I will send a porter for the rest ere sunset.

“ But the gittern for the damozel ? ”

“ I have provided that for thee, as is meet.” And Nicholas, stepping back, eased the groom of a case which contained a gittern, whose workmanship and ornaments delighted the Nevile.

“ It is of my lord the young Duke of Gloucester’s own musical-vender ; and the Duke, though a lad yet, is a notable judge of all appertaining to the gentle craft.* So dispatch, and away ! ”

* For Richard the Third’s love of music, and patronage of musicians and minstrels, see the discriminating character of that Prince—too partial, it may be, in some points, but full of consummate knowledge of human nature—in Sharon Turner’s *History of England*, vol. iv. p. 66.

Marmaduke retired to his chamber, and Nicholas, after a moment spent in silent thought, searched the room for the hand-bell, which then made the mode of communication between the master and domestics. Not finding this necessary luxury, he contrived at last to make Madge hear his voice from her subterranean retreat; and, on her arrival, sent her in quest of Sybill.

The answer he received was, that Mistress Sybill was ill, and unable to see him. Alwyn looked disconcerted at this intelligence, but, drawing from his girdle a small gipsire, richly broidered, he prayed Madge to deliver it to her young mistress, and inform her that it was the fruit of the commission with which she had honoured him.

“It is passing strange,” said he, pacing the hall alone—“passing strange, that the poor child should have taken such hold on me. After all, she would be a bad wife for a plain man like me. Tush! that is the trader’s thought all over. Have I brought no fresher feeling out of my fair village-green? Would it not be sweet to work for her, and rise in life, with her by my side? And these girls of the city—so prim and so brainless!—as well marry a painted puppet. Sybill! Am I dement? Stark wode? What have I to do with girls and marriage? Humph! I marvel what Marmaduke still thinks of her—and she of him.”

While Alwyn thus soliloquized, the Nevile,

having hastily arranged his dress, and laden himself with the monies his mails contained, summoned old Madge to receive his largess, and to conduct him to Warner's chamber, in order to proffer his farewell.

With somewhat of a timid step he followed the old woman, (who kept muttering thanks and benedictes, as she eyed the coin in her palm,) up the rugged stairs,—and for the first time knocked at the door of the student's sanctuary. No answer came. "Eh, sir! you must enter," said Madge; "an' you fired a bombard under his ear he would not heed you." So, suiting the action to the word, she threw open the door, and closed it behind him, as Marmaduke entered.

The room was filled with smoke, through which mirky atmosphere the clear red light of the burning charcoal peered out steadily like a Cyclop's eye. A small, but heaving, regular, labouring, continuous sound, as of a fairy hammer, smote the young man's ear. But, as his gaze, accustoming itself to the atmosphere, searched around, he could not perceive what was its cause. Adam Warner was standing in the middle of the room, his arms folded, and contemplating something at a little distance, which Marmaduke could not accurately distinguish. The youth took courage, and approached. "Honoured mine host," said he, "I thank thee for hospitality and kindness, I crave par-

don for disturbing thee in thy incanta—chem!—thy—thy studies, and I come to bid thee farewell.”

Adam turned round with a puzzled, absent air, as if scarcely recognising his guest; at length, as his recollection slowly came back to him, he smiled graciously, and said; “ Good youth, thou art richly welcome to what little it was in my power to do for thee. Peradventure, a time may come when they who seek the roof of Adam Warner may find less homely cheer—a less rugged habitation—for look you!” he exclaimed, suddenly, with a burst of irrepressible enthusiasm—and laying his hand on Nevile’s arm, as, through all the smoke and grime that obscured his face, flashed the ardent soul of the triumphant Inventor,—“ look you! since you have been in this house, one of my great objects is well-nigh matured—achieved. Come hither,” and he dragged the wondering Marmaduke to his model, or Eureka, as Adam had fondly named his contrivance. The Nevile then perceived that it was from the interior of this machine that the sound which had startled him, arose; to his eye the **THING** was uncouth and hideous; from the jaws of an iron serpent, that, wreathing round it, rose on high with erect crest, gushed a rapid volume of black smoke, and a damp spray fell around. A column of iron in the centre kept in perpetual and regular motion, rising and sinking successively, as the whole mechanism within seemed alive with noise and action.

“The Syracusan asked an inch of earth, beyond the earth, to move the earth,” said Adam; “I stand *in* the world, and lo! with this engine the world shall one day be moved.”

“Holy Mother!” faltered Marmaduke; “I pray thee, dread sir, to ponder well ere thou attemptest any such sports with the habitation in which every woman’s son is so concerned. Bethink thee, that if in moving the world thou shouldst make any mistake, it would——”

“Now stand there and attend,” interrupted Adam, who had not heard one word of this judicious exhortation.

“Pardon me, terrible sir!” exclaimed Marmaduke, in great trepidation, and retreating rapidly to the door; “but I have heard that the fiends are mighty malignant to all lookers on, not initiated.”

While he spoke, fast gushed the smoke, heavily heaved the fairy hammers, up and down, down and up, sunk or rose the column, with its sullen sound. The young man’s heart sank to the soles of his feet.

“In deed and in truth,” he stammered out, “I am but a dolt in these matters; I wish thee all success compatible with the weal of a Christian, and bid thee, in sad humility, good day:” and he added, in a whisper—“the Lord’s forgiveness! Amen!”

Marmaduke, then, fairly rushed through the open door, and hurried out of the chamber as fast as possible.

He breathed more freely as he descended the stairs. "Before I would call that grey carle my father, or his child my wife, may I feel all the hammers of the elves and sprites he keeps tortured within that ugly little prison-house, playing a death's march on my body; 'fore God—those timbrel girls came in time! They say these wizards always have fair daughters, and their love can be no blessing!"

As he thus muttered, the door of Sybill's chamber opened, and she stood before him at the threshold. Her countenance was very pale, and bore evidence of weeping. There was a silence on both sides, which the girl was the first to break.

"So, Madge tells me, thou art about to leave us?"

"Yes, gentle maiden! I—I—that is, my Lord of Warwick has summoned me. I wish and pray for all blessings on thee! and—and—if ever it be mine to serve or aid thee, it will be—that is—verily, my tongue falters, but my heart—that is—fare thee well, maiden! Would thou hadst a less wise father; and so may the saints (St. Anthony especially, whom the Evil One was parlous afraid of)—guard and keep thee!"

With this strange and incoherent address Marmaduke

duke left the maiden standing by the threshold of her miserable chamber. Hurrying into the hall, he summoned Alwyn from his meditations, and, giving the gittern to Madge, with an injunction to render it to her mistress, with his greeting and service, he vaulted lightly on his steed; the steadier and more sober Alwyn mounted his palfrey with slow care and due caution. As the air of spring waved the fair locks of the young cavalier, as the good horse caracolled under his lithesome weight, his natural temper of mind, hardy, healthful, joyous, and world-awake, returned to him. The image of Sybill and her strange father fled from his thoughts like sickly dreams.

END OF BOOK I.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE KING'S COURT.

BOOK THE SECOND.

I.

EARL WARWICK, THE KING-MAKER.

THE young men entered the Strand, which, thanks to the profits of a toll-bar, was now a passable road for equestrians, studded towards the river, as we have before intimated, with stately and half-fortified mansions; while on the opposite side, here and there, were straggling houses of a humbler kind—the mediæval villas of merchant and trader—(for from the earliest period since the Conquest, the Londoners had delight in such retreats,) surrounded with blossoming orchards,* and adorned in front with the fleur-de-lis, emblem of the vain victories of renowned Agincourt. But by far the greater portion of the road northward, stretched, unbuilt upon, towards a fair chain of fields and meadows, refreshed by many brooks,

* Fitzstephen.—“On all sides, without the suburbs, are the citizens’ gardens and orchards,” &c.

“turning water mills with a pleasant noise.” High rose, on the thoroughfare, the famous Cross, at which “the Judges Itinerant whilome sate, without London.”* There, hallowed and solitary, stood the Inn for the penitent pilgrims, who sought “the murmuring runnels” of St. Clement’s healing well; for in this neighbourhood, even from the age of the Roman, springs of crystal wave and salubrious virtue received the homage of credulous Disease. Through the gloomy arches of the Temple Gate and Lud, our horsemen wound their way, and finally arrived in safety at Marmaduke’s hostel in the East Chepe. Here Marmaduke found the decorators of his comely person already assembled. The simpler, yet more manly fashions he had taken from the provinces, were now exchanged for an attire worthy the kinsman of the great minister of a court, unparalleled, since the reign of William the Red King, for extravagant gorgeousness of dress. His corset was of the finest cloth, sown with seed pearls; above it, the lawn shirt, worn without collar, partially appeared, fringed with gold; over this was loosely hung a super-tunic of crimson sarcenet, slashed and pounced with a profusion of fringes. His velvet cap, turned up at the sides, extended in a point far over the forehead. His hose—under which appellation is to be understood what serves us of the modern

* Stowe.

day both for stockings and pantaloons—were of white cloth, and his shoes, very narrow, were curiously carved into chequer work at the instep, and tied with bobbins of gold thread, turning up, like skates, at the extremity, three inches in length. His dagger was suspended by a slight silver-gilt chain, and his girdle contained a large gipsire, or pouch, of embossed leather, richly gilt.

And this dress, marvellous as it seemed to the Nevile, the tailor gravely assured him was far under the mark of the highest fashion, and that an' the noble youth had been a knight, the shoes would have stretched at least three inches farther over the natural length of the feet, the placard have shone with jewels, and the tunic luxuriated in flowers of damascene. Even as it was, however, Marmaduke felt a natural diffidence of his habiliments, which cost him a round third of his whole capital. And no bride ever unveiled herself with more shamefaced bashfulness than ~~did~~ Marmaduke Nevile experience when he remounted his horse, and taking leave of his foster-brother, bent his way to Warwick Lane, where the Earl lodged.

The narrow streets were, however, crowded with equestrians, whose dress eclipsed his own, some bending their way to the Tower, some to the palaces of the Flete. Carriages there were none, and only twice he encountered the huge litters, in which some

aged prelate, or some highborn dame, veiled greatness from the day. But the frequent vistas to the river gave glimpses of the gay boats and barges that crowded the Thames, that, then, principal thoroughfare for every class, but more especially the noble. The ways were fortunately dry and clean for London; though occasionally deep holes and furrows in the road menaced perils to the unwary horseman. The streets themselves might well disappoint in splendour the stranger's eye; for although viewed at a distance, ancient London was incalculably more picturesque and stately than the modern; yet, when fairly in its tortuous labyrinths, it seemed to those who had improved the taste by travel, the meanest and the mirkiest capital of Christendom. The streets were marvellously narrow, the upper stories, chiefly of wood, projecting far over the lower, which were formed of mud and plaster. The shops were pitiful booths, and the 'prentices standing at the entrance bare-headed and cap in hand, and lining the passages, as the old French writer avers, *comme idoles*,* kept up an eternal din with their clamorous invitations, often varied by pert witticisms on some churlish passenger, or loud vituperations of each other. The whole ancient family of the London criers were in full bay. Scarce had Marmaduke's ears recovered the shock of "Hot peascods—all hot," than they were sa-

* Perlin.

luted with "mackerel," "sheep's feet—hot sheep's feet." At the smaller taverns stood the inviting vociferators of "cock-pie," "ribs of beef—hot beef," while, blended with these multitoned discords, whined the *vielle* or primitive hurdy-gurdy, screamed the pipe, twanged the harp, from every quarter where the thirsty paused to drink, or the idler stood to gape.*

Through this Babel, Marmaduke at last slowly wound his way, and arrived before the mighty mansion in which the Chief Baron of England held his state.

As he dismounted and resigned his steed to the servitor hired for him by Alwyn, Marmaduke paused a moment, struck by the disparity, common as it was to eyes more accustomed to the metropolis, between the stately edifice and the sordid neighbourhood. He had not noticed this so much, when he had repaired to the Earl's house on his first arrival in London—for his thoughts then had been too much bewildered by the general bustle and novelty of the scene,—but now it seemed to him, that he better comprehended the homage accorded to a great noble in surveying, at a glance, the immeasurable eminence to which, above his fellow-men, he was elevated by wealth and rank.

Far on either side of the wings of the earl's abode stretched, in numerous deformity, sheds

* See Lydgate's London Lyckpenny.

rather than houses, of broken plaster and crazy timbers. But, here and there, were open places of public reception, crowded with the lower followers of the puissant chief; and the eye rested on many idle groups of sturdy swash-bucklers, some half-clad in armour, some in rude jerkins of leather, before the doors of these resorts,—as others, like bees about a hive, swarmed in and out with a perpetual hum.

The exterior of Warwick House was of a grey, but dingy stone, and presented a half-fortified and formidable appearance. The windows, or rather loopholes, towards the street, were few, and strongly-barred. The black and massive arch of the gateway yawned between two huge square towers; and from a yet higher, but slender octagonal tower on the inner side, the flag gave the "White Bear and Ragged Staff" to the smoky air. Still, under the portal as he entered, hung the grate of the portcullis, and the square court which he saw before him swarmed with the more immediate retainers of the earl, in scarlet jackets, wrought with their chieftain's cognizance. A man of gigantic girth and stature, who officiated as porter, leaning against the wall under the arch, now emerged from the shadow, and with sufficient civility demanded the young visitor's name and business. On hearing the former, he bowed low as he doffed his cap, and conducted Marmaduke through the first quadrangle. The two

sides to the right and left were devoted to the offices and rooms of retainers, of whom no less than Six Hundred, not to speak of the domestic and more orderly retinue, attested the state of the Last of the English Barons on his visits to the capital. Far from being then, as now, the object of the great to thrust all that belongs to the service of the house out of sight, it was their pride to strike awe into the visitor by the extent of accommodation afforded to their followers: some seated on benches of stone ranged along the walls—some grouped in the centre of the court—some lying at length upon the two oblong patches of what had been turf, till worn away by frequent feet—this domestic army filled the young Nevile with an admiration far greater than the gay satins of the knights and nobles who had gathered round the Lord of Montagu and Northumberland at the pastime-ground.

This assemblage, however, were evidently under a rude discipline of their own. They were neither noisy nor drunk. They made way with surly obedience as the cavalier passed, and closing on his track like some horde of wild cattle, gazed after him with earnest silence, and then turned once more to their indolent whispers with each other.

And now, Nevile entering the last side of the quadrangle, the huge hall, divided from the pas-

sage by a screen of stone fret-work, so fine as to attest the hand of an architect of the first Norman dynasty, stretched to his right; and so vast, in truth, it was, that though more than fifty persons were variously engaged therein, their number was lost in the immense space; of these, at one end of the longer and lower table beneath the dais, some squires of good dress and mien were engaged at chess or dice; others were conferring in the gloomy embrasures of the casements; some walking to and fro; others gathered round the shovel-board. At the entrance of this hall, the porter left Marmaduke, after exchanging a whisper with a gentleman whose dress eclipsed the Nevile's in splendour; and this latter personage, who, though of high birth, did not disdain to perform the office of chamberlain, or usher, to the king-like Earl, advanced to Marmaduke with a smile, and said—

“My lord expects you, sir, and has appointed this time to receive you, that you may not be held back from his presence by the crowds that crave audience in the forenoon. Please to follow me!” This said, the gentleman slowly preceded the visitor, now and then stopping to exchange a friendly word with the various parties he passed in his progress; for the urbanity Warwick possessed himself, his policy inculcated as a duty on all who served him. A small door at the other extremity of the hall admitted into an ante-room, in which some

half-score pages, the sons of knights and barons, were gathered round an old warrior, placed at their head as a sort of tutor, to instruct them in all knightly accomplishments; and beckoning forth one of these youths from the ring, the Earl's chamberlain said, with a profound reverence—"Will you be pleased, my young lord, to conduct your cousin, master Marmaduke Nevile, to the earl's presence." The young gentleman eyed Marmaduke with a supercilious glance.

"Marry!" said he, pertly, "if a man born in the North were to feed all his cousins, he would soon have a tail as long as my uncle, the stout Earl's. Come, Sir Cousin, this way."

And without tarrying even to give Nevile information of the name and quality of his new-found relation—who was no less than Lord Montagu's son, the sole male heir to the honours of that mighty family, though now learning the apprenticeship of chivalry amongst his uncle's pages—the boy passed before Marmaduke with a saunter that, had they been in plain Westmoreland, might have cost him a cuff from the stout hand of the indignant elder cousin. He raised the tapestry at one end of the room, and ascending a short flight of broad stairs, knocked gently on the panels of an arched door, sunk deep in the walls.

"Enter!" said a clear, loud voice, and the next moment Marmaduke was in the presence of the King-Maker.

He heard his young guide pronounce his name, and saw him smile maliciously at the momentary embarrassment the young man displayed, as he passed by Marmaduke, closed the door, and vanished. The Earl of Warwick was seated near a large window that opened upon an inner court, which gave communication to the river. The chamber was painted in the style of Henry III., with huge figures representing the Battle of Hastings, or rather, for there were many separate pieces, the Conquest of Saxon England. Over each head, to enlighten the ignorant, the artist had taken the precaution to insert a label, which told the name and the subject. The ceiling was groined, vaulted, and emblazoned with the richest gilding and colours. The chimney-piece (a modern ornament) rose to the roof, and represented in bold reliefs, gilt and decorated, the signing of Magna Charta. The floor was strewn thick with dried rushes, and odorous herbs, the furniture was scanty, but rich. The low-backed chairs, of which there were but four, carved in ebony, had cushions of velvet with fringes of massive gold. A small cupboard, or beaufet, covered with *carpetz de cuir*, (carpets of gilt and painted leather,) of great price, held various quaint and curious ornaments of plate inwrought with precious stones; and beside this—a singular contrast—on a plain Gothic table lay the helmet, the gauntlets, and the battle-axe of the master. Warwick himself, seated before a large cumbrous desk,

was writing—but slowly and with pain—and he lifted his finger as the Nevile approached, in token of his wish to conclude a task, probably little congenial to his tastes. But Marmaduke was grateful for the moments afforded him to recover his self-possession, and to examine his kinsman.

The Earl was in the lusty vigour of his age. His hair, of the deepest black, was worn short, as in disdain of the effeminate fashions of the day, and, fretted bare from the temples, by the constant and early friction of his helmet, gave to a forehead naturally lofty a yet more majestic appearance of expanse and height. His complexion, though dark and sunburnt, glowed with rich health. The beard was closely shaven, and left in all its remarkable beauty the contour of the oval face and strong jaw—strong as if clasped in iron. The features were marked and aquiline, as was common to those of Norman blood. The form spare, but of prodigious width and depth of chest, the more apparent from the fashion of the short surcoat which was thrown back, and left in broad expanse a placard, not of holiday velvet and satins, but of steel polished as a mirror, and inlaid with gold. And now, as concluding his task, the Earl rose and motioned Marmaduke to a stool by his side, his great stature, which, from the length of his limbs, was not so observable when he sate, actually startled his guest. Tall as Marmaduke was him-

self, the Earl towered* above him,—with his high, majestic, smooth, unwrinkled forehead,—like some Paladin of the rhyme of poet or romancer; and, perhaps, not only in this masculine advantage, but in the rare and harmonious combination of colossal strength, with lithe and graceful lightness, a more splendid union of all the outward qualities we are inclined to give to the heroes of old, never dazzled the eye, or impressed the fancy. But even this effect of mere person was subordinate to that which this eminent nobleman created—upon his *inferiors*, at least,—by a manner so void of all arrogance, yet of all condescension, so simple, open, cordial, and herolike, that Marquess Neville, peculiarly alive to external impressions, and subdued and fascinated by the Earl's first word, and that word was "Welcome!" dropped on his knee, and kissing the hand extended to him, said—"Noble kinsman, in thy service, and for thy sake, let me live and die!" Had the young man been prepared by the subtlest master of Courtcraft for this interview, so important to his fortunes, he could not have advanced a hundredth part so far with the great Earl, as he did by that sudden, frank burst of genuine emotion; for

* The faded portrait of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, in the Rous Roll, preserved at the Herald's College, does justice, at least, to the height and majesty of his stature. The portrait of Edward IV. is the only one in that long series which at all rivals the stately proportions of the Kingmaker.

Warwick was peculiarly sensitive to the admiration he excited—vain or proud of it, it matters not which—grateful as a child for love, and inexorable as a woman for slight or insult: in rude ages, one sex has often the qualities of the other.

“Thou hast thy father’s warm heart, and hasty thought, Marmaduke,” said Warwick, raising him, “and now he is gone where, we trust, brave men shrived of their sins, look down upon us, who should be thy friend but Richard Nevile? So—so—yes—let me look at thee. Ha! stout Guy’s honest face, every line of it; but to the girls, perhaps, comelier, for wanting a scar or two. Never blush—thou shalt win them yet. So thou hast a letter from thy father?”

“It is here, noble lord.”

“And why,” said the Earl, cutting the silk with his dagger—“why hast thou so long hung back from presenting it? But I need not ask thee. These uncivil times have made kith and kin doubt worse of each other than thy delay did of me. Sir Guy’s mark, sure enow! Brave old man! I loved him the better, for that, like me, the sword was more meet than the pen for his bold hand.” Here Warwick scanned, with some slowness, the lines dictated by the dead to the priest; and when he had done, he laid the letter respectfully on his desk, and bowing his head over it, muttered to himself—it might be an Ave for the deceased.

“Well,” he said, reseating himself, and again motioning Marmaduke to follow his example—“thy father was, in sooth, to blame for the side he took in the Wars. What son of the Norman could bow knee or vail plume to that shadow of a king—Henry of Windsor?—and for his bloody wife, she knew no more of an Englishman’s pith and pride than I know of the rhymes and roundels of old Renè, her father. Guy Nevile—good Guy—many a day in my boyhood did he teach me how to bear my lance at the crest, and direct my sword at the mail-joints. He was cunning of fence—thy worshipful father—but I was ever a bad scholar; and my dull arm, to this day, hopes more from its strength than its craft.”

“I have heard it said, noble Earl, that the stoutest hand can scarcely lift your battle-axe.”

“Fables! romaunt!” answered the Earl, smiling; “there it lies—go and lift it.”

Marmaduke went to the table, and, though with some difficulty, raised and swung this formidable weapon.

“By my halidame, well swung, cousin mine! Its use depends not on the strength, but the practice. Why look you, now,—there is the boy Richard of Gloucester, who comes not up to thy shoulder, and by dint of custom each day can wield mace or axe with as much ease as a jester doth his lathe-sword. Ah! trust me, Marmaduke—the

York House is a princely one ; and if we must have a king, we Barons, why in God's name, let no meaner race ever furnish our lieges. But to thyself, Marmaduke—what are thy views and thy wishes ?”

“ To be one of thy following, noble Warwick.”

“ I thank and accept thee, young Nevile ; but thou hast heard that I am about to leave England, and in the meantime thy youth would run danger without a guide.” The Earl paused a moment, and resumed. “ My brother of Montagu shewed thee cold countenance ; but a word from me will win thee his grace and favour. What sayest thou—wilt thou be one of his gentlemen ? If so, I will tell thee the qualities a man must have :—a discreet tongue, a quick eye, the last fashion in hood and shoe-bobbins, a perfect seat on thy horse, a light touch for the gittern, a voice for a love-song, and—”

“ I have none of these, save the horsemanship, gracious my lord ; and if thou wilt not receive me thyself, I will not burthen my Lord of Montagu and Northumberland.”

“ Hot and quick ! No !—John of Montagu would not suit thee, nor thou him. But how to provide for thee till my return, I know not.”

“ Dare I not hope, then, to make one of your embassy, noble Earl ?”

Warwick bent his brows, and looked at him in surprise.

“Of my embassy! Why, thou art haughty, indeed! Nay, and so a soldier’s son and a Nevile should be! I blame thee not; but I could not make thee one of my train, without creating a hundred enemies—to me (but that’s nothing,)—and to thee, which were much. Knowest thou not that there is scarce a gentleman of my train below the state of a peer’s son, and that I have made, by refusals, malcontents enough as it is—yet, hold! there is my learned brother, the Archbishop of York. Knowest thou Latin and the schools?”

“’Fore Heaven, my lord,” said the Nevile, bluntly, “I see already I had best go back to green Westmoreland, for I am as unfit for his Grace the Archbishop, as I am for my Lord Montagu.”

“Well, then,” said the Earl, drily, “since thou hast not yet station enough for my train, nor glosing for Northumberland, nor wit and lere for the Archbishop, I suppose, my poor youth, I must e’en make you only a gentleman about the King! It is not a post so sure of quick rising and full gipsires as one about myself, or my brethren, but it will be less envied, and is good for thy first essay. How goes the clock? Oh! here is Nick Alwyn’s new horologe. He tells me that the English will soon rival the Dutch* in these baubles. The

* Clockwork appears to have been introduced into England in the reign of Edward the Third, when three Dutch horologers

more the pity !—our red-faced yeomen, alas, are fast sinking into lank-jawed mechanics ! We shall find the King in his garden within the next half-hour. Thou shalt attend me.”

Marmaduke expressed, with more feeling than eloquence, the thanks he owed for an offer that, he was about to say, exceeded his hopes, but he had already, since his departure from Westmoreland, acquired sufficient wit to think twice of his words. And so eagerly, at that time, did the youth of the nobility contend for the honour of posts about the person of Warwick, and even of his brothers, and so strong was the belief that the Earl’s power to make or to mar fortune was all-paramount in England, that even a place in the King’s household was considered an inferior appointment to that which made Warwick the immediate patron and protector. This was more especially the case amongst the more haughty and ancient gentry, since the favour shewn by Edward to the relations of his wife, and his own indifference to the rank and birth of his associates. Warwick had therefore spoken with truth when he expressed a comparative pity for the youth, whom he could not better pro-

were invited over from Delft. They must soon have passed into common use, for Chaucer thus familiarly speaks of them :—

“ Full sickerer was his crowing in his loge,
Than is a clock or any abbey orloge.”

vide for than by a place about the Court of his Sovereign!

The Earl then drew from Marmaduke some account of his early training, his dependence on his brother, his adventures at the archery ground, his misadventure with the robbers, and even his sojourn with Warner—though Marmaduke was discreetly silent as to the very existence of Sybill. The Earl, in the meanwhile, walked to and fro the chamber, with a light, careless stride, every moment pausing to laugh at the frank simplicity of his kinsman, or to throw in some shrewd remark, which he cast purposely in the rough Westmoreland dialect; for no man ever attains to the popularity that rejoiced or accursed the Earl of Warwick, without a tendency to broad and familiar humour, without a certain common-place of character in its shallower and more every-day properties. This charm—always great *in* the great—Warwick possessed to perfection; and in him—such was his native and unaffected majesty of bearing, and such the splendour that surrounded his name—it never seemed coarse or unfamiliar, but “everything he did became him best.” Marmaduke had just brought his narrative to a conclusion, when, after a slight tap at the door, which Warwick did not hear, two fair young forms bounded joyously in, and, not seeing the stranger, threw themselves

upon Warwick's breast with the caressing familiarity of infancy.

"Ah, father," said the elder of these two girls, as Warwick's hand smoothed her hair fondly, "you promised you would take us in your barge to see the sports on the river, and now it will be too late."

"Make your peace with your young cousins here," said the Earl, turning to Marmaduke; "you will cost them an hour's joyaunce. This is my eldest daughter, Isabel; and this soft-eyed, pale-cheeked damozel—too loyal for a leaf of the red rose—is the Lady Anne."

The two girls had started from their father's arms at the first address to Marmaduke, and their countenances had relapsed from their caressing and childlike expression, into all the stately demureness with which they had been brought up to regard a stranger. Howbeit, this reserve, to which he was accustomed, awed Marmaduke less than the alternate gaiety and sadness of the wilder Sybill, and he addressed them with all the gallantry to the exercise of which he had been reared; concluding his compliments with a declaration that he would rather forego the advantage proffered him by the Earl's favour with the King than foster one obnoxious and ungracious memory in damozels so fair and honoured.

A haughty smile flitted for a moment over the

proud, young face of Isabel Nevile; but the softer Anne blushed, and drew bashfully behind her sister.

As yet these girls, born for the highest and fated to the most wretched fortunes, were in all the bloom of earliest youth; but the difference between their characters might be already observable in their mien and countenance. Isabel, of tall and commanding stature, had some resemblance to her father, in her aquiline features, rich, dark hair, and the lustrous brilliancy of her eyes; while Anne, less striking, yet not less lovely, of smaller size and slighter proportions, bore in her pale, clear face, her dove-like eyes, and her gentle brow, an expression of yielding meekness not unmixed with melancholy, which, conjoined with an exquisite symmetry of features, could not fail of exciting interest where her sister commanded admiration. Not a word, however, from either did Marmaduke abstract in return for his courtesies, nor did either he or the Earl seem to expect it; for the latter, seating himself and drawing Anne on his knee, while Isabella walked with stately grace towards the table that bore her father's warlike accoutrements, and played, as it were, unconsciously with the black plume on his black burganot, said to Nevile—

“Well, thou hast seen enough of the Lancastrian raptrils to make thee true to the Yorkists. I would I could say as much for the King himself, who is

already crowding the court with that venomous faction, in honour of Dame Elizabeth Gray—born Mistress Woodville, and now Queen of England. Ha! my proud Isabel, thou wouldst have better filled the throne that thy father built!”

And at these words a proud flash broke from the Earl's dark eyes, betraying even to Marmaduke the secret of perhaps his earliest alienation from Edward the Fourth.

Isabella pouted her rich lip, but said nothing. “As for thee, Anne,” continued the Earl, “it is a pity that monks cannot marry—thou wouldst have suited some sober priest better than a mailed knight. 'Fore George, I would not ask thee to buckle my baldrick when the war-steeds were snorting, but I would trust Isabel with the links of my hauberk.”

“Nay, father,” said the low timid voice of Anne, “if thou wert going to danger, I could be brave in all that could guard thee!”

“Why, that's my girl—kiss me! Thou hast a look of thy mother now—so thou hast! and I will not chide thee the next time I hear thee muttering soft treason, in pity of Henry of Windsor.”

“Is he not to be pitied?—Crown, wife, son, and Earl Warwick's stout arm—lost—lost!”

“No!” said Isabel, suddenly; “no, sweet sister Anne, and fie on thee for the words! He lost all, because he had neither the hand of a

knight nor the heart of a man ! For the rest—Margaret of Anjou, or her butchers, beheaded our father's father !”

“ And may God and St. George forget me, when I forget those grey and gory hairs !” exclaimed the Earl ; and, putting away the Lady Anne somewhat roughly, he made a stride across the room, and stood by his hearth. “ And yet Edward, the son of Richard of York, who fell by my father's side—he forgets—he forgives ! And the minions of Rivers the Lancastrian, tread the heels of Richard of Warwick !”

At this unexpected turn in the conversation, peculiarly unwelcome, as it may be supposed, to the son of one who had fought on the Lancastrian side, in the very battle referred to, Marmaduke felt somewhat uneasy, and, turning to the Lady Anne, he said, with the gravity of wounded pride, “ I owe more to my lord, your father, than I even wist of—how much he must have overlooked to——”

“ Not so !” interrupted Warwick, who overheard him—“ not so ; thou wrongest me ! Thy father was shocked at those butcheries—thy father recoiled from that accursed standard—thy father was of a stock ancient and noble as my own ! But, these Woodvilles !—tush ! my passion over-masters me. We will go to the King—it is time.”

Warwick here rung the hand-bell on his table,

and, on the entrance of his attendant gentleman, bade him see that the barge was in readiness; then, beckoning to his kinsman, and with a nod to his daughters, he caught up his plumed cap, and passed at once into the garden.

“Anne,” said Isabel, when the two girls were alone, “thou hast vexed my father, and what marvel? If the Lancastrians can be pitied, the Earl of Warwick must be condemned!”

“Unkind!” said Anne, shedding tears; “I can pity woe and mischance, without blaming those whose hard duty it might be to achieve them.”

“In good sooth, cannot I! Thou wouldst pity and pardon till thou left'st no distinction between foeman and friend—lief and loathing. Be it mine, like my great father, to love and to hate!”

“Yet why art thou so attached to the White Rose?” said Anne, stung, if not to malice, at least to archness. “Thou knowest my father's nearest wish was that his eldest daughter might be betrothed to King Edward. Dost thou not pay good for evil when thou seest no excellence out of the House of York?”

“Saucy Anne,” answered Isabel, with a half smile, “I am not raught by thy shafts, for I was a child for the nurses, when King Edward sought a wife for his love. But were I chafed—as I may be vain enough to know myself—whom should I

blame?—Not the King, but the Lancastrian who witched him!”

She paused a moment, and, looking away, added in a low tone—“Didst thou hear, sister Anne, if the Duke of Clarence visited my father the forenoon?”

“Ah! Isabel—Isabel!”

“Ah! sister Anne—sister Anne! Wilt thou now all my secrets ere I know them myself?”—and Isabel, with something of her father’s playfulness, put her hand to Anne’s laughing lips.

Meanwhile Warwick, after walking musingly a few moments along the garden—for garden it was called, though consisting but of plots of sward, bordered by fruit trees, and white rose trees not yet in blossom, turned to his silent kinsman, and said—“Forgive me, cousin mine, my mannerless burst against thy brave father’s faction; but when thou hast been a short while at Court, thou wilt see where the sore is. Certes, I love this King!” Here his dark face lighted up. “Love him as a King,—ay, and as a son! And who would not love him; brave as his sword, gallant, and winning, and gracious as the noon-day in summer? Besides, I placed him on his throne—I honour myself in him!”

The Earl’s stature dilated as he spake the last sentence, and his hand rested on his dagger hilt. He resumed, with the same daring and incautious

candour that stamped his dauntless soldier-like nature, "God hath given me no son. Isabel of Warwick had been a mate for William the Norman; and my grandson, if heir to his grandsire's soul, should have ruled from the Throne of England over the realms of Charlemagne! But it hath pleased Him, whom the Christian knight alone bows to without shame, to order otherwise. So be it. I forgot my just pretensions—forgot my blood, and counselled the King to strengthen his throne with the alliance of Louis the Eleventh. He rejected the Princess Bona of Savoy, to marry widow Elizabeth Grey—I sorrowed for his sake, and forgave the slight to my counsels. At his prayer I followed the train of his Queen, and hushed the proud hearts of our barons to obeisance. But since then, this Dame Woodville, whom I queened, if her husband mated, must dispute this roiaulme with mine and me—a Nevile, now-a-days, must vail his plume to a Woodville. And not the great barons whom it will suit Edward's policy to win from the Lancastrians—not the Exeters and the Somersets—but the craven varlets, and lackeys, and dross of the camp—false alike to Henry and to Edward—are to be fondled into lordships and dandled into power. Young man, I am speaking hotly—Richard Nevile never lies nor conceals. But I am speaking to a kinsman, am I not? Thou hearest—thou wilt not repeat?"

“Sooner would I pluck forth my tongue by the roots.”

“Enough!” returned the Earl, with a pleased smile. “When I come from France, I will speak more to thee. Meanwhile be courteous to all men—servile to none. Now to the King.”

So speaking, he shook back his surcoat, drew his cap over his brow, and passed to the broad stairs, at the foot of which fifty rowers, with their badges on their shoulders, waited in the huge barge, gilt richly at prow and stern, and with an awning of silk, wrought with the Earl’s arms and cognizance. As they pushed off, six musicians, placed towards the helm, began a slow and half eastern march, which, doubtless, some crusader of the Temple had brought from the cymbals and trumps of Palestine.

II.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

THE Tower of London, more consecrated to associations of gloom and blood than gaiety and splendour, was, nevertheless, during the reign of Edward IV., the seat of a gallant and gorgeous Court. That King, from the first to the last so dear to the people of London, made it his principal residence when in his metropolis, and its ancient halls and towers were then the scene of many a brawl and galliard. As Warwick's barge now approached its huge walls, rising from the river, there was much that might either animate or awe, according to the mood of the spectator. The King's barge, with many lesser craft, reserved for the use of the courtiers, gay with awnings and streamers, and painting and gilding, lay below the wharfs, not far from the Gate of St. Thomas, now called the Traitor's Gate. On the walk raised above the battlemented wall of the inner ward, not only paced the sentries, but there, dames and knights were inhaling the noon-

day breezes, and the gleam of their rich dresses of cloth of gold glanced upon the eye at frequent intervals from tower to tower. Over the vast round turret, behind the Traitor's Gate, now called "The Bloody Tower," floated cheerily in the light wind, the Royal banner. Near the Lion's Tower, two or three of the keepers of the menagerie, in the King's livery, were leading forth, by a strong chain, the huge white bear that made one of the boasts of the collection, and was an especial favourite with the King and his brother Richard. The sheriffs of London were bound to find this grisly minion his chain and his cord, when he deigned to amuse himself with bathing or "fishing" in the river; and several boats, filled with gape-mouthed passengers, lay near the wharf, to witness the diversions of Bruin. These folk set up a loud shout of—"A Warwick!—a Warwick!" "The stout Earl, and God bless him!" as the gorgeous barge shot towards the fortress. The Earl acknowledged their greeting by vailing his plumed cap, and passing the keepers with a merry allusion to their care of his own badge, and a friendly compliment to the grunting bear, he stepped ashore, followed by his kinsmen. Now, however, he paused a moment, and a more thoughtful shade passed over his countenance, as, glancing his eye carelessly aloft towards the standard of King Edward, he caught sight of the casement, in the neighbouring tower, of the

very room in which the sovereign of his youth, Henry VI., was a prisoner, almost within hearing of the revels of his successor; then, with a quick stride, he hurried on through the vast court, and, passing the White Tower, gained the royal lodge. Here, in the great hall, he left his companion, amidst a group of squires and gentlemen, to whom he formally presented the Nevile as his friend and kinsman, and was ushered by the deputy Chamberlain, (with an apology for the absence of his chief, the Lord Hastings, who had gone abroad to fly his falcon,) into the small garden, where Edward IV. was idling away the interval between the noon and evening meals—repasts to which already the young King inclined with that intemperate zest and ardour he carried into all his pleasures, and which finally destroyed the handsomest person, and embruted one of the most vigorous intellects of the age.

The garden, if bare of flowers, supplied their place by the various and brilliant-coloured garbs of the living beauties assembled on its straight walks and smooth sward. Under one of those graceful cloisters, which were the taste of the day, and had been recently built, and gaily decorated, the Earl was stopped in his path by a group of ladies playing at closheys (ninepins) of ivory;* and one of these

* Narrative of Louis of Bruges, Lord Grauthuse. Edited by Sir F. Madden. *Archæologia*, 1836.

fair dames, who excelled the rest in her skill, had just bowled down the central or crowned pin—the king of the closheys. This lady, no less a person than Elizabeth, the Queen of England, was then in her thirty-sixth year—ten years older than her lord—but the peculiar fairness and delicacy of her complexion, still preserved to her beauty the aspect and bloom of youth. From a lofty head-gear, embroidered with fleur-de-lis, round which wreathed a light diadem of pearls, her hair of the pale yellow, considered then the perfection of beauty, flowed so straight and so shining down her shoulders, almost to the knees, that it seemed like a mantle of gold. The baudekin stripes, (blue and gold,) of her tunic, attested her royalty. The blue court-pie of satin was bordered with ermine, and the sleeves, fitting close to an arm of exquisite contour, shone with seed-pearls. Her features were straight and regular, yet would have been insipid, but for an expression rather of cunning than intellect;—and the high arch of her eyebrows, with a slight curve downward of a mouth otherwise beautiful, did not improve the expression, by an addition of something supercilious and contemptuous rather than haughty or majestic.

“My Lord of Warwick,” said Elizabeth, pointing to the fallen closhey, “what would my enemies say if they heard I had toppled down the King?”

"They would content themselves with asking which of your Grace's brothers you would place in his stead," answered the hardy Earl, unable to restrain the sarcasm.

The Queen blushed, and glanced round her ladies with an eye which never looked direct or straight upon its object, but wandered sidelong with a furtive and stealthy expression, that did much to obtain for her the popular character of falseness and self-seeking. Her displeasure was yet more increased by observing the ill-concealed smile which the taunt had called forth.

"Nay, my Lord," she said, after a short pause, "we value the peace of our roiaulme too much for so high an ambition. Were we to make a brother even the prince of the closheys, we should disappoint the hopes of a Nevile."

The Earl disdained pursuing the war of words, and answering, coldly—"The Neviles are more famous for making ingrates than asking favours. I leave your Highness to the closheys"—turned away, and strode towards the King, who, at the opposite end of the garden, was reclining on a bench beside a lady, in whose ear, to judge by her downcast and blushing cheek, he was breathing no unwelcome whispers.

"Mort-Dieu!" muttered the Earl, who was singularly exempt, himself, from the amorous follies of the day, and eyed them with so much contempt

that it often obscured his natural downright penetration into character, and never more than when it led him afterwards to underrate the talents of Edward IV.—“Mort Dieu! if, an hour before the battle of Touton, some wizard had shewn me, in his glass, this glimpse of the gardens of the Tower, that giglet for a Queen, and that squire of dames for a King, I had not slain my black destrier, (poor Malech!) that I might conquer or die for Edward Earl of March!”

“But see!” said the lady, looking up from the enamoured and conquering eyes of the King; “art thou not ashamed, my lord?—the grim Earl comes to chide thee for thy faithlessness to thy Queen, whom he loves so well.”

“Pasque Dieu! as my cousin Louis of France says or swears,” answered the King, with an evident petulance in his altered voice—“I would that Warwick could be only worn with one’s armour! I would as lief try to kiss through my visor as hear him talk of glory and Touton, and King John and poor Edward II., because I am not always in mail. Go! leave us, sweet bonnibel!—we must brave the White Bear alone!”

The lady inclined her head, drew her hood round her face, and striking into the contrary path from that in which Warwick was slowly striding, gained the group round the Queen, whose apparent freedom from jealousy, the consequence

of cold affections and prudent calculation, made one principal cause of the empire she held over the powerful mind, but the indolent temper, of the gay and facile Edward.

The King rose as Warwick now approached him; and the appearance of these two eminent persons was in singular contrast. Warwick, though richly and even gorgeously attired—nay, with all the care which in that age was considered the imperative duty a man of station and birth owed to himself, held in lofty disdain whatever vagary of custom tended to cripple the movements or womanize the man. No loose flowing robes—no shoon half a yard long—no flaunting tawdiness of fringe and aiglet, characterized the appearance of the Baron, who, even in peace, gave his dress a half-martial fashion.

But Edward, who in common with all the princes of the House of York carried dress to a passion, had not only re-introduced many of the most effeminate modes in vogue under William the Red King, but added to them whatever could tend to impart an almost Oriental character to the old Norman garb. His gown (a womanly garment which had greatly superseded, with men of the highest rank, not only the mantle but the surcoat) flowed to his heels, trimmed with ermine, and brodered with large flowers of crimson wrought upon cloth of gold. Over this

he wore a tippet of ermine, and a collar or necklace of uncut jewels set in filagree gold; the nether limbs were, it is true, clad in the more manly fashion of tight-fitting hosen, but the folds of the gown, as the day was somewhat fresh, were drawn around so as to conceal the only part of the dress which really betokened the male sex. To add to this unwarlike attire, Edward's locks, of a rich golden colour, and perfuming the whole air with odours, flowed, not in curls, but straight to his shoulders, and the cheek of the fairest lady in his Court might have seemed less fair beside the dazzling clearness of a complexion, at once radiant with health and delicate with youth. Yet, in spite of all this effeminacy, the appearance of Edward IV. was *not* effeminate. From this it was preserved, not only by a stature little less commanding than that of Warwick himself, and of great strength and breadth of shoulder, but also by features, beautiful indeed, but pre-eminently masculine,—large and bold in their outline, and evincing by their expression all the gallantry and daring characteristic of the hottest soldier, next to Warwick, and, without any exception, the ablest Captain, of the Age.

“And welcome—a merry welcome, dear Warwick, and cousin mine,” said Edward, as Warwick slightly bent his proud knee to his king; “your brother, Lord Montagu, has but left us.

Would that our court had the same joyaunce for you as for him."

"Dear and honoured my Liege," answered Warwick, his brow smoothing at once—for his affectionate though hasty and irritable nature was rarely proof against the kind voice and winning smile of his young sovereign—"could I ever serve you at the Court as I can with the People, you would not complain that John of Montagu was a better courtier than Richard of Warwick. But each to his calling. I depart to-morrow for Calais, and thence to King Louis. And, surely, never envoy nor delegate had better chance to be welcome than one empowered to treat of an alliance that will bestow on a prince, deserving, I trust, his fortunes, the sister of the bravest sovereign in Christian Europe."

"Now, out on thy flattery, my cousin; though I must needs own I provoked it by my complaint of thy courtiership. But thou hast learned only half thy business, good Warwick; and it is well Margaret did not hear thee. Is not the Prince of France more to be envied for winning a fair lady than having a fortunate soldier for his brother-in-law?"

"My Liege," replied Warwick, smiling, "thou knowest I am a poor judge of a lady's fair cheek, though indifferently well skilled as to the valour of a warrior's stout arm. Algates, the Lady Margaret

is indeed worthy in her excellent beauties to become the mother of brave men!"

"And that is all we can wring from thy stern lip, man of iron. Well, that must content us. But to more serious matters." And the King, leaning his hand on the Earl's arm, and walking with him slowly to and fro the terrace, continued—"Knowest thou not, Warwick, that this French alliance, to which thou hast induced us, displeases sorely our good traders of London?"

"Mort Dieu!" returned Warwick, bluntly; "and what business have the flat-caps with the marriage of a king's sister? Is it for them to breathe garlick on the alliances of Bourbons and Plantagenets. Faugh! You have spoiled them, good my Lord King—you have spoiled them by your condescensions. Henry the Fourth staled not his majesty to consultations with the mayor of his city. Henry the Fifth gave the knighthood of the Bath to the heroes of Agincourt, not the venders of cloth and spices."

"Ah, my poor Knights of the Bath!" said Edward, good humouredly, "wilt thou never let that sore scar quietly over? Ownest thou not that the men had their merits?"

"What the merits were, I weet not," answered the Earl;—"unless, peradventure, their wives were comely and young!"

"Thou wrongest me, Warwick," said the King,

carelessly ; “ Dame Cook was awry, Dame Phillips a grandmother, Dame Jocelyn had lost her front teeth, and Dame Waer saw seven ways at once ! But thou forgettest, man, the occasion of those honours—the eve before Elizabeth was crowned—and it was policy to make the City of London have a share in her honours. As to the rest,” pursued the King, earnestly and with dignity, “ I and my House have owed much to London. When the Peers of England, save thee and thy friends, stood aloof from my cause, London was ever loyal and true. Thou seest not, my poor Warwick, that these burgesses are growing up into power by the decline of the orders above them. And if the sword is the monarch’s appeal for his right, he must look to contented and honoured industry for his buckler in peace. This is policy—policy, Warwick ; and Louis XI. will tell thee the same truths, harsh though they grate in a warrior’s ear.”

The Earl bowed his haughty head, and answered, shortly, but with a touching grace—“ Be it ever thine, noble King, to rule as it likes thee ; and mine to defend with my blood even what I approve not with my brain. But if thou doubttest the wisdom of this alliance, it is not too late yet. Let me dismiss my following, and cross not the seas. Unless thy heart is with the marriage, the ties I would form are threads and cobwebs.”

“Nay,” returned Edward, irresolutely; “in these great state matters, thy wit is elder than mine; but men do say the Count of Charolois is a mighty Lord, and the alliance with Burgundy will be more profitable to staple and mart.”

“Then in God’s name, so conclude it!” said the Earl hastily, but with so dark a fire in his eyes, that Edward, who was observing him, changed countenance;—“only ask me not, my Liege, to advance such a marriage. The Count of Charolois knows me as his foe—shame were mine did I shun to say where I love, where I hate. That proud dullard once slighted me when we met at his father’s court—and the wish next to my heart, is to pay back my affront with my battle-axe. Give thy sister to the Heir of Burgundy, and forgive me if I depart to my Castle of Middleham.”

Edward, stung by the sharpness of this reply, was about to answer as became his majesty of King, when Warwick more deliberately resumed—“Yet think well, Henry of Windsor is thy prisoner, but his cause lives in Margaret and his son. There is but one power in Europe that can threaten thee with aid to the Lancastrians, that power is France. Make Louis thy friend and ally, and thou givest peace to thy life and thy lineage—make Louis thy foe, and count on plots, and stratagems, and treason—uneasy days and sleepless nights. Already thou hast lost one occasion to

secure that wildest and most restless of Princes, in rejecting the hand of the Princess Bona. Happily, this loss now can be retrieved. But alliance with Burgundy is war with France—war more deadly because Louis is a man who declares it not—a war carried on by intrigue and bribe, by spies and minions, till some disaffection ripens the hour when young Edward of Lancaster shall land on thy coasts, with the Oriflamme and the Red Rose,—with French soldiers and English malcontents. Wouldst thou look to Burgundy for help?—Burgundy will have enough to guard its own frontiers from the gripe of Louis the sleepless. Edward, my King, my pupil in arms—Edward, my loved, my honoured Liege, forgive Richard Nevile his bluntness, and let not his faults stand in bar of his counsels.”

“ You are right, as you are ever—safeguard of England, and pillar of my state,” said the King frankly, and pressing the arm he still held. “ Go to France and settle all as thou wilt.”

Warwick bent low and kissed the hand of his sovereign. “ And,” said he, with a slight, but a sad smile—“ when I am gone, my Liege will not repent, will not mistake me, will not listen to my foes, nor suffer merchant and mayor to sigh him back to the mechanics of Flanders?”

“ Warwick, thou deemest ill of thy King’s kingliness.”

“ Not of thy kingliness, but that same gracious

quality of yielding to counsel which bows this proud nature to thy slave—often makes me fear for thy firmness, when thy will is won through thy heart. And now, good my Liege, forgive me one sentence more. God forefend that I should stand in the way of thy princely favours. A King's countenance is a sun that should shine on all. But bethink thee well, the barons of England are a stubborn and haughty race; chafe not thy most puissant peers by too cold a neglect of their past services, and too lavish a largess to new men."

"Thou aimest at Elizabeth's kin," interrupted Edward, withdrawing his hand from his minister's arm—"and I tell thee, once for all times, that I would rather sink again to mine Earldom of March, with a subject's right to honour where he loves, than wear crown and wield sceptre without a King's unquestioned prerogative to ennoble the line and blood of one he has deemed worthy of his throne. As for the Barons, with whose wrath thou threatenest me, I banish them not—if they go in gloom from my court—why let them chafe themselves sleek again!"

"King Edward," said Warwick, moodily,—
"tried services merit not this contempt. It is not as the kith of the Queen that I regret to see lands and honours lavished upon men, rooted so newly to the soil that the first blast of the war-trump will scatter their greenness to the winds.

But what sorrows me is to mark those who have fought against thee, preferred to the stout loyalty that braved block and field for thy cause. Look round thy Court; where are the men of bloody York and victorious Touton?—unrequited, sullen in their strongholds—begirt with their yeomen and retainers. Thou standest—thou, the Heir of York—almost alone, (save where the Neviles—whom one day thy court will seek also to disgrace and discard—vex their old comrades in arms by their defection)—thou standest almost alone among the favourites and minions of Lancaster. Is there no danger in proving to men that to have served thee is discredit—to have warred against thee is guerdon and grace?”

“Enough of this, cousin,” replied the King, with an effort which preserved his firmness. “On this head we cannot agree. Take what else thou wilt of royalty—make treaties and contract marriages—establish peace or proclaim war; but trench not on my sweetest prerogative to give and to forgive. And now, wilt thou tarry and sup with us? The ladies grow impatient of a commune that detains from their eyes the stateliest knight since the Round Table was chopped into fire-wood.”

“No, my Liege,” said Warwick, whom flattery of this sort rather angered than soothed—“I have much yet to prepare. I leave your Highness to fairer homage and, more witching counsels

than mine." So saying, he kissed the King's hand, and was retiring, when he remembered his kinsman, whose humble interests, in the midst of more exciting topics, he had hitherto forgotten, and added, "May I crave, since you are so merciful to the Lancastrians, one grace for my namesake—a Nevile, whose father repented the side he espoused—a son of Sir Guy of Arsdale."

"Ah," said the King, smiling maliciously, "it pleaseth us much to find that it is easier to the warm heart of our cousin of Warwick to preach sententiaries of sternness to his King, than to enforce the same by his own practice!"

"You misthink me, Sire. I ask not that Marmaduke Nevile should supplant his superiors and elders—I ask not that he should be made baron and peer—I ask only that, as a young gentleman, who hath taken no part himself in the wars, and whose father repented his error, your Grace should strengthen your following by an ancient name and a faithful servant. But I should have remembered me that his name of Nevile would have procured him a taunt in the place of advancement."

"Saw man ever so froward a temper?" cried Edward, not without reason. "Why, Warwick, thou art as shrewish to a jest as a woman to advice. Thy kinsman's fortunes shall be my care. Thou sayest thou hast enemies—I weet not who they be.

But to shew what I think of them, I make thy namesake and client a gentleman of my chamber. When Warwick is false to Edward, let him think Warwick's kinsman wears a dagger within reach of the King's heart day and night."

This speech was made with so noble and touching a kindness of voice and manner, that the Earl, thoroughly subdued, looked at his sovereign with moistened eyes, and only trusting himself to say—"Edward, thou art king, knight, gentleman, and soldier, and I verily trow that I love thee best when my petulant zeal makes me anger thee most,"—turned away with evident emotion, and passing the Queen and her ladies with a lowlier homage than that with which he had before greeted them, left the garden. Edward's eye followed him, musingly. The frank expression of his face vanished, and, with the deep breath of a man who is throwing a weight from his heart, he muttered—

"He loves me—yes,—but will suffer no one else to love me! This must end some day. I weary of the bondage." And sauntering towards the ladies, he listened in silence, but not apparently in displeasure, to his Queen's sharp sayings on the imperious mood and irritable temper of the iron-handed builder of his throne.

III.

THE ANTE-CHAMBER.

As Warwick passed the door that led from the garden, he brushed by a young man, the baudekin stripes of whose vest announced his relationship to the King, and who, though far less majestic than Edward, possessed sufficient of family likeness to pass for a very handsome and comely person. But his countenance wanted the open and fearless expression which gave that of the King so masculine and heroic a character. The features were smaller, and less clearly cut, and to a physiognomical observer there was much that was weak and irresolute in the light blue eyes and the smiling lips, which never closed firmly over the teeth. He did not wear the long gown then so much in vogue, but his light figure was displayed to advantage by a vest, fitting it exactly, descending half-way down the thigh, and trimmed at the border and the collar with ermine. The sleeves of the doublet were slit, so as to

shew the white lawn beneath, and adorned with aiglets and knots of gold. Over the left arm hung a rich jacket of furs and velvet, something like that adopted by the modern hussar. His hat or cap was high and tiara-like, with a single white plume, and the ribbon of the garter bound his knee. Though the dress of this personage was thus far less effeminate than Edward's, the effect of his appearance was infinitely more so—partly, perhaps, from a less muscular frame, and partly from his extreme youth. For George Duke of Clarence was then, though initiated not only in the gaities, but all the intrigues of the court, only in his eighteenth year. Laying his hand, every finger of which sparkled with jewels, on the Earl's shoulder—"Hold!" said the young prince, in a whisper, "a word in thy ear, noble Warwick."

The Earl, who, next to Edward, loved Clarence the most of his princely house, and who always found the latter as docile as the other (when humour or affection seized him) was intractable, relaxed into a familiar smile at the Duke's greeting, and suffered the young prince to draw him aside from the groups of courtiers, with whom the chamber was filled, to the leaning places (as they were called) of a large mullion window. In the meanwhile, as they thus conferred, the courtiers interchanged looks, and many an eye of fear and hate was directed towards the stately form of the Earl. For

these courtiers were composed principally of the kindred or friends of the Queen, and though they dared not openly evince the malice with which they retorted Warwick's lofty scorn, and undisguised resentment at their new fortunes, they ceased not to hope for his speedy humiliation and disgrace, recking little what storm might rend the empire, so that it uprooted the giant oak, which still, in some measure, shaded their sunlight, and checked their growth. True, however, that amongst these were mingled, though rarely, men of a hardier stamp and nobler birth—some few of the veteran friends of the King's great father—and these, keeping sternly and loftily aloof from the herd, regarded Warwick with the same almost reverential, and yet affectionate admiration which he inspired amongst the yeomen, peasants, and mechanics; for in that growing, but quiet struggle of the burgesses, as it will often happen in more civilized times, the great Aristocracy and the Populace were much united in affection, though with very different objects; and the Middle and Trading Class, with whom the Earl's desire for French alliances and disdain of commerce had much weakened his popularity, alone shared not the enthusiasm of their countrymen for the lion-hearted minister.

Nevertheless, it must here be owned, that the rise of Elizabeth's kindred introduced a far more intellectual, accomplished, and literary race into

Court favour, than had for many generations flourished in so uncongenial a soil: and in this ante-chamber feud, the pride of education and mind retaliated with juster sarcasm, the pride of birth and sinews.

Amongst those opposed to the Earl, and fit in all qualities to be the head of the new movement—if the expressive modern word be allowed us—stood at that moment in the very centre of the chamber, Anthony Woodville—in right of the rich heiress he had married, the Lord Scales. As when some hostile and formidable foe enters the meads where the flock grazes, the gazing herd gather slowly round their leader,—so grouped the Queen's faction slowly, and by degrees, round this accomplished nobleman, at the prolonged sojourn of Warwick.

"Gramercy!" said the Lord Scales, in a somewhat affected intonation of voice, "the conjunction of the bear and the young lion is a parlous omen, for the which I could much desire we had a wise astrologer's reading."

"It is said," observed one of the courtiers, "that the Duke of Clarence much affects either the lands or the person of the Lady Isabel."

"A passably fair damozel," returned Anthony, "though a thought or so too marked and high in her lineaments, and wholly unlettered, no doubt; which were a pity, for George of Clarence hath

some pretty taste in the arts and poesies. But as Occleve hath it—

“Gold, silver, jewel, cloth, beddyng, array,”

would make gentle George amorous of a worse-featured face than high-nosed Isabel; ‘strange to spell or rede,’ as I would wager my best destrier to a tailor’s hobby, the damozel surely is.”

“Notest thou yon gaudy popinjay?” whispered the Lord of St. John to one of his Touton comrades, as, leaning against the wall, they overheard the sarcasms of Anthony, and the laugh of the courtiers, who glassed their faces and moods to his; “Is the time so out of joint that Master Anthony Woodville can vent his scurrile japes on the heiress of Salisbury and Warwick, in the King’s chamber?”

“And prate of spelling and reading, as if they were the cardinal virtues,” returned his sullen companion. “By my halidame, I have two fair daughters at home, who will lack husbands, I trow, for they can only spin and be chaste—two maidenly gifts out of bloom with the White Rose.”

In the meanwhile, unwitting, or contemptuous of the attention they excited, Warwick and Clarence continued yet more earnestly to confer.

“No, George, no,” said the Earl, who, as the descendant of John of Gaunt, and of kin to the King’s blood, maintained, in private, a father’s familiarity with the Princes of York, though on state occasions, and when in the hearing of others, he se-

dulously marked his deference for their rank—"no, George, calm and steady thy hot mettle, for thy brother's and England's sake. I grieve as much as thou to hear that the Queen does not spare even thee in her froward and unwomanly peevishness. But there is a glamour in this, believe me, that must melt away, soon or late, and our kingly Edward recover his senses."

"Glamour!" said Clarence, "thinkest thou indeed, that her mother, Jacquetta, has bewitched the King? One word of thy belief in such spells, spread abroad amongst the people, would soon raise the same storm that blew Eleanor Cobham from Duke Humphrey's bed, along London streets in her penance shift."

"Troth," said the Earl, indifferently, "I leave such grave questions as these to prelate and priest; the glamour I spoke of, is that of a fair face over a wanton heart; and Edward is not so steady a lover, that this should never wear out!"

"It amates me much, noble cousin, that thou leavest the Court in this juncture. The Queen's heart is with Burgundy—the City's hate is with France—and when once thou art gone, I fear that the King will be teased into mating my sister with the Count of Charolois."

"Ho!" exclaimed Warwick, with an oath so loud that it rung through the chamber, and startled every ear that heard it. Then, perceiving his indis-

cretion, he lowered his tone into a deep and hollow whisper, and griped the Prince's arm, almost fiercely, as he spoke.

“ Could Edward so dishonour my embassy—so palter and juggle with my faith—so flout me in the eyes of Christendom, I would—I would—” he paused, and relaxed his hold of the Duke, and added, with an altered voice—“ I would leave his wife and his lemans, and yon things of silk, whom he makes peers (*that* is easy), but cannot make men—to guard his throne from the grandson of Henry V. But thy fears, thy zeal, thy love for me, dearest Prince and cousin, make thee mis-think Edward's kingly honour and knightly faith. I go, with the sure knowledge that by alliance with France I shut the House of Lancaster from all hope of this roiaulme.”

“ Hadst thou not better, at least, see my sister Margaret—she has a high spirit, and she thinks thou mightst, at least, woo her assent, and tell her of the good gifts of her Lord to be !”

“ Are the daughters of York spoilt to this by the manners and guise of a Court, in which beshrew me if I well know which the woman and whom the man? Is it not enough to give peace to broad England—root to her brother's stem? Is it not enough to wed the son of a King—the descendant of Charlemagne and St. Louis? Must I go bonnet in hand and simper forth, the sleek

personals of the choice of her kith and house; swear the bridegroom's side-locks are as long as King Edward's, and that he bows with the grace of Master Anthony Woodville? Tell her this thyself, gentle Clarence, if thou wilt: all Warwick could say would but anger her ear, if she be the Maid thou bespeakest her."

The Duke of Clarence hesitated a moment, and then, colouring slightly, said,—“If, then, the daughter's hand be the gift of her kith alone, shall I have thy favour when the Lady Isabel——”

“George,” interrupted Warwick, with a fond and paternal smile, “when we have made England safe, there is nothing the son of Richard of York can ask of Warwick in vain. Alas!” he added, mournfully, “thy father and mine were united in the same murderous death, and I think they will smile down on us from their seats in heaven, when a happier generation cements that bloody union with a marriage bond!”

Without waiting for further par lance, the Earl turned suddenly away, threw his cap on his towering head, and strode right through the centre of the whispering courtiers, who shrunk, louting low, from his haughty path, to break into a hubbub of angry exclamations, or sarcastic jests, at his unmannerly bearing, as his black plume disappeared in the arch of the vaulted door.

While such the scene in the interior chambers

of the palace, Marmaduke, with the frank simplicity which belonged to his youth and training, had already won much favour and popularity, and he was loud and laughing with a knot of young men by the shovel-board, when Warwick re-entered. The Earl, though so disliked by the courtiers more immediately about the person of the King, was still the favourite of the less elevated knights and gentry who formed the subordinate household and retainers; and with these, indeed, his manner, so proud and arrogant to his foes and rivals, relapsed at once into the ease of the manly and idolized chief. He was pleased to see the way made by his young namesake, and lifting his cap, as he nodded to the group, and leant his arm upon Marmaduke's shoulder, he said—"Thanks, and hearty thanks, to you, knights and gentles, for your courteous reception of an old friend's young son. I have our King's most gracious permission to see him enrolled one of the Court ye grace. Ah! Master Falconer, and how does thy worthy uncle?—braver knight never trod.—What young gentleman is yonder?—a new face and a manly one; by your favour, present him!—the son of a Saville! Sir, on my return, be not the only Saville who shuns our table of Warwick Court. Master Dacres, commend me to the lady, your mother; she and I have danced many a measure together in the old time—we all live again in our

children. Good den to you, sirs. Marmaduke, follow me to the office—you lodge in the palace. You are gentleman to the most gracious, and, if Warwick lives, to the most puissant of Europe's sovereigns. I shall see Montagu at home; he shall instruct thee in thy duties, and requite thee for all discourtesies on the Archery Ground."

END OF BOOK II.

BOOK THE THIRD.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY PASSES FROM THE KING'S COURT
TO THE STUDENT'S CELL, AND RELATES THE PERILS
THAT BEFEL A PHILOSOPHER FOR MEDDLING WITH THE
AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD.

BOOK THE THIRD.

I.

THE SOLITARY SAGE AND THE SOLITARY MAID.

WHILE such the entrance of Marmaduke Nevile into a Court, that if far less intellectual and refined than those of later days, was yet more calculated to dazzle the fancy, to sharpen the wit, and to charm the senses ; for round the throne of Edward IV. chivalry was magnificent, intrigue restless, and pleasure ever on the wing—Sybill had ample leisure, in her solitary home, to muse over the incidents that had preceded the departure of the young guest. Though she had rejected Marmaduke's proffered love, his tone, so suddenly altered—his abrupt, broken words and confusion—his farewell, so soon succeeding his passionate declaration—could not fail to wound that pride of woman which never sleeps till modesty is gone. But this made the least cause of the profound humiliation

which bowed down her spirit. The meaning taunt, conveyed in the rhyme of the tymbesteres, pierced her to the quick; the calm indifferent smile of the stranger, as he regarded her; the beauty of the dame he attended, woke mingled and contrary feelings, but those of jealousy were, perhaps, the keenest; and in the midst of all she started to ask herself—if indeed she had suffered her vain thoughts to dwell too tenderly upon one from whom the vast inequalities of human life must divide her evermore—What to her was his indifference? Nothing—yet had she given worlds to banish that careless smile from her remembrance.

Shrinking, at last, from the tyranny of thoughts till of late unknown, her eye rested upon the gipsire which Alwyn had sent her by the old servant. The sight restored to her the holy recollection of her father, the sweet joy of having ministered to his wants. She put up the little treasure, intending to devote it all to Warner; and, after bathing her heavy eyes, that no sorrow of hers might afflict the student, she passed, with a listless step, into her father's chamber.

There is, to the quick and mercurial spirits of the young, something of marvellous and preternatural in that life within life, which the strong passion of science and genius forms and feeds—that passion so much stronger than love, and so much

more self-dependent—which asks no sympathy, leans on no kindred heart—which lives alone in its works and fancies, like a god amidst His creations.

The Philosopher, too, had experienced a great affliction since they met last. In the pride of his heart, he had designed to shew Marmaduke the mystic operations of his model, which had seemed that morning to open into life ; and when the young man was gone, and he made the experiment alone, alas ! he found that new progress but involved him in new difficulties. He had gained the great steps in the gigantic creation of modern days, and he was met by the obstacle that baffled so long the great modern sage. There was the cylinder—there the boiler ; yet, work as he would, the steam failed to keep the cylinder at work. And now, patiently as the spider re-weaves the broken web, his untiring ardour was bent upon constructing a new cylinder of other materials. “ Strange,” he said to himself, “ that the heat of the mover aids not the movement ;” and so, blundering near the truth, he laboured on.

Sybill, meanwhile, seated herself abstractedly on a heap of fagots, piled in the corner, and seemed busy in framing characters on the dusty floor with the point of her tiny slipper. So fresh and fair and young she seemed, in that mirky atmosphere, that strange scene, and beside that worn man, that

it might have seemed to a poet as if the youngest of the Graces were come to visit Mulciber at his forge.

The man pursued his work—the girl renewed her dreams—the dark evening hour gradually stealing over both. The silence was unbroken, for the forge and the model were now at rest, save by the grating of Adam's file upon the metal, or by some ejaculation of complacency now and then vented by the Enthusiast. So, apart from the many-noised, gaudy, babbling world without, even in the midst of that bloody, turbulent, and semi-barbarous time, went on (the one neglected and unknown, the other loathed and hated,) the two movers of the ALL that continues the airy life of the Beautiful from age to age—the Woman's dreaming Fancy, and the Man's active Genius.

II.

MASTER ADAM WARNER GROWS A MISER, AND BEHAVES
SHAMEFULLY.

FOR two or three days nothing disturbed the outward monotony of the Recluse's household. Apparently all had settled back as before the advent of the young cavalier. But Sybill's voice was not heard singing, as of old, when she passed the stairs to her father's room. She sate with him in his work, no less frequently and regularly than before ; but her childish spirits no longer broke forth in idle talk or petulant movement, vexing the good man from his absorption and his toils. The little cares and anxieties, which had formerly made up so much of Sybill's day, by forethought of provision for the morrow, were suspended ; for the money transmitted to her by Alwyn, in return for the emblazoned MSS., was sufficient to supply their modest wants for months to come. Adam, more and more engrossed in his labours, did not appear to perceive the daintier

plenty of his board, nor the purchase of some small comforts unknown for years. He only said, one morning—"It is strange, girl, that as *that* gathers in life (and he pointed to the model,) it seems already to provide, to my phantasy, the luxuries it will one day give to us all in truth. Methought my very bed last night seemed wondrous easy, and the coverings were warmer, for I woke not with the cold!"

"Ah!" thought the sweet daughter, smiling through moist eyes—"while my cares can smooth thy barren path through life, why should I cark and pine?"

Their solitude was now occasionally broken in the evenings by the visits of Nicholas Alwyn. The young goldsmith was himself not ignorant of the simpler mathematics; he had some talent for invention, and took pleasure in the construction of horologes, though, properly speaking, not a part of his trade. His excuse for his visits was the wish to profit by Warner's mechanical knowledge; but the student was so wrapt in his own pursuits, that he gave but little instruction to his visitor. Nevertheless, Alwyn was satisfied, for he saw Sybill. He saw her in the most attractive phase of her character—the loving, patient, devoted daughter, and the view of her household virtues affected more and more his honest English heart. But, ever awkward and embarrassed, he gave no

vent to his feelings. To Sybill he spoke little, and with formal constraint; and the girl, unconscious of her conquest, was little less indifferent to his visits than her abstracted father.

But all at once Adam woke to a sense of the change that had taken place—all at once he caught scent of gold, for his works were brought to a pause for want of some finer and more costly materials than the coins in his own possession, the remnant of Marmaduke's gift, enabled him to purchase. He had stolen out at dusk unknown to Sybill, and lavished the whole upon the model, but in vain! The model in itself was, indeed, completed; his invention had mastered the difficulty that it had encountered. But Adam had complicated the contrivance by adding to it experimental proofs of the agency it was intended to exercise. It was necessary in that age, if he were to convince others, to shew more than the principle of his engine, he must shew also something of its effects; turn a mill without wind or water, or set in motion some mimic vehicle without other force than that the contrivance itself supplied. And here, at every step, new obstacles arose. It was the misfortune to science in those days, not only that all books and mathematical instruments were enormously dear, but that the students, still struggling into light, through the glorious delusions of alchemy and mysticism—imagined that,

even in simple practical operations, there were peculiar virtues in virgin gold and certain precious stones. A link in the process upon which Adam was engaged failed him: his ingenuity was baffled, his work stood still; and in poring again and again over the learned MSS.—alas! now lost, in which certain German Doctors had sought to explain the pregnant hints of Roger Bacon, he found it inculcated that the axle of a certain wheel must be composed of a diamond. Now in truth, it so happened that Adam's contrivance, which (even without the appliances which were added in illustration of the theory) was infinitely more complicated than modern research has found necessary, did not even require the wheel in question, much less the absent diamond: it happened also, that his understanding, which, though so obtuse in common life, was in these matters astonishingly clear, could not trace any mathematical operations by which the diamond axle would in the least correct the difficulty that had suddenly started up; and yet the accursed diamond began to haunt him—the German authority was so positive on the point, and that authority had in many respects been accurate. Nor was this all—the diamond was to be no vulgar diamond: it was to be endowed, by talismanic skill, with certain properties and virtues; it was to be for a certain number of hours exposed to

the rays of the full moon ; it was to be washed in a primitive and wondrous elixir, the making of which consumed no little of the finest gold. This diamond was to be to the machine what the soul is to the body—a glorious, all-pervading, mysterious principle of activity and life. Such were the dreams that obscured the cradle of infant science ! And Adam, with all his reasoning powers, his lore in the hard truths of mathematics, was but one of the giant children of the dawn. The magnificent phrases and solemn promises of the mystic German got firm hold of his fancy. Night and day, waking or sleeping, the diamond, basking in the silence of the full moon, sparkled before his eyes—meanwhile all was at a stand. In the very last steps of his discovery, he was arrested. Then suddenly looking round for vulgar monies to purchase the precious gem, and the materials for the soluble elixir, he saw that MONEY had been at work around him—that he had been sleeping softly and faring sumptuously. He was seized with a divine rage. How had Sybill dared to secrete from him this hoard ? how presumed to *waste* upon the base body what might have so profited the eternal mind ? In his relentless ardour, in his sublime devotion and loyalty to his abstract idea, there was a devouring cruelty, of which this meek and gentle scholar was wholly unconscious. The grim iron model, like a Moloch, eat up all

things—health, life, love ; and its jaws now opened for his child. He rose from his bed—it was day-break—he threw on his dressing robe—he strode into his daughter's room—the grey twilight came through the comfortless, curtainless casement, deep-sunk into the wall. Adam did not pause to notice that the poor child, though she had provoked his anger, by refitting his dismal chamber, had spent nothing in giving a less rugged frown to her own.

The scanty worm-worn furniture, the wretched pallet, the poor attire folded decently beside—nothing, save that inexpressible purity and cleanliness which, in the lowliest hovel, a pure and maiden mind gathers round it—nothing to distinguish the room of her whose childhood had passed in Courts from the hut of the meanest daughter of drudgery and toil ! No—he who had lavished the fortunes of his father and his child into the grave of his idea — no — he saw nothing of this self-forgetful penury—the diamond danced before him ! He approached the bed—and oh ! the contrast of that dreary room and peasant pallet, to the delicate, pure, enchanting loveliness of the sleeping inmate. The scanty covering left partially exposed the snow-white neck and rounded shoulder ; the face was pillowed upon the arm, in an infantine grace ; the face was slightly flushed, and the fresh red lips parted into a smile—for in her sleep, the virgin dreamed—a happy dream ! It was a sight to have

touched a father's heart, to have stopped his foot-step, and hushed his breath into prayer. And call not Adam hard, unnatural, that he was not then, as men far more harsh than he—for the father at that moment was not in his breast—the human man was gone—he himself, like his model, was a machine of iron!—his life, his one idea!”

“Wake, child, wake!” he said, in a loud but hollow voice. “Where is the gold thou hast hidden from me? Wake—confess!”

Roused from her gracious dreams thus savagely, Sybill started, and saw the eager, darkened face of her father. Its expression was peculiar and undefinable, for it was not threatening, angry, stern; there was a vacancy in the eyes, a strain in the features, and yet a wild, intense animation lighting and pervading all—it was as the face of one waking in his sleep; and, at the first confusion of waking, Sybill thought indeed that such was her father's state. But the impatience with which he shook the arm he grasped, and repeated, as he opened convulsively his other hand, “The gold, Sybill—the gold! Why didst thou hide it from me?” speedily convinced her that her father's mind was under the influence of the prevailing malady that made all its weakness and all its strength.

“My poor father!” she said, pityingly, “wilt thou not leave thyself the means whereby to keep strength and health for thine high hopes. Ah!

father, thy Sybill only hoarded her poor gains for thee !”

“ The gold !” said Adam, mechanically, but in a softer voice—“ all—all thou hast ! How didst thou get it—how ?”

“ By the labours of these hands. Ah ! do not frown on me !”

“ Thou—the child of knightly fathers—*thou* labour !” said Adam, an instinct of his former state of gentle-born and high-hearted youth flashing from his eyes. “ It was wrong in thee !”

“ Dost thou not labour too ?”

“ Ay, but for a world. Well—the gold !”

Sybill rose, and modestly throwing over her form the old mantle which lay on the pallet, passed to a corner of the room, and opening a chest, took from it the gipsire, and held it out to her father.

“ If it please thee, dear and honoured sir, so be it ; and God prosper it in thy hands !”

Before Adam’s clutch could close on the gipsire, a rude hand was laid on his shoulder, the gipsire was snatched from Sybill, and the gaunt, half-clad form of Old Madge interposed between the two.

“ Eh, sir !” she said, in her shrill, cracked tone, “ I thought, when I heard your door open, and your step hurrying down, you were after no good deeds. Fie, master, fie ! I have clung to you when all reviled, and when starvation within and

foul words without made all my hire; for I ever thought you a good and mild man, though little better than stark wode. But, augh! to rob your poor child thus—to leave her to starve and pine! We old folks are used to it. Look round—look round; I remember this chamber, when ye first came to your father's hall. Saints of heaven! There stood the brave bed all rustling with damask of silk; on those stone walls once hung fine arras of the Flemings—a marriage gift to my lady from Queen Margaret, and a mighty show to see, and good for the soul's comforts, with Bible stories wrought on it. Eh, sir! don't you call to mind your namesake, Master Adam, in his brave scarlet hosen, and Madam Eve, in her bonny blue kirtle and laced courtpie; and now—now look round, I say, and see what you have brought your child to!"

"Hush! hush! Madge, hush!" cried Sybill, while Adam gazed in evident perturbation and awakening shame at the intruder, turning his eyes round the room as she spoke, and heaving from time to time short, deep sighs.

"But I will not hush," pursued the old woman; "I will say my say, for I love ye both, and I loved my poor mistress, who is dead and gone. Ah, sir, groan! it does you good. And now, when this sweet damsel is growing up, now when you should think of saving a marriage dower for her (for no marriage where no pot boils), do you rend

from her the little that she has drudged to gain!—She!—Oh, out on your heart! and for what—for what, sir? For the neighbours to set fire to your Father's House, and the little ones to——”

“Forbear, woman!” cried Adam, in a voice of thunder, “forbear! Leave us!” And he waved his hand, as he spoke, with so unexpected a majesty, that Madge was awed into sudden silence, and, darting a look of compassion at Sybill, she hobbled from the room. Adam stood motionless an instant; but when he felt his child's soft arms round his neck—when he heard her voice struggling against tears, praying him not to heed the foolish words of the old servant—to take—to take all—that it would be easy to gain more—the ice of his philosophy melted at once—the man broke forth, and, clasping Sybill to his heart, and kissing her cheek, her lips, her hands, he faltered out—“No! no!—forgive me!—forgive thy cruel father! Much thought has maddened me, I think—it has indeed! Poor child, poor Sybill,” and he stroked her cheek gently, and with a movement of pathetic pity—“poor child, thou art pale—and so slight and delicate! And this chamber—and thy loneliness—and—ah! my life hath been a curse to thee, yet I meant to bequeath it a boon to all!”

“Father, dear father, speak not thus. You break my heart. Here, here—take the gold—or rather, for thou must not venture out to insult again, let

me purchase with it what thou needest. Tell me, trust me——”

“No !” exclaimed Adam, with that hollow energy by which a man resolves to impose restraint on himself; “I will not, for all that science ever achieved—I will not lay this shame on my soul:—spend this gold on thyself—trim this room—buy thee raiment—all that thou needest—I order—I command it! And hark thee, if thou gettest more, hide it from me—hide it well—men’s desires are foul tempters! I never knew, in following wisdom, that I had a vice. I wake and find myself a miser and a robber !”

And with these words he fled from the girl’s chamber, gained his own, and locked the door.

III.

A STRANGE VISITOR—ALL AGES OF THE WORLD BREED
WORLD-BETTERERS.

SYBILL, whose soft heart bled for her father, and who now reproached herself for having concealed from him her little hoard, began hastily to dress that she might seek him out, and soothe the painful feelings the honest rudeness of Madge had aroused. But before her task was concluded, a loud knock was heard at the outer door. She heard the old housekeeper's quivering voice responding to a loud clear tone; and presently Madge herself ascended the stairs to Warner's room, followed by a man whom Sybill instantly recognised, for he was not one easily to be forgotten,—as their protector from the assault of the mob. She drew back hastily as he passed her door, and in some wonder and alarm awaited the descent of Madge. That venerable personage having with some difficulty induced her master to open his door and admit the stranger, came straight into her young lady's chamber. "Cheer up—cheer

up, sweetheart," said the old woman, "I think better days will shine soon; for the honest man I have admitted says he is but come to tell Master Warner something that will redound much to his profit. Oh! he is a wonderful fellow, this same Robin! You saw how he turned the cullions from burning the old house!"

"What! you know this man, Madge! What is he, and who?"

Madge looked puzzled. "That is more than I can say, sweet Mistress. But though he has been but some weeks in the neighbourhood, they all hold him in high count and esteem. For why, —it is said he is a rich man and a kind one. He does a world of good to the poor."

While Sybill listened to such explanations as Madge could give her, the stranger, who had carefully closed the door of the student's chamber, after regarding Adam for a moment, with silent but keen scrutiny, thus began:—

"When last we met, Adam Warner, it was with satchels on our backs. Look well at me!"

"Troth," answered Adam, languidly, for he was still under the deep dejection that had followed the scene with Sybill, "I cannot call you to mind, nor seems it veritable that our school-days passed together, seeing that my hair is grey and men call me old; but thou art in all the lustihood of this human life."

"Natheless," returned the stranger, "there are but two years or so between thine age and mine. When thou wert poring over the crabbed text, and pattering Latin by the ell, dost thou not remember a lack-grace, good-for-nought, Robert Hilyard, who was always setting the school in an uproar, and was finally outlawed from that boy-world as he hath been since from the man's world, for inciting the weak to resist the strong?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Adam, with a gleam of something like joy on his face; "art thou, indeed, that riotous, brawling, fighting, frank-hearted, bold fellow, Robert Hilyard? Ha! ha!—those were merry days! I have known none like them——"

The old schoolfellows shook hands heartily.

"The world has not fared well with thee in person or pouch, I fear me, poor Adam," said Hilyard; "thou canst scarcely have passed thy fiftieth year, and yet thy learned studies have given thee the weight of sixty; while I, though ever in toil and bustle, often wanting a meal, and even fearing the halter, am strong and hearty as when I shot my first fallow buck in the King's forest, and kissed the Forester's pretty daughter. Yet, methinks, Adam, if what I hear of thy tasks be true, thou and I have each been working for one end; thou to make the world other than it is, and I to——"

"What! hast thou, too, taken nourishment from

the bitter milk of Philosophy, thou — fighting Rob?”

“I know not whether it be called philosophy—but marry, Edward of York would call it rebellion; they are much the same, for both war against rules established!” returned Hilyard, with more depth of thought than his careless manner seemed to promise. He paused, and laying his broad brown hand on Warner’s shoulder, resumed—“Thou art poor, Adam!”

“Very poor—very—very!”

“Does thy philosophy disdain gold?”

“What can philosophy achieve without it? She is a hungry dragon and her very food is gold!”

“Wilt thou brave some danger—thou wert ever a fearless boy when thy blood was up, though so meek and gentle—wilt thou brave some danger for large reward?”

“My life braves the scorn of men, the pinchings of famine, and, it may be, the stake and the fagot. Soldiers brave not the dangers of a wise man in an unwise age!”

“Gramercy! thou hast a hero’s calm aspect while thou speakest, and thy words move me! Listen! Thou wert wont, when Henry of Windsor was King of England, to visit and confer with him on learned matters. He is now a captive in the Tower; but his gaolers permit him still to receive the visits of pious monks and harmless

scholars. I ask thee to pay him such a visit, and for this office I am empowered by richer men than myself to award thee the guerdon of twenty broad pieces of gold."

"Twenty!—A mine!—A Tmolus!" exclaimed Adam, in uncontrollable glee. "Twenty!—O true friend!—then my work will be born at last!"

"But hear me further, Adam, for I will not deceive thee; the visit hath its peril! Thou must first see if the mind of King Henry, for King he is, though the usurper wear his holy crown, be clear and healthful. Thou knowest he is subject to dark moods—suspensions of man's reason; and if he be, as his friends hope, sane and right-judging, thou wilt give him certain papers, which, after his hand has signed them, thou wilt bring back to me. If in this thou succeedest, know that thou mayest restore the royalty of Lancaster to the purple and the throne; that thou wilt have princes and earls for favourers and protectors to thy learned life; that thy fortunes and fame are made! Fail, be discovered—and Edward of York never spares! Thy guerdon will be the nearest tree and the strongest rope!"

"Robert," said Adam, who had listened to this address with unusual attention, "thou dealest with me plainly, and as man should deal with man. I know little of stratagem and polity, wars and kings; and save that King Henry, though passing ignor-

ant in the mathematics, and more given to alchemists than solid seekers after truth, was once or twice gracious to me, I could have no choice, in these four walls, between an Edward and a Henry on the throne. But I have a king whose throne is in mine own breast, and, alack, it taxeth me heavily, and with sore burthens."

"I comprehend," said the visitor, glancing round the room—"I comprehend—thou wantest money for thy books and instruments, and thy melancholic passion is thy sovereign. Thou wilt incur the risk?"

"I will," said Adam. "I would rather seek in the lion's den for what I lack, than do what I well nigh did this day."

"What crime was that, poor scholar?" said Robin, smiling.

"My child worked for *her* bread, and *my* luxuries—I would have robbed her, old school-fellow. Ha!—ha!—what is cord and gibbet to one so tempted?"

A tear stood in the bright grey eyes of the bluff visitor.

"Ah! Adam," he said, sadly, "only by the candle held in the skeleton hand of Poverty can man read his own dark heart. But thou, Workman of Knowledge, hast the same interest as the poor, who dig and delve. Though strange circumstance hath made me the servant and emissary of Mar-

garet, think not that I am but the varlet of the great."

Hilyard paused a moment, and resumed—

"Thou knowest, peradventure, that my race dates from an elder date than these Norman nobles, who boast their robber-fathers. From the renowned Saxon Thane, who, free of hand and of cheer, won the name of Hildegardis,* our family took its rise. But under these Norman Barons, we sank with the nation to which we belonged. Still were we called gentlemen, and still were dubbed knights. But, as I grew up to man's estate, I felt myself more Saxon than gentleman, and, as one of a subject and vassal race, I was a Son of the Saxon People. My father, like thee, was a man of thought and bookcraft. I dare own to thee, that he was a Lollard, and with the religion of those bold foes to priest-vice, goes a spirit that asks why the people should be evermore the spoil and prey of lords and kings. Early in my youth, my father, fearing rack and fagot in England, sought refuge in the Hanse Town of Lubeck. There I learned grave truths—how liberty can be won and guarded. Later in life I saw the Republics of Italy, and I asked why they were so glorious in all the arts and craft of civil life, while the

* Hildegardis, viz., old German, a person of noble or generous disposition. Wotton's Baronetage. Art. Hilyard, or Hildyard, of Pattrington

braver men of France and England seemed as savages by the side of the Florentine burgess, nay, the Lombard vine-dresser. I saw that, even when those republics fell a victim to some tyrant or podesta, their men still preserved rights and uttered thoughts which left them more free and more great than the Commons of England, after all their boasted wars. I came back to my native land and settled in the North, as my franklin ancestry before me. The broad lands of my forefathers were devolved on the elder line, and gave a Knight's fee to Sir Robert Hilyard, who fell afterwards at Toughton for the Lancastrians. But I had won gold in the far countree, and I took farm and homestead near Lord Warwick's tower of Middleham. The feud between Lancaster and York broke forth; Earl Warwick summoned his retainers, myself amongst them, since I lived upon his land; I sought the great Earl, and I told him boldly—him whom the Commons deemed a friend and a foe to all mal-faisance and abuse—I told him that the war he asked me to join seemed to me but a war of ambitious Lords, and that I saw not how the Commons were to be bettered, let who would be King. The Earl listened and deigned to reason; and when he saw I was not convinced, he left me to my will; for he is a noble chief, and I admired even his angry pride, when he said, 'Let no man fight for Warwick whose heart beats not in his cause.' I

lived afterwards to discharge my debt to the proud Earl, and shew him how even the lion may be meshed, and how even the mouse may gnaw the net. But to my own tragedy. So I quitted those parts, for I feared my own resolution near so great a man: I made a new home not far from the City of York. So, Adam, when all the land around bristled with pike and gisarme, and while my own cousin and namesake, the head of my house, was winning laurels and wasting blood—I, thy quarrelsome, fighting friend—lived at home in peace with my wife and child—for I was now married, and wife and child were dear to me—and tilled my lands. But in peace I was active and astir, for my words inflamed the bosoms of labourers and peasants, and many of them, benighted as they were, thought with me. One day—I was absent from home, selling my grain in the marts of York—one day there entered the village a young captain, a boy-chief, Edward Earl of March, beating for recruits. Dost thou heed me, Adam? Well, man—well, the peasants stood aloof from tromp and banner, and they answered, to all the talk of hire and fame, ‘Robin Hilyard tells us we have nothing to gain but blows—leave us to hew and to delve.’ Oh! Adam, this boy—this chief—the Earl of March, now crowned King Edward, made but one reply—‘This Robin Hilyard must be a wise man—shew me his house.’ They pointed out the

ricks, the barns, the homestead, and in five minutes all—all were in flames. ‘Tell the hilding, when he returns, that thus Edward of March, fair to friends and terrible to foes, rewards the coward who disaffects the men of Yorkshire from their chief.’ And by the blazing rafters, and the pale faces of the silent crowd, he rode on his way to battle and the throne!”

Hilyard paused, and the anguish of his countenance was terrible to behold.

“I returned to find a heap of ashes—I returned to find my wife a maniac—I returned to find my child—my boy—great God!—he had run to hide himself, in terror at the torches and the grim men—they had failed to discover him, till, too late, his shrieks, amidst the crashing walls, burst on his mother’s ear;—and the scorched, mangled, lifeless corpse, lay on that mother’s bosom!”

Adam rose; his figure was transformed—not the stooping student, but the knight-descended man, seemed to tower in the mirky chamber; his hands felt at his side, as for a sword; he stifled a curse, and Hilyard, in that suppressed low voice which evinces a strong mind in deep emotion, continued his tale.

“Thank the Mother of our God, the mother of the dead died too! Behold me, a lonely, ruined wifeless, childless wretch! I made all the world my foe! The old love of liberty (alone left me)

became a crime ; I plunged into the gloom of the forest, a robber-chief, sparing—no, never—never—never !—one York captain—one spurred knight—one belted lord ! But the Poor, my Saxon countrymen, *they* had suffered, and were safe !

“ One dark twilight—thou hast heard the tale—every village minstrel sets it to his viol—a majestic woman—a hunted fugitive—crossed my path ; she led a boy in her hand, a year or so younger than my murdered child. ‘ Friend !’ said the woman, fearlessly, ‘ save the son of your King : I am Margaret, Queen of England !’ I saved them both. From that hour, the robber-chief, the free Republican, the Lollard’s son, became a Queen’s friend. Here opened, at least, vengeance against the fell destroyer. Now see you why I seek you—why tempt you into danger ? Pause if you will, for my passion heats my blood ;—and all the kings since Saul, it may be, are not worth one scholar’s life ! And yet,” continued Hilyard, regaining his ordinary calm tone, “ and yet, it seemeth to me, as I said at first, that all who labour have, in this, a common cause and interest with the poor. This woman-king, though bloody man, with his wine-cups and his harlots—this usurping York—his very existence flaunts the life of the sons of toil. In civil war and in broil, in strife that needs the arms of the people, the people shall get their own.”

"I will go," said Adam, and he advanced to the door.

Hilyard caught his arm. "Why, friend, thou hast not even the documents, and how wouldst thou get access to the prison? Listen to me; or," added the conspirator, observing poor Adam's abstracted air, "or let me rather speak a word to thy fair daughter; women have ready wit, and are the pioneers to the advance of men. Adam! Adam! thou art dreaming!"—He shook the philosopher's arm roughly.

"I heed you," said Warner, meekly.

"The first thing required," renewed Hilyard, "is a permit to see King Henry. This is obtained either from the Lord Worcester, governor of the Tower, a cruel man, who may deny it—or the Lord Hastings, Edward's chamberlain, a humane and gentle one, who will readily grant it. Let not thy daughter know why thou wouldst visit Henry; let her suppose it is solely to make report of his health to Margaret; let her not know there is scheming or danger; so, at least, her ignorance will secure her safety. But let her go to the Lord Chamberlain, and obtain the order for a learned clerk to visit the learned prisoner—to—ha! well thought of—this strange machine is, doubtless, the invention of which thy neighbours speak; this shall make thy excuse; thou wouldst divert the prisoner with thy mechanical—comprehendest thou, Adam?"

“ Ah! King Henry will see the model, and when he is on the throne—”

“ He will protect the scholar!” interrupted Hilyard. “ Good! good! Wait here—I will confer with thy daughter.”

He gently pushed aside Adam, opened the door, and on descending the stairs, found Sybill by the large casement where she had stood with Marmaduke, and heard the rude stave of the tymbesteres.

The anxiety the visit of Hilyard had occasioned her was at once allayed, when he informed her that he had been her father's schoolmate, and desired to become his friend. And when he drew a moving picture of the exiled condition of Margaret and the young Prince, and their natural desire to learn tidings of the health of the deposed King, her gentle heart, forgetting the haughty insolence with which her royal mistress had often wounded and chilled her childhood, felt all the generous and compassionate sympathy the conspirator desired to awaken. “ The occasion,” added Hilyard, “ for learning the poor captive's state now offers! He hath heard of your father's labours; he desires to learn their nature from his own lips. He is allowed to receive, by an order from King Edward's Chamberlain, the visits of those scholars in whose converse he was ever wont to delight. Wilt thou so far aid the charitable work as to seek the Lord Hastings, and crave the necessary licence? Thou seest that thy father has wayward and abstract

moods; he might forget that Henry of Windsor is no longer king, and might give him that title in speaking to Lord Hastings—a slip of the tongue which the law styles treason.”

“ Certes,” said Sybill, quickly, “ if my father would seek the poor captive, I will be his messenger to my Lord Hastings. But, oh, Sir! as thou hast known my father’s boyhood, and as thou hopest for mercy in the last day, tempt to no danger one so guileless !”

Hilyard winced as he interrupted her hastily—
“ There is no danger if thou wilt obtain the licence. I will say more—a reward awaits him, that will not only banish his poverty but save his life.”

“ His life !”

“ Ay ! seest thou not, fair mistress, that Adam Warner is dying, not of the body’s hunger, but of the soul’s? He craveth gold, that his toils may reap their guerdon. If that gold be denied, his toils will fret him to the grave !”

“ Alas ! alas !—it is true.”

“ That gold he shall honourably win ! Nor is this all. Thou wilt see the Lord Hastings : he is less learned, perhaps, than Worcester—less dainty in accomplishments and gifts than Anthony Woodville, but his mind is profound and vast ; all men praise him, save the Queen’s kin. He loves scholars ; he is mild to distress ; he laughs at the superstitions of the vulgar. Thou wilt see the Lord

Hastings, and thou mayst interest him in thy father's genius and his fate!"

"There is frankness in thy voice, and I will trust thee," answered Sybill. "When shall I seek this Lord?"

"This day, if thou wilt. He lodges at the Tower, and gives access, it is said, to all who need his offices, or seek succour from his power."

"This day, then, be it!" answered Sybill, calmly.

Hilyard gazed at her countenance, rendered so noble in its youthful resignation—in its soft firmness of expression, and muttering, "God prosper thee, maiden; we shall meet to-morrow," descended the stairs, and quitted the house.

His heart smote him when he was in the street. "If evil should come to this meek scholar—to that poor child's father, it would be a sore sin to my soul. But no; I will not think it. God will not suffer this bloody Edward to triumph long; and in this vast chessboard of vengeance and great ends, we must move men to and fro, and harden our natures to the hazard of the game."

Sybill sought her father; his mind had flown back to the model. He was already living in the life that the promised gold would give to the dumb Thought. True that all the ingenious additions to the engine—additions that were to convince the reason and startle the fancy, were not yet complete, (for want, of course, of the diamond

bathed in moonbeams)—but still there was enough in the inventions already achieved to excite curiosity and obtain encouragement. So, with care and diligence and sanguine hope, the Philosopher prepared the grim model for exhibition to a man who had worn a crown, and might wear again. But with that innocent and sad cunning which is so common with enthusiasts of one idea, the sublime dwellers of The Narrow Border between Madness and Inspiration, Adam, amidst his excitement, contrived to conceal from his daughter all glimpse of the danger he run, of the correspondence of which he was to be the medium,—or rather, may we think that he had forgotten both! Not the stout Warwick himself, in the roar of battle, thought so little of peril to life and limb as that gentle student, in the reveries of his lonely closet; and therefore, all unsuspecting, and seeing but diversion to Adam's recent gloom of despair, an opening to all his bright prospects, Sybill attired herself in her holiday garments, drew her wimple closely round her face, and summoning Madge to attend her, bent her way to the Tower. Near York House, within view of the sanctuary and the Palace of Westminster, they took a boat, and arrived at the stairs of the Tower.

IV.

LORD HASTINGS.

WILLIAM Lord Hastings was one of the most remarkable men of the age. Philip de Comines bears testimony to his high repute for wisdom and virtue. Born the son of a knight of ancient lineage but scanty lands, he had risen, while yet in the prime of life, to a rank and an influence second, perhaps, only to the House of Nevile. Like Lord Montagu, he united in happy combination the talents of a soldier and a courtier. But as a statesman—a schemer—a thinker—Montagu, with all his craft, was inferior to Hastings. In this, the latter had but two equals—viz., George, the youngest of the Nevile brothers, Archbishop of York; and a boy, whose intellect was not yet developed, but in whom was already apparent to the observant, the dawn of a restless, fearless, calculating, and subtle genius—that boy, whom the philosophers of Utrecht had taught to reason, whom the lessons

of Warwick had trained to arms, was Richard, Duke of Gloucester, famous even now for his skill in the tilt-yard, and his ingenuity in the rhetoric of the schools.

The manners of Lord Hastings had contributed to his fortunes. Despite the newness of his honours, even the haughtiest of the ancient nobles bore him no grudge, for his demeanour was at once modest and manly. He was peculiarly simple and unostentatious in his habits, and possessed that nameless charm which makes men popular with the lowly, and welcome to the great.* But in that day, a certain mixture of vice was necessary to success; and Hastings wounded no self-love by the assumption of unfashionable purism. He was regarded with small favour by the Queen, who knew him as the companion of Edward in his pleasures, and at a later period accused him of enticing her faithless lord into unworthy affections. And certain it is, that he was foremost amongst the courtiers in those adventures which we call the excesses of gaiety and folly, though too often

* On Edward's accession, so highly were the services of Hastings appreciated by the party, that not only the King, but many of the nobility, contributed to render his wealth equal to his new station, by grants of lands and monies. Several years afterwards, when he went with Edward into France, no less than two lords, nine knights, fifty-eight squires, and twenty gentlemen, joined his train.—Dugdale's *Baronage*, p. 583. Sharon Turner's *History of England*, vol. iii. p. 380.

leading to Solomon's wisdom and his sadness. But profligacy, with Hastings, had the excuse of ardent passions: he had loved deeply, and unhappily, in his earlier youth, and he gave into the dissipation of the time with the restless eagerness common to strong and active natures when the heart is not at ease; and under all the light fascination of his converse, or the dissipation of his life, lurked the melancholic temperament of a man worthy of nobler things. Nor was the courtly vice of the libertine the only drawback to the virtuous character assigned to Hastings by Comines. His experience of men had taught him something of the disdain of the cynic, and he scrupled not at serving his pleasures or his ambition by means which his loftier nature could not excuse to his clear sense.* Still, however, the world, which had deteriorated, could not harden, him. Few persons so able acted so frequently from impulse; the impulses were, for the most part, affectionate and generous, but then came the regrets of caution and experience; and Hastings summoned his intellect to correct the movement of his heart—in other words, reflection sought to undo what impulse had suggested. Though so successful a gallant, he had not acquired the ruthless egotism of

* See Comines, b. vi. for a curious anecdote of what Mr. Sharon Turner happily calls "the moral coquetry" of Hastings;—an anecdote which reveals much of his character.

the sensualist; and his conduct to women often evinced the weakness of giddy youth, rather than the cold deliberation of profligate manhood. Thus in his veriest vices there was a spurious amiability—a seductive charm, while in the graver affairs of life, the intellectual susceptibility of his nature served but to quicken his penetration and stimulate his energies, and Hastings might have said, with one of his Italian contemporaries,—“That in subjection to the influences of Women he had learned the government of Men.” In a word, his powers to attract, and his capacities to command, may be guessed by this,—that Lord Hastings was the only man Richard III. seems to have loved, when Duke of Gloucester,* and the only man he seems to have feared, when resolved to be King of England. Hastings was alone in the apartments assigned to him in the Tower, when his page, with a peculiar smile, announced to him the visit of a young donzell, who would not impart her business to his attendants.

The accomplished Chamberlain looked up somewhat impatiently from the beautiful MS., enriched with the silver verse of Petrarch, which lay open on his table, and, after muttering to himself—“It is only Edward to whom the face of a woman

* Sir Thomas More, *Life of Edward V.*, speaks of “the great love” Richard bore to Hastings.

never is unwelcome," bade the page admit the visitor.

The damsel entered, and the door closed upon her.

"Be not alarmed, maiden," said Hastings, touched by the downcast bend of the hooded countenance, and the unmistakable and timid modesty of his visitor's bearing. "What hast thou to say to me?"

At the sound of his voice, Sybill Warner started, and uttered a faint exclamation. The stranger of the pastime-ground was before her. Instinctively she drew the wimple yet more closely round her face, and laid her hand upon the bolt of the door as in the impulse of retreat.

The nobleman's curiosity was roused. He looked again and earnestly on the form that seemed to shrink from his gaze; then rising slowly, he advanced, and laid his hand on her arm—"Donzell, I recognise thee," he said, in a voice that sounded cold and stern—"what service wouldst thou ask me to render thee! Speak! Nay! I pray thee, speak."

"Indeed, good my lord," said Sybill, conquering her confusion; and, lifting her wimple, her dark-blue eyes met those bent on her, with fearless truth and innocence, "I knew not, and you will believe me—I knew not till this moment that I had such cause for gratitude to the Lord Hastings. I sought you but on the behalf of my father,

Master Adam Warner, who would fain have the permission accorded to other scholars, to see the Lord Henry of Windsor, who was gracious to him in other days, and to while the duress of that princely captive with the shew of a quaint instrument he has invented."

"Doubtless," answered Hastings, who deserved his character (rare in that day) for humanity and mildness—"doubtless it will pleasure me, nor offend his Grace the King, to shew all courtesy and indulgence to the unhappy gentleman and lord, whom the weal of England condemns us to hold incarcerate. I have heard of thy father, maiden, an honest and simple man, in whom we need not fear a conspirator; and of thee, young mistress, I have heard also, since we parted."

"Of me, noble sir?"

"Of thee," said Hastings, with a smile; and, placing a seat for her, he took from the table an illuminated MS. "I have to thank thy friend, Master Alwyn, for procuring me this treasure!"

"What, my lord!" said Sybill, and her eyes glistened, "were you—you the—the——"

"The fortunate person whom Alwyn has enriched at so slight a cost. Yes. Do not grudge me my good fortune in this. Thou hast nobler treasures, methinks, to bestow on another!"

"My good lord!"

“Nay, I must not distress thee. And the young gentleman has a fair face; may it bespeak a true heart!”

These words gave Sybill an emotion of strange delight. They seemed spoken sadly—they seemed to betoken a jealous sorrow—they awoke the strange, wayward, woman-feeling, which is pleased at the pain that betrays the woman’s influence: the girl’s rosy lips smiled maliciously. Hastings watched her, and her face was so radiant with that rare gleam of secret happiness—so fresh, so young, so pure, and withal, so arch and captivating, that hackneyed and jaded as he was in the vulgar pursuit of pleasure, the sight moved better and tenderer feelings than those of the sensualist. “Yes,” he muttered to himself, “there *are* some toys it were a sin to sport with and cast away amidst the broken rubbish of gone passions!”

He turned to the table, and wrote the order of admission to Henry’s prison, and as he gave it to Sybill, he said, “Thy young gallant, I see, is at the Court now. It is a perilous ordeal, and especially to one for whom the name of Neville opens the road to advancement and honour. Men learn betimes in courts to forsake Love for Plutus, and many a wealthy lord would give his heiress to the poorest gentleman who claims kindred to the Earl of Salisbury and Warwick.”

"May my father's guest so prosper," answered Sybill, "for he seems of loyal heart and gentle nature!"

"Thou art unselfish, sweet mistress," said Hastings; and, surprised by her careless tone, he paused a moment, "or art thou, in truth, indifferent? Saw I not thy hand in his, when even those loathly tymbesteres chanted warning to thee for loving, not above thy merits, but, alas, it may be, above thy fortunes?"

Sybill's delight increased. Oh, then, he had not applied that hateful warning to himself! He guessed not her secret. She blushed, and the blush was so chaste and maidenly, while the smile that went with it was so ineffably animated and joyous, that Hastings exclaimed, with unaffected admiration, "Surely, fair donzell, Petrarch dreamed of thee, when he spoke of the woman-blush and the angel-smile of Laura. Woe to the man who would injure thee. Farewell! I would not see thee too often, unless I saw thee ever."

He lifted her hand to his lips, with a chivalrous aspect, as he spoke, opened the door, and called his page to attend her to the gates.

Sybill was more flattered by the abrupt dismissal, than if he had knelt to detain her. How different seemed the world as her light step wended homeward!

V.

MASTER ADAM WARNER AND KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

THE next morning Hilyard revisited Warner, with the letters for Henry. The conspirator made Adam reveal to him the interior mechanism of the Eureka to which Adam, who had toiled all night, had appended one of the most ingenious contrivances he had as yet been enabled (*sans* the diamond) to accomplish, for the better display of the agencies the Engine was designed to achieve. This contrivance was full of strange cells and recesses, in one of which the documents were placed. And, there they lay, so well concealed as to puzzle the minutest search, if not aided by the inventor, or one to whom he had communicated the secrets of the contrivance.

After repeated warnings and exhortations to discretion, Hilyard then, whose busy, active mind had made all the necessary arrangements, summoned a stout-looking fellow, whom he had left below, and, with his aid, conveyed the heavy machine

across the garden, to a back lane, where a mule stood ready to receive the burthen.

“Suffer this trusty fellow to guide thee, dear Adam; he will take thee through ways where thy brutal neighbours are not likely to meet and molest thee. Call all thy wits to the surface. Speed and prosper!”

“Fear not,” said Adam, disdainfully. “In the neighbourhood of kings, science is ever safe. Bless thee, child,” and he laid his hand upon Sybill’s head, for she had accompanied them thus far in silence—“now go in.”

“I go with thee, father,” said Sybill, firmly. “Master Hilyard, it is best so,” she whispered; “what if my father fall into one of his reveries!”

“You are right: go with him, at least, to the Tower-gate. Hard by, is the house of a noble dame and a worthy, known to our friend Hugh, where thou mayest wait Master Warner’s return. It will not suit thy modesty and sex to loiter amongst the pages and soldiery in the yard. Adam, thy daughter must wend with thee.”

Adam had not attended to this colloquy, and mechanically bowing his head, he set off, and was greatly surprised, on gaining the river side (where a boat was found large enough to accommodate not only the human passengers, but the mule and its burthen,) to see Sybill by his side.

The imprisonment of the unfortunate Henry,

though guarded with sufficient rigour against all chances of escape, was not, as the reader has perceived, at this period embittered by unnecessary harshness. His attendants treated him with respect, his table was supplied more abundantly and daintily than his habitual abstinence required, and the monks and learned men whom he had favoured, were, we need not repeat, permitted to enliven his solitude with their grave converse.

On the other hand, all attempts at correspondence between Margaret, or the exiled Lancastrians and himself, had been jealously watched, and when detected, the emissaries had been punished with relentless severity. A man named Hawkins had been racked for attempting to borrow money for the Queen from the great London merchant, Sir Thomas Cook. A shoe-maker had been tortured to death, with red-hot pincers, for abetting her correspondence with her allies. Various persons had been racked for similar offences, but the energy of Margaret and the zeal of her adherents, were still unexhausted and unconquered.

Either unconscious or contemptuous of the perils to which he was subjected, the student, with his silent companions, performed the voyage, and landed in sight of the Fortress-Palatine. And now Hugh stopped before a house of good fashion, knocked at the door, which was opened by an old servitor, disappeared for a few moments, and re-

turning, informed Sybill, in a meaning-whisper, that the gentlewoman within was a good Lancastrian, and prayed the donzell to rest in her company, till Master Warner's return.

Sybill, accordingly, after pressing her father's hand without fear, for she had deemed the sole danger Adam risked was from the rabble by the way, followed Hugh into a fair chamber, strewn with rushes, where an aged dame, of noble air and aspect, was employed at her broidery frame. This gentlewoman, the widow of a nobleman who had fallen in the service of Henry, received her graciously, and Hugh then retired to complete his commission. The student, the mule, the model, and the porter, pursued their way to the entrance of that part of the gloomy palace inhabited by Henry. Here they were stopped, and Adam, after rummaging long in vain, for the Chamberlain's passport, at last happily discovered it, pinned to his sleeve, by Sybill's forethought. On this a gentleman was summoned to inspect the order, and in a few moments Adam was conducted to the presence of the illustrious prisoner.

"And what," said a subaltern officer, lolling by the archway of the (now styled) "Bloody Tower," hard by the turret devoted to the prisoner,* and speaking to Adam's guide, who still mounted guard

* The Wakefield Tower.

by the model—"what may be the precious burthen of which thou art the convoy?"

"Marry, sir," said Hugh, who spoke in the strong Yorkshire dialect, which we are compelled to render into intelligible English—"marry, I weet not—it is some curious puppet-box, or quaint contrivance that Master Warner, whom they say is a very deft and ingenious personage, is permitted to bring hither for the Lord Henry's diversion."

"A puppet-box!" said the officer, with much animated curiosity. "'Fore the mass! that must be a pleasant sight. Lift the lid, fellow!"

"Please your honour, I do not dare," returned Hugh—"I but obey orders."

"Obey mine, then. Out of the way!" and the officer lifted the lid of the pannier with the point of his dagger, and peered within. He drew back, much disappointed—"Holy Mother!" said he, "this seemeth more like an instrument of torture, than a juggler's merry device. It looks parlous ugly!"

"Hush!" said one of the lazy by-standers, with whom the various gateways and courts of the Palace-fortress were crowded, "hush!—thy cap and thy knee, sir!"

The officer started; and, looking round, perceived a young man of low stature, followed by three or four knights and nobles, slowly approach-

ing towards the arch, and every cap in the vicinity was off, and every knee bowed.

The eye of this young man was already bent with a searching and keen glance upon the motionless mule, standing patiently by the Wakefield Tower; and turning from the mule to the porter, the latter shrunk, and grew pale, at that dark, steady, penetrating gaze, which seemed to pierce at once into the secrets and hearts of men.

"Who may this young lord be?" he whispered to the officer.

"Prince Richard, Duke of Gloucester, man," was the answer. "Uncover, varlet!"

"Surely," said the Prince, pausing by the gate, "surely this is no sumpter-mule, bearing provisions to the Lord Henry of Windsor. It would be but poor respect to that noble person, whom, alas the day! his Grace the King is unwillingly compelled to guard from the malicious designs of rebels and mischief-seekers, that one not bearing the King's livery should attend to any of the needful wants of so worshipful a lord and guest!"

"My lord," said the officer at the gate, "one Master Adam Warner hath just, by permission, been conducted to the Lord Henry's presence, and the beast beareth some strange and grim-looking device for my lord's diversion."

The singular softness and urbanity which generally characterized the Duke of Gloucester's tone

and bearing at that time,—which, in a Court so full of factions and intrigues, made him the enemy of none, and seemingly the friend of all, and, conjoined with abilities already universally acknowledged, had given to his very boyhood a pre-eminence of grave repute and good opinion, which, indeed, he retained till the terrible circumstances connected with his accession to the throne, under the bloody name of Richard the Third, roused all men's hearts and reasons into the persuasion that what before had seemed virtue was but dissimulation ;—this singular sweetness, we say, of manner and voice, had in it, nevertheless, something that imposed, and thrilled, and awed. And, in truth, in our common and more vulgar intercourse with life, we must have observed, that where external gentleness of bearing is accompanied by a repute for iron will, determined resolution, and a serious, profound, and all-inquiring intellect, it carries with it a majesty wholly distinct from that charm which is exercised by one whose mildness of nature corresponds with the outward humility ; and, if it does not convey the notion of falseness, bears the appearance of that perfect self-possession, that calm repose of power, which intimidates those it influences far more than the imperious port and the loud voice. And they who best knew the Duke, knew also that, despite this general smoothness of mien, his temperament was naturally irritable,

quick, and subject to stormy gusts of passion, the which defects his admirers praised him for labouring hard and sedulously to keep in due control. Still, to a keen observer, the constitutional tendencies of that nervous temperament were often visible, even in his blindest moments—even when his voice was most musical, his smile most gracious. If something stung, or excited him, an uneasy gnawing of the nether lip, a fretful playing with his dagger, drawing it up and down from its sheath,* a slight twitching of the muscles of the face, and a quiver of the eyelid, betokened the efforts he made at self-command; and now, as his dark eyes rested upon Hugh's pale countenance, and then glanced upon the impassive mule, dozing quietly under the weight of poor Adam's model, his hand mechanically sought his dagger-hilt, and his face took a sinister and sombre expression.

“Thy name, friend?”

“Hugh Withers—please you, my Lord Duke.”

“Um! North country, by thine accent. Dost thou serve this Master Warner?”

“No, my Lord, I was only hired with my mule to carry ——”

“Ah! true! to carry what thy pannier contains; open it. Holy Paul! a strange jonglerie indeed! This Master Adam Warner,—methinks, I have

* Pol. Virg., 565.

heard his name—a learned man—um—let me see his safe conduct. Right—it is Lord Hastings' signature." But still the Prince held the passport, and still suspiciously eyed the Eureka and its appliances, which, in their complicated and native ugliness of doors, wheels, pipes, and chimney, were exposed to his view. At this moment one of the attendants of Henry descended the stairs of the Wakefield Tower, with a request that the model might be carried up to divert the prisoner.

Richard paused a moment, as the officer hesitatingly watched his countenance before giving the desired permission. But the Prince, turning to him, and smoothing his brow, said mildly—"Certes! all that can divert the Lord Henry must be innocent pastime. And I am well pleased that he hath this cheerful mood for recreation. It gain-sayeth those who would accuse us of rigour in his durance. Yes, this warrant is complete and formal;" and the Prince returned the passport to the officer, and walked slowly on through that gloomy arch evermore associated with Richard of Gloucester's memory, and beneath the very room, in which our belief yet holds that the infant sons of Edward the Fourth breathed their last: still as Gloucester moved, he turned and turned, and kept his eye furtively fixed upon the Porter.

"Lovell," he said, to one of the gentlemen who

attended him, and who was among the few admitted to his more peculiar intimacy—"that man is of the North."

"Well, my Lord?"

"The North was always well affected to the Lancastrians. Master Warner hath been accused of witchcraft. Marry, I should like to see his device—um. Master Catesby, come hither—approach, sir. Go back, and the instant Adam Warner and his contrivance are dismissed—bring them both to me in the King's Chamber. Thou understandest! We too would see his device—and let neither man nor mechanical, when once they reappear, out of thine eye's reach. For divers and subtle are the contrivances of treasonable men!"

Catesby bowed, and Richard, without speaking further, took his way to the royal apartments, which lay beyond the White Tower, towards the river, and are long since demolished.

Meanwhile the Porter, with the aid of one of the attendants, had carried the model into the chamber of the august captive. Henry, attired in a loose robe, was pacing the room with a slow step, and his head sunk on his bosom,—while Adam, with much animation, was enlarging on the wonders of the contrivance he was about to shew him. The chamber was commodious, and furnished with sufficient attention to the state and dignity of the prisoner; for Edward, though savage and relentless

when his blood was up, never descended into the cool and continuous cruelty of detail.

The chamber may yet be seen ; its shape a spacious octagon ; but the walls, now rude and bare, were then painted and blazoned with scenes from the Old Testament. The door opened beneath the pointed arch in the central side, (not where it now does,) giving entrance from a small ante-room, in which the visitor now beholds the receptacle for old rolls and papers. At the right, on entering, where now, if our memory mistake not, is placed a press, stood the bed, quaintly carved, and with hangings of damascene. At the farther end, the deep recess which faced the ancient door was fitted up as a kind of oratory. And there, were to be seen, besides the crucifix and the mass-book, a profusion of small vessels of gold and crystal, containing the relics, supposed or real, of Saint and Martyr, treasures which the deposed King had collected in his palmier days, at a sum that, in the minds of his followers, had been better bestowed on arms and war-steeds. A young man named Allerton—one of the three gentlemen personally attached to Henry, to whom Edward had permitted general access, and who in fact lodged in other apartments of the Wakefield Tower, and might be said to share his captivity—was seated before a table, and following the steps of his musing master, with earnest and watchful eyes.

One of the small spaniels employed in springing

game—for Henry, despite his mildness, had been fond of all the sports of the field—lay curled round on the floor, but started up, with a shrill bark, at the entrance of the bearer of the model, while a starling, in a cage, by the window, seemingly delighted at the disturbance, flapped his wings, and screamed out, “Bad men!—Bad world!—Poor Henry!”

The captive paused at that cry, and a sad and patient smile of inexpressible melancholy and sweetness hovered over his lips. Henry still retained much of the personal comeliness he possessed at the time when Margaret of Anjou, the theme of minstrel and minne-singer, left her native court of poets, for the fatal throne of England. But beauty, usually so popular and precious a gift to kings, was not in him of that order which commanded the eye and moved the admiration of a turbulent people and a haughty chivalry. The features, if regular, were small; their expression meek and timid; the form, though tall, was not firm-knit and muscular; the lower limbs were too thin, the body had too much flesh, the delicate hands betrayed the sickly paleness of feeble health; there was a dreamy vagueness in the clear soft blue eyes, and a listless absence of all energy in the habitual bend, the slow, heavy, sauntering tread—all about that benevolent aspect, that soft voice, that resigned mien, and gentle manner, spoke the exquisite, unresisting goodness, which provoked

the lewd to taunt, the hardy to despise, the insolent to rebel;—for the foes of a king in stormy times are often less his vices than his virtues.

“And now, good my Lord,” said Adam, hastening, with eager hands, to assist the bearer in depositing the model on the table, “now will I explain to you the contrivance, which it hath cost me long years of patient toil to shape from thought into this iron form.”

“But first,” said Allerton, “were it not well that these good people withdrew? A contriver likes not others to learn his secret ere the time hath come to reap its profits.”

“Surely—surely!” said Adam, and alarmed at the idea thus suggested, he threw the folds of his gown over the model.

The attendant bowed and retired; Hugh followed him, but not till he had exchanged a significant look with Allerton.

As soon as the room was left clear to Adam, the captive, and Master Allerton,—the last rose, and, looking hastily round the chamber, approached the mechanician. “Quick, sir!” said he, in a whisper, “we are not often left without witnesses.”

“Verily,” said Adam, who had now forgotten kings and stratagems, plots and counterplots, and was all-absorbed in his invention, “verily, young man, hurry not in this fashion—I am about to begin. Know, my Lord,” and he turned to

Henry, who, with an indolent, dreamy gaze, stood contemplating the Eureka,—“know that, more than a hundred years before the Christian era, one Hero, an Alexandrian, discovered the force produced by the vapour begot by heat on water. That this power was not unknown to the ancient sages—witness the contrivances, not otherwise to be accounted for, of the heathen oracles; but to our great countryman and predecessor, Roger Bacon, who first suggested that vehicles might be drawn without steeds or steers, and ships might——”

“Marry, sir,” interrupted Allerton, with great impatience, “it is not to prate to us of such trivial fables of Man, or such wanton sports of the Foul Fiend, that thou hast risked limb and life. Time is precious. I have been prevised that thou hast letters for King Henry; produce them—quick!”

A deep glow of indignation had overspread the Enthusiast’s face at the commencement of this address; but the close reminded him, in truth, of his errand.

“Hot youth,” said he, with dignity, “a future age may judge differently of what thou deemest trivial fables, and may rate high this poor invention, when the brawls of York and Lancaster are forgotten.”

“Hear him,” said Henry, with a soft smile, and laying his hand on the shoulder of the young

man, who was about to utter a passionate and scornful retort—"Hear him, sir. Have I not often and ever said this same thing to thee? We children of a day imagine our contests are the sole things that move the world. Alack! our fathers thought the same; and they and their turmoils sleep forgotten! Nay, Master Warner,"—for here Adam, poor man, awed by Henry's mildness into shame at his discourteous vaunting, began to apologize,—“nay, sir, nay — thou art right to condemn our bloody and futile struggles for a crown of thorns; for—

‘ Kingdoms are but cares,
State is devoid of stay;
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.’*

And yet, sir, believe me, thou hast no cause for vainglory in thine own craft and labours; for to wit and to lere there are the same vanity and vexation of spirit as to war and empire. Only, O would-be wise man, only when we muse on Heaven do our souls ascend from the Fowler's snare!”

“My saint-like Liege,” said Allerton, bowing low, and with tears in his eyes, “thinkest thou

* Lines ascribed to Henry VI., with commendation “as a prettie verse,” by Sir John Harrington, in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*. They are also given, with little alteration, to the unhappy king by Baldwin, in his tragedy of King Henry VI.

not that thy very disdain of thy rights makes thee more worthy of them? If not for thine, for thy son's sake—remember that the usurper sits on the throne of the Conqueror of Agincourt!—Sir Clerk, the letters.”

Adam, already anxious to retrieve the error of his first forgetfulness, here, after a moment's struggle for the necessary remembrance, drew the papers from the labyrinthine receptacle which concealed them; and Henry uttered an exclamation of joy as, after cutting the silk, his eye glanced over the writing—

“My Margaret! my wife!” Presently he grew pale, and his hands trembled. “Saints defend her!—Saints defend her! She is here, disguised, in London!”

“Margaret! our hero-queen! the manlike woman!” exclaimed Allerton, clasping his hands, “Then be sure that——” He stopped, and abruptly taking Adam's arm, drew him aside, while Henry continued to read—“Master Warner, we may trust thee—thou art one of us—thou art sent here, I know, by Robin of Redesdale—we may trust thee?”

“Young sir,” replied the philosopher, gravely, “the fears and hopes of power are not amidst the uneasier passions of the student's mind. I pledged myself but to bear these papers hither, and to return with what may be sent back.”

“ But thou didst this for love of the Cause, the Truth, and the Right?”

“ I did it partly from Hilyard’s tale of wrong—but partly, also, for the gold,” answered Adam, simply; and his noble air, his high brow, the serene calm of his features, so contrasted the meanness implied in the latter words of his confession, that Allerton stared at him amazed, and without reply.

Meanwhile Henry had concluded the letter, and with a heavy sigh glanced over the papers that accompanied it.

“ Alack ! alack ! more turbulence, more danger, and disquiet—more of my people’s blood !” He motioned to the young man, and drawing him to the window, while Adam returned to his model, put the papers in his hand. “ Allerton,” he said, “ thou lovest me, but thou art one of the few in this distraught land who love also God. Thou art not one of the warriors, the men of steel. Counsel me. See—Margaret demands my signature to these papers; the one, empowering and craving the levy of men and arms in the Northern counties; the other, promising free pardon to all who will desert Edward—the third, it seemeth to me more strange and less kinglike than the others,—undertaking to abolish all the imposts and all the laws that press upon the Commons, and (is this a holy and pious stipulation ?) to inquire into the

exactions and persecutions of the Priesthood of our Holy Church !”

“ Sire !” said the young man, after he had hastily perused the papers, “ my Lady Liege sheweth good argument for your assent to two, at least, of these undertakings. See the names of fifty gentlemen ready to take arms in your cause if authorized by your royal warrant. The men of the North are malcontent with the usurper, but they will not yet stir, unless at your own command. Such documents will, of course, be used with discretion, and not to imperil your Grace’s safety.”

“ My safety !” said Henry, with a flash of his father’s hero-soul in his eyes—“ of *that* I think not ! If I have small courage to attack, I have some fortitude to bear ! But, three months after these be signed, how many brave hearts will be still !—how many stout hands be dust ! O Margaret ! Margaret ! why temptest thou ? Wert thou so happy when a Queen ?”

The prisoner broke from Allerton’s arm, and walked, in great disorder and irresolution, to and fro the chamber ; and strange it was to see the contrast between himself and Warner—both, in so much alike—both so purely creatures out of the common world, so gentle—abstract—so utterly living in the life apart : and now, the student so calm, the Prince so disturbed ! The contrast struck Henry himself ! He paused abruptly, and, folding

his arms, contemplated the philosopher, as with an affectionate complacency, Adam played and toyed, as it were, with his beloved model ; now opening and shutting again its doors—now brushing away with his sleeve some particles of dust that had settled on it—now retiring a few paces to gaze the better on its stern symmetry.

“ Oh, my Allerton !” cried Henry, “ behold ! the kingdom a man makes out of his own mind is the only one that it delighteth man to govern ! Behold, he is lord over its springs and movements, its wheels revolve and stop at his bidding. Here, here, alone, God never asketh the ruler—‘ Why was the blood of thousands poured forth like water, that a worm might wear a crown ?’ ”

“ Sire,” said Allerton, solemnly, “ when our Heavenly King appoints his anointed Representative on earth, he gives to that human delegate no power to resign the ambassadorship and trust. What suicide is to a man, abdication is to a King ! How canst thou dispose of thy son’s rights ? And what become of those rights, if thou wilt prefer for him the exile—for thyself, the prison,—when one effort may restore a throne !”

Henry seemed struck by a tone of argument, that suited both his own mind and the reasoning of the age. He gazed a moment on the face of the young man, muttered to himself, and suddenly moving to the table, signed the papers, and restored

them to Adam, who mechanically replaced them in their iron hiding-place:—

“Now begone, sir!” whispered Allerton, afraid that Henry’s mind might again change.

“Will not my Lord examine the engine?” asked Warner, half-beseechingly.

“Not to day! See, he has already retired to his oratory—he is in prayer!” and, going to the door, Allerton summoned the attendants in waiting to carry down the model.

“Well, well—patience, patience—thou shalt have thine audience at last,” muttered Adam, as he retired from the room, his eyes fixed upon the neglected infant of his brain.

VI.

HOW, ON LEAVING KING LOG, FOOLISH WISDOM RUNS
A-MUCK ON KING STORK.

AT the outer door of the Tower by which he had entered, the philosopher was accosted by Catesby—a man who, in imitation of his young patron, exhibited the soft and oily manner which concealed intense ambition and innate ferocity.

“Worshipful, my master,” said he, bowing low, but with a half sneer on his lips, “the King and his Highness the Duke of Gloucester have heard much of your strange skill, and command me to lead you to their presence. Follow, sir, and you, my men, convey this quaint contrivance to the King’s apartments.”

With this, not waiting for any reply, Catesby strode on. Hugh’s face fell—he turned very pale, and, imagining himself unobserved, turned round to slink away. But Catesby, who seemed to have eyes at the back of his head, called out, in a mild tone.

“ Good ‘fellow, help to bear the mechanical—you too may be needed.”

“ Cog’s wounds !” muttered Hugh, “ an’ I had but known what it was to set my foot in a King’s palace ! Such walking may do for the silken shoon, but the hobnail always gets into a hobble.” With that, affecting a cheerful mien, he helped to replace the model on the mule.

Meanwhile, Adam, elated, poor man ! at the flattery of the royal mandate, persuaded that his fame had reached Edward’s ears, and chafed at the little heed paid by the pious Henry to his great work, stalked on, his head in the air. “ Verily,” mused the student, “ King Edward may have been a cruel youth, and over hasty ; it is horrible to think of Robin Hilyard’s calamities ! But men do say he hath an acute and masterly comprehension. Doubtless, he will perceive at a glance how much I can advantage his kingdom.” With this, we grieve to say, selfish reflection, which if the thought of his model could have slept awhile, Adam would have blushed to recall, as an affront to Hilyard’s wrongs, the philosopher followed Catesby across the spacious yard, along a narrow passage, and up a winding turret-stair, to a room in the third story, which opened at one door into the King’s closet, at the other into the spacious gallery, which was already a feature in the plan of the more princely houses. In another minute

Adam and his model were in the presence of the King. The part of the room in which Edward sate was distinguished from the rest by a small eastern carpet on the floor (a luxury more in use in the palaces of that day, than it appears to have been a century later);* a table was set before him, on which the model was placed. At his right hand sat Jacquetta Duchess of Bedford, the Queen's mother; at his left, Prince Richard. The Duchess, though not without the remains of beauty, had a stern, haughty, scornful expression, in her sharp aquiline features, compressed lips, and imperious eye. The paleness of her complexion, and the care-worn anxious lines of her countenance were ascribed by the vulgar to studies of no holy cast. Her reputation for sorcery and witchcraft was daily increasing, and served well the purpose of the discontented barons, whom the rise of her children mortified and enraged.

"Approach, Master——What say you his name is, Richard?"

"Adam Warner," replied the sweet voice of the Duke of Gloucester, "of excellent skill in the mathematics."

"Approach, sir, and shew us the nature of this notable invention."

"I desire nothing better, my Lord King," said Adam, boldly. "But first, let me crave a small

* See the Narrative of the Lord Grauthuse, before referred to.

modicum of fuel. Fire, which is the life of the world, as the wise of old held it, is also the soul of this—my mechanical.”

“Peradventure,” whispered the Duchess, “the wizard desireth to consume us!”

“More likely,” replied Richard, in the same under tone, “to consume whatever of treasonable nature may lurk concealed in his engine.”

“True,” said Edward, and then, speaking aloud, “Master Warner,” he added, “put thy puppet to its purpose—without fire ;—we will it.”

“It is impossible, my lord,” said Adam, with a lofty smile. “Science and nature are more powerful than a King’s word.”

“Do not say that in public, my friend,” said Edward, drily, “or we must hang thee! I would not my subjects were told anything so treasonable. Howbeit, to give thee no excuse in failure, thou shalt have what thou needest.”

“But surely not in our presence,” exclaimed the Duchess. “This may be a device of the Lancastrians for our perdition.”

“As you please, Belle Mere,” said Edward, and he motioned to a gentleman, who stood a few paces behind his chair, and who, from the entrance of the mechanician, had seemed to observe him with intense interest. “Master Nevile, attend this wise man ; supply his wants, and hark, in thy ear, watch well that he abstract nothing from the womb

of his engine—observe what he doeth—be all eyes.” Marmaduke bowed low to conceal his change of countenance, and, stepping forward, made a sign to Adam to follow him.

“Go also, Catesby,” said Richard to his follower, who had taken his post near him, “and clear the chamber.”

As soon as the three members of the royal family were left alone, the King, stretching himself, with a slight yawn, observed, “This man looks not like a conspirator, brother Richard, though his sententiary as to nature and science lacked loyalty and respect.”

“Sire and brother,” answered Richard, “great leaders often dupe their own tools; at least, meseemeth that they would reason well so to do. Remember, I have told thee, that there is strong cause to suppose Margaret to be in London. In the suburbs of the city has also appeared, within the last few weeks, that strange and dangerous person, whose very objects are a mystery, save that he is our foe, Robin of Redesdale. The men of the north have exhibited a spirit of insurrection; a man of that country attends this reputed wizard, and he himself was favoured in past times by Henry of Windsor. These are ominous signs when the conjunctions be considered!”

“It is well said; but a fair day for breathing our palfreys is half spent!” returned the indolent Prince.

“By'r lady! I like the fashion of thy supertunic well, Richard; but thou hast it too much puffed over the shoulders.”

Richard's dark eye shot fire, and he gnawed his lip as he answered—“God hath not given to me the fair shape of my kinsmen!”

“Thy pardon, dear boy,” said Edward, kindly; “yet little needest thou our broad backs and strong sinews, for thou hast a tongue to charm women, and a wit to command men.”

Richard bowed his face, little less beautiful than his brother's, though wholly different from it in feature, for Edward had the long oval countenance, the fair hair, the rich colouring, and the large outline of his mother, the Rose of Raby. Richard, on the contrary, had the short face, the dark brown locks, and the pale olive complexion of his father, whom he alone of the royal brothers strikingly resembled.* The cheeks, too, were somewhat sunken, and already, though scarcely past childhood, about his lips were seen the lines of thoughtful manhood. But then those small features, delicately aquiline, were so regular—that dark eye was so deep, so fathomless in its bright musing intelligence—that quivering lip was at once so beautifully formed and so expressive of intellectual subtlety and haughty will—and that pale forehead was so massive, high, and

* Pol. Virg. 544.

majestic, that when, at a later period, the Scottish Prelate* commended Richard's 'princely countenance,' the compliment was not one to be disputed, much less contemned. But now as he rose, obedient to a whisper from the Duchess, and followed her to the window, while Edward appeared engaged in admiring the shape of his own long upturned shoes, those defects in his shape which the popular hatred and the rise of the House of Tudor exaggerated into the absolute deformity, that the unexamining ignorance of modern days, and that fiery tragedy, least worthy of Shakespere, and *therefore* most popular with the vulgar, have fixed into established caricature, were sufficiently apparent. Deformed or hunchbacked we need scarcely say he was not, for no man so disfigured could have possessed that great personal strength which he invariably exhibited in battle, despite the comparative slightness of his frame. He was considerably below the ordinary height,

* Archibald Quhitlaw.—“Faciem tuam summo imperio principatu dignam inspicit, 'quam moralis et heroica, virtus illustrat,' &c:—We need scarcely observe that even a Scotchman would not have risked a public compliment to Richard's face, if so inappropriate as to seem a sarcasm, especially as the orator immediately proceeds to notice the shortness of Richard's stature—a comment not likely to have been peculiarly acceptable: In the Rous Roll, the portrait of Richard represents him as undersized, but compactly and strongly built, and without any sign of deformity, unless the inelegant defect of a short neck can be so called.

which the great stature of his brother rendered yet more disadvantageous by contrast, but his lower limbs were strong-jointed and muscular. Though the back was not curved, yet one shoulder was slightly higher than the other, which was the more observable from the evident pains that he took to disguise it, and the gorgeous splendour, savouring of personal coxcombry,—from which no Plantagenet was ever free,—that he exhibited in his dress. And as, in a warlike age, the physical conformation of men is always critically regarded, so this defect, and that of his low stature, were not so much redeemed as they would be in our day by the beauty and intelligence of his face. Added to this, his neck was short, and a habit of bending his head on his bosom, (arising either from thought or the affectation of humility, which was a part of his character,) made it seem shorter still. But this peculiarity, while taking from the grace, added to the strength of his frame, which, spare, sinewy, and compact, shewed to an observer that power of endurance—that combination of solid stubbornness and active energy, which, at the Battle of Barnet, made him no less formidable to encounter than the ruthless sword of the mighty Edward.

“So, Prince,” said the Duchess, “this new gentleman of the King’s is, it seems, a Nevile. When will Edward’s high spirit cast off that hateful yoke?”

Richard sighed and shook his head. The Duchess, encouraged by these signs of sympathy, continued—

“Your brother Clarence, Prince Richard, despises us, to cringe to the proud Earl. But you——”

“Am not suitor to the Lady Isabel; Clarence is over-lavish, and Isabel has a fair face and a queenly dowry.”

“May I perish,” said the Duchess, “ere Warwick’s daughter wears the baudekin of royalty, and sits in as high a state as the queen’s mother! Prince, I would fain confer with thee; we have a project to abase and banish this hateful lord. If you but join us, success is sure. The Count of Charolois——”

“Dear Lady,” interrupted Richard, with an air of profound humility, “tell me nothing of plot or project; my years are too few for such high and subtle policy; and the Lord Warwick hath been a leal friend to our House of York.”

The Duchess bit her lip—“Yet I have heard you tell Edward that a subject can be too powerful?”

“Never, Lady! *you* have never heard me.”

“Then Edward has told Elizabeth that you so spoke.”

“Ah!” said Richard, turning away with a smile; “I see that the King’s conscience hath a discreet

keeper. Pardon me. Edward, now he hath sufficiently surveyed his shoon, must marvel at this prolonged colloquy. And see, the door opens."

With this, the Duke slowly moved to the table, and resumed his seat.

Marmaduke, full of fear for his ancient host, had in vain sought an opportunity to address a few words of exhortation to him to forbear all necromancy, and to abstain from all perilous distinctions between the power of Edward IV. and that of his damnable Nature and Science; but Catesby watched him with so feline a vigilance, that he was unable to slip in more than—"Ah, Master Warner, for our blessed Lord's sake, recollect that rack and cord are more than mere words here!" To the which pleasant remark, Adam, then busy in filling his miniature boiler, only replied by a wistful stare, not in the least recognising the Neville in his fine attire, and the new-fashioned mode of dressing his long hair.

But Catesby watched in vain for the abstraction of any treasonable contents in the engine, which the Duke of Gloucester had so shrewdly suspected. The truth must be told. Adam had entirely forgotten that in the intricacies of his mechanical lurked the papers that might overthrow a throne! Magnificent Incarnation was he (in that oblivion) of Science itself, which cares not a jot for men and nations, in their ephemeral ex-

istences, which only remembers THINGS—things that endure for ages ; and in its stupendous calculations loses sight of the unit of a generation ! No—he had thoroughly forgotten Henry, Edward, his own limbs and life—not only York and Lancaster, but Adam Warner and the rack. Grand in his forgetfulness, he stood before the tiger and the tiger-cat—Edward and Richard—A Pure Thought — a Man's Soul ; Science fearless in the presence of Cruelty, Tyranny, Craft, and Power.

In truth, now that Adam was thoroughly in his own sphere—was in the domain of which *he* was king, and those beings in velvet and ermine were but as ignorant savages admitted to the frontier of his realm, his form seemed to dilate into a majesty the beholders had not before recognised. And even the lazy Edward muttered, involuntarily—“By my halidame, the man has a noble presence !”

“I am prepared now, sire,” said Adam, loftily, “to shew to my King and to his Court, that, unnoticed and obscure, in study and retreat, often live those men whom kings may be proud to call their subjects. Will it please you, my lords, this way ?” and he motioned so commandingly to the room in which he had left the Eureka, that his audience rose by a common impulse, and in another minute stood grouped round the model in

the adjoining chamber. This really wonderful invention—so wonderful, indeed, that it will surpass the faith of those who do not pause to consider what vast forestalments of modern science have been made and lost in the darkness of ages not fitted to receive them,—was, doubtless, in many important details, not yet adapted for the practical uses to which Adam designed its application. But as a mere model, as a marvellous essay, for the suggestion of gigantic results, it was, perhaps, to the full as effective as the ingenuity of a mechanic of our own day could construct. It is true that it was crowded with unnecessary cylinders, slides, cocks, and wheels—hideous and clumsy to the eye—but through this intricacy the great simple design accomplished its main object. It contrived to shew what force and skill man can obtain from the alliance of nature; the more clearly, inasmuch as the mechanism affixed to it, still more ingenious than itself, was well calculated to illustrate practically one of the many uses to which the principle was destined to be applied.

Adam had not yet fathomed the secret by which to supply the miniature cylinder with sufficient steam for any prolonged effect, the great truth of latent heat was unknown to him; but he had contrived to regulate the supply of water so as to make the engine discharge its duties sufficiently for the satisfaction of curiosity, and the explanation

of its objects. And now this strange thing of iron was in full life. From its serpent-chimney issued the thick rapid smoke, and the groan of its travail was heard within.

“And what propose you to yourself and to the kingdom, in all this, Master Adam?” asked Edward, curiously, bending his tall person over the tortured iron.

“I propose to make Nature the labourer of man,” answered Warner. “When I was a child of some eight years old, I observed that water swelleth into vapour when fire is applied to it. Twelve years afterwards, at the age of twenty, I observed that while undergoing this change, it exerts a mighty mechanical force. At twenty-five, constantly musing, I said, ‘Why should not that force become subject to man’s art?’ I then began the first rude model, of which this is the descendant. I noticed that the vapour so produced is elastic—that is, that as it expands, it presses against what opposes it; it has a force applicable everywhere force is needed by man’s labour. Behold a second agency of gigantic resources; and then, still studying this, I perceived that the vapour thus produced can be reconverted into water, shrinking necessarily, while so re-transformed, from the space it filled as vapour, and leaving that space a vacuum. But Nature abhors a vacuum—produce a vacuum, and the bodies that

surround rush into it. Thus the vapour again, while changing back into water, becomes also a force—our agent. And all the while these truths were shaping themselves to my mind, I was devising and improving also the material form by which I might render them useful to man,—so at last, out of these truths, arose this invention !”

“Pardie,” said Edward, with the haste natural to royalty, “what in common there can be between thy jargon of smoke and water and this huge ugliness of iron, passeth all understanding. But spare us thy speeches, and on to thy puppet-show.”

Adam stared a moment at the King in the surprise, that one full of his subject feels when he sees it impossible to make another understand it, sighed, shook his head, and prepared to begin.

“Observe,” he said, “that there is no juggling, no deceit. I will place in this deposit this small lump of brass—would the size of this toy would admit of larger experiment ! I will then pray ye to note, as I open door after door, how the metal passes through various changes, all operated by this one agency of vapour. Heed and attend. And if the crowning work please thee, think, great King, what such an agency upon the large scale would be to thee ; think how it would multiply all arts, and lessen all labour ; think that thou hast, in this, achieved for a whole people the true Philosopher’s stone. Now, note !”

He placed the rough ore in its receptacle, and suddenly it seemed seized by a vice within, and vanished. He proceeded then, while dexterously attending to the complex movements, to open door after door, to shew the astonished spectators the rapid transitions the metal underwent, and suddenly, in the midst of his pride, he stopped short, for, like a lightning flash, came across his mind the remembrance of the fatal papers. Within the next door he was to open, they lay concealed. His change of countenance did not escape Richard, and he noted the door which Adam forebore to open, as the student hurriedly, and with some presence of mind, passed to the next, in which the metal was shortly to appear.

“Open *this* door,” said the Prince, pointing to the handle.

“No!—forbear! There is danger!—forbear!” exclaimed the mechanician.

“Danger to thine own neck, varlet and impostor!” exclaimed the Duke; and he was about himself to open the door, when suddenly a loud roar—a terrific explosion was heard. Alas! Adam Warner had not yet discovered for his engine what we now call the safety-valve. The steam contained in the miniature boiler had acquired an undue pressure; Adam’s attention had been too much engrossed to notice the signs of the growing increase, and the rest may be easily conceived.

Nothing could equal the stupor and horror of the spectators at this explosion, save only the boy-Duke, who remained immovable, and still frowning. All rushed to the door, huddling one on the other, scarcely knowing what next was to befall them; but certain that the wizard was bent upon their destruction. Edward was the first to recover himself; and seeing that no lives were lost, his first impulse was that of ungovernable rage.

"Foul traitor!" he exclaimed, "was it for this that thou hast pretended to beguile us with thy damnable sorceries? Seize him! Away to the Tower Hill! and let the priest patter an ave, while the doomsman knots the rope."

Not a hand stirred; even Catesby would as lief have touched the King's lion before meals, as the poor mechanic, standing aghast, and unheeding all, beside his mutilated engine.

"Master Nevile," said the King, sternly, "dost thou hear us?"

"Verily," muttered the Nevile, approaching very slowly, "I knew what would happen; but to lay hands on my host, an' he were fifty times a wizard—No! My Liege," he said, in a firm tone, but falling on his knee, and his gallant countenance pale with generous terror—"My Liege, forgive me. This man succoured me when struck down and wounded by a Lancastrian ruffian—this man gave me shelter food, and healing. Com-

mand me not, O gracious my Lord, to aid in taking the life of one to whom I owe my own."

"His life!" exclaimed the Duchess of Bedford—"the life of this most illustrious person! Sire, you do not dream it!"

"Heh! by the saints, what now?" cried the King, whose choler, though fierce and ruthless, was as short-lived as the passions of the indolent usually are, and whom the earnest interposition of his mother-in-law much surprised and diverted. "If, fair *belle mere*, thou thinkest it so illustrious a deed to frighten us out of our mortal senses, and narrowly to 'scape sending us across the river like a bevy of balls from a bombard, there is no disputing of tastes. Rise up, Master Nevile, we esteem thee not less for thy boldness; ever be the host and the benefactor revered by English gentleman and Christian youth. Master Warner may go free."

Here Warner uttered so deep and hollow a groan, that it startled all present.

"Twenty-five years of labour, and not to have foreseen this!" he ejaculated. "Twenty and five years, and all wasted! How repair this disaster—O fatal day!"

"What says he?—what means he?" said Jacquetta.

"Come home!—home!" said Marmaduke, approaching the philosopher, in great alarm lest he

should once more jeopardize his life. But Adam, shaking him off, began eagerly, and with tremulous hands, to examine the machine, and not perceiving any mode by which to guard in future against a danger that he saw at once would, if not removed, render his invention useless, tottered to a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

“He seemeth mightily grieved that our bones are still whole!” muttered Edward. “And why, *belle mere* mine, wouldst thou protect this pleasant *tregetour*?”

“What!” said the Duchess—“see you not that a man capable of such devices must be of doughty service against our foes?”

“Not I—how?”

“Why, if merely to signify his displeasure at our young Richard’s over-curious meddling, he can cause this strange engine to shake the walls—nay, to destroy itself, think what he might do were his power and malice at our disposing. I know something of these nigromancers.”

“And would you knew less! for already the Commons murmur at your favour to them. But be it as you will. And now—ho, there!—let our steeds be caparisoned.”

“You forget, Sire,” said Richard, who had hitherto silently watched the various parties, “the object for which we summoned this worthy man. Please you now, sir, to open that door.”

“No—no!” exclaimed the King, hastily, “I will have no more provoking the foul fiend—conspirator or not, I have had enough of Master Warner. Pah! My poor placard is turned lampblack. Sweet mother-in-law, take him under thy protection; and Richard, come with me.”

So saying the King linked his arm in that of the reluctant Gloucester, and quitted the room. The Duchess then ordered the rest also to depart, and was left alone with the crest-fallen philosopher.

VII.

MY LADY DUCHESS'S OPINION OF THE UTILITY OF MASTER
WARNER'S INVENTION, AND HER ESTEEM FOR ITS—EX-
PLOSION!

ADAM, utterly unheeding, or rather deaf to, the discussion that had taken place, and his narrow escape from cord and gibbet, lifted his head peevishly from his bosom, as the Duchess rested her hand almost caressingly on his shoulder, and thus addressed him:—

“Most puissant sir, think not that I am one of those, who, in their ignorance and folly, slight the mysteries of which thou art clearly so great a master. When I heard thee speak of subjecting Nature to Man, I at once comprehended thee, and blushed for the dulness of my kindred.”

“Ah! lady, thou hast studied, then, the mathematics. Alack! this is a grievous blow; but it is no inherent fault in the device. I am clearly of mind

that it can be remedied. But oh ! what time—what thought—what sleepless nights—what gold will be needed !”

“ Give me thy sleepless nights and thy grand thoughts, and thou shalt not want gold.”

“ Lady,” cried Adam, starting to his feet, “ do I hear aright ? Art thou, in truth, the patron I have so long dreamed of ? Hast thou the brain and the heart to aid the pursuits of science ?”

“ Ay ! and the power to protect the students ! Sage, I am the Duchess of Bedford, whom men accuse of witchcraft—as thee of wizardry. From the wife of a private gentleman, I have become the mother of a Queen. I stand amidst a Court full of foes ; I desire gold to corrupt, and wisdom to guard against, and means to destroy, them. And I seek all these in men like thee !”

Adam turned on her his bewildered eyes, and made no answer.

“ They tell me,” said the Duchess, “ that Henry of Windsor employed learned men to transmute the baser metals into gold. Wert thou one of them ?”

“ No.”

“ Thou knowest that art ?”

“ I studied it in my youth, but the ingredients of the crucible were too costly.”

“ Thou shalt not lack them with me—thou

knowest the lore of the stars, and canst foretel the designs of enemies—the hour whether to act or to forbear?”

“Astrology I have studied, but that also was in youth, for there dwelleth in the pure mathematics that have led me to this invention——”

“Truce with that invention, whatever it be—think of it no more, it has served its end in the explosion, which proved thy power of mischief—high objects are now before thee. Wilt thou be of my household, one of my alchemists and astrologers? Thou shalt have leisure, honour, and all the moneys thou canst need.”

“Moneys!” said Adam eagerly, and casting his eyes upon the mangled model—“well, I agree—what you will—alchemist, astrologist, wizard—what you will. This shall all be repaired—all—I begin to see now—ah! I begin to see—yes, if a pipe by which the too excessive vapour could—ay, ay!—right, right,” and he rubbed his hands.

Jacquetta was struck with his enthusiasm—“But surely, Master Warner, this has some virtue you have not vouchsafed to explain;—confide in me—can it change iron to gold?”

“No—but——”

“Can it predict the future?”

“No—but——”

“Can it prolong life?”

“No—but——”

“Then in God’s name let us waste no more time about it!” said the Duchess, impatiently—“your art is mine now. Ho, there!—I will send my page to conduct thee to thy apartments, and thou shalt lodge next to Friar Bungey, a man of wondrous lere, Master Warner, and a worthy confrere in thy researches. Hast thou any one of kith and kin at home, to whom thou wilt announce thy advancement?”

“Ah, Lady! Heaven forgive me, I have a daughter—an only child—my Sybill, I cannot leave her alone, and——”

“Well, nothing should distract thy cares from thine art—she shall be sent for. I will rank her amongst my maidens. Fare-thee-well, Master Warner! At night I will send for thee, and appoint the tasks I would have thee accomplish.”

So saying, the Duchess quitted the room, and left Adam alone, bending over his model in deep reverie.

From this absorption it was the poor man’s fate to be again aroused.

The peculiar character of the boy-Prince of Gloucester was that of one who having once seized upon an object, never willingly relinquished it. First he crept and slid, and coiled around it as the snake. But if craft failed, his passion roused by resistance, sprang at his prey with a lion’s leap: and whoever examines the career of this extra-

ordinary personage, will perceive, that whatever might be his habitual hypocrisy, he seemed to lose sight of it wholly, when once resolved upon force. Then the naked ferocity with which the destructive propensity swept away the objects in his path becomes fearfully and startlingly apparent, and offers a strange contrast to the wily duplicity with which, in calmer moments, he seems to have sought to coax the victim into his folds. Firmly convinced that Adam's engine had been made the medium of dangerous and treasonable correspondence with the royal prisoner, and, of that suspicious, restless, feverish temperament, which never slept when a fear was awakened, a doubt conceived, he had broke from his brother, whose more open valour and less unquiet intellect were ever willing to leave the crown defended but by the gibbet for the detected traitor—the sword for the declared foe ; and obtaining Edward's permission "to inquire further into these strange matters," he sent at once for the porter who had conveyed the model to the Tower ; but that suspicious accomplice was gone. The sound of the explosion of the engine had no less startled the guard below than the spectators above. Releasing their hold of their prisoner, they had, some taken fairly to their heels, others rushed into the palace to learn what mischief had ensued ; and Hugh, with the quick discretion of his north country, had not lost so

favourable an opportunity for escape. There, stood the dozing mule at the door below, but the guide was vanished. More confirmed in his suspicions by this disappearance of Adam's companion, Richard, giving some preparatory orders to Catesby, turned at once to the room which still held the philosopher and his device. He closed the door on entering, and his brow was dark and sinister as he approached the musing inmate. But here we must return to Sybill.

VIII.

THE OLD WOMAN TALKS OF SORROWS—THE YOUNG WOMAN DREAMS OF LOVE—THE COURTIER FLIES FROM PRESENT POWER TO REMEMBRANCES OF PAST HOPES—AND THE WORLD-BETTERER OPENS UTOPIA, WITH A VIEW OF THE GIBBET FOR THE SILLY SAGE HE HAS SEDUCED INTO HIS SCHEMES—SO, EVER AND EVERMORE, RUNS THE WORLD AWAY!

THE old lady looked up from her embroidery-frame, as Sybill sate musing on a stool before her; she scanned the maiden with a wistful and somewhat melancholy eye.

“Fair girl,” she said, breaking a silence that had lasted for some moments, “it seems to me that I have seen thy face before. Wert thou never in Queen Margaret’s Court?”

“In childhood, yes, Lady.”

“Do you not remember me, the Dame of Longueville?”

Sybill started in surprise, and gazed long before she recognised the features of her hostess; for the Dame of Longueville had been still, when Sybill

was a child at the Court, renowned for matronly beauty, and the change was greater than the lapse of years could account for. The lady smiled sadly: "Yes, you marvel to see me thus bent and faded. Maiden, I lost my husband at the battle of St. Alban's, and my three sons in the field of Tooton. My lands and my wealth have been confiscated to enrich new men; and to one of them—one of the enemies of the only king, Alice de Longueville will acknowledge, I owe the food for my board, and the roof for my head. Do you marvel now that I am so changed?"

Sybill rose and kissed the Lady's hand, and the tear that sparkled on its surface was her only answer.

"I learn," said the Dame of Longueville, "that your father has an order from the Lord Hastings to see King Henry. I trust that he will rest here as he returns, to tell me how the monarch-saint bears his afflictions. But I know: his example should console us all." She paused a moment, and resumed, "Sees your father much of the Lord Hastings?"

"He never saw him that I weet of," answered Sybill, blushing; "the order was given, but as of usual form to a learned scholar."

"But given to whom?" persisted the Lady.

"To—to me," replied Sybill, falteringly.

The Dame of Longueville smiled.

“ Ah, Hastings could scarcely say no to a prayer from such rosy lips. But let me not imply ought to disparage his humane and gracious heart. To Lord Hastings, next to God and His saints, I owe all that is left to me on earth. Strange, that he is not yet here. This is the usual day and hour on which he comes, from pomp and pleasurement, to visit the lonely widow.” And, pleased to find an attentive listener to her grateful loquacity, the Dame then proceeded, with warm eulogies upon her protector, to inform Sybill that her husband had, in the first outbreak of the Civil War, chanced to capture Hastings, and, moved by his valour and youth, and some old connexions with his father, Sir Leonard, had favoured his escape from the certain death that awaited him from the wrath of the relentless Margaret. After the field of Touton, Hastings had accepted one of the manors confiscated from the attainted House of Longueville, solely that he might restore it to the widow of the fallen Lord; and, with a chivalrous consideration, not contented with beneficence, he omitted no occasion to shew to the noblewoman whatever homage and respect might soothe the pride, which, in the poverty of those who have been great, becomes disease. The loyalty of the Lady Longueville was carried to a sentiment, most rare in that day, and rather resembling the devotion inspired by the later Stuarts. She made her

home within the precincts of the Tower, that, morning and eve, when Henry opened his lattice to greet the rising and the setting sun, she might catch a dim and distant glance of the captive king, or animate, by that sad sight, the hopes and courage of the Lancastrian emissaries, to whom, fearless of danger, she scrupled not to give counsel and, at need, asylum. And yet, perhaps, that sentiment, if analyzed, had not been purely and simply loyalty. For with the thought of the Lancastrian monarch—with the glimpse of his melancholy face, were associated countless other, and perhaps more beloved, remembrances of her palmy day of beauty and of power,—when her smile had seemed the star of the galliard, when her glove had been the guerdon of the joust; and with the image of that world-despising saint was combined all the sweet remembered vanities of the world.

While Sybill, with enchanted sense, was listening to the praise of Hastings, a low knock at the door was succeeded by the entrance of that nobleman/ himself. Not to Elizabeth, in the alcoves of Shene, or on the dais of the palace hall, did the graceful courtier bend with more respectful reverence than to the powerless widow, whose very bread was his alms, for the true high-breeding of chivalry exists not without delicacy of feeling, formed originally by warmth of heart; and, though the

warmth may lose its glow, the delicacy endures, as the steel, that acquires through heat its polish, retains its lustre, even when the shine but betrays the hardness.

“ And how fares my noble Lady of Longueville ? But need I ask ? for her cheek still wears the rose of Lancaster. A companion ? Ha ! Mistress Warner, I learn now how much pleasure exists in surprise ! ”

“ My young visitor,” said the dame, “ is but an old friend ; she was one of the child-maidens reared at the court of Queen Margaret.”

“ In sooth ! ” exclaimed Hastings ; and then, in an altered tone, he added, “ but I should have guessed so much grace had not come all from nature. And your father is gone to see the Lord Henry, and you rest, here, his return ? Ah, noble lady ! may you harbour always such innocent Lancastrians.”

The fascination of this eminent person’s voice and manner was such, that it soon restored Sybill to the ease she had lost at his sudden entrance. He conversed gaily with the old dame upon such matters of court anecdote, as in all the changes of state, were still welcome to one so long accustomed to court air ; but from time to time he addressed himself to Sybill, and provoked replies which startled herself—for she was not yet well aware of her own gifts—by their spirit and intelligence.

“ You do not tell us,” said the Lady Longue-

ville, sarcastically, "of the happy spousailles of Elizabeth's brother with the Duchess of Norfolk—a bachelor of twenty, a bride of some eighty-two.* Verily, these alliances are new things in the history of English royalty. But when Edward, who, even if not a rightful king, is at least a born Plantagenet, condescended to marry Mistress Elizabeth, a born Woodville, scarce of good gentleman's blood, nought else seems strange enough to provoke marvel."

"As to the last matter," returned Hastings, gravely, "though her grace the Queen be no warm friend to me, I must needs become her champion and the King's. The lady who refused the dishonouring suit of the fairest prince and the boldest knight in the Christian world, thereby made herself worthy of the suit that honoured her; it was not Elizabeth Woodville alone that won the purple. On the day she mounted a throne, the Chastity of Woman herself was crowned."

"What!" said the Lady Longueville, angrily, "mean you to say that there is no disgrace in the mal-alliance of kite and falcon—of Plantagenet and Woodville—of high-born and mud-descended?"

"You forget, lady, that the widow of Henry the

* The old chronicler justly calls this a "diabolical marriage." It greatly roused the wrath of the nobles, and indeed of all honourable men, as a proof of the shameless avarice of the queen's family.

Fifth, Katherine of Valois, a king's daughter, married the Welch soldier, Owen Tudor—that all England teems with brave men born from similar spousailles, where love has levelled all distinctions, and made a purer hearth, and raised a bolder offspring, than the lukewarm likings of hearts that beat but for lands and gold. Wherefore, lady, appeal not to me, a squire of dames, a believer in the old Parliament of Love;—whoever is fair and chaste, gentle and loving, is, in the eyes of William De Hastings, the mate and equal of a king!”

Sybill turned involuntarily as the courtier spoke thus, with animation in his voice and fire in his eye; she turned, and her breath came quick;—she turned, and her look met his, and those words and that look sank deep into her heart; they called forth brilliant and ambitious dreams; they rooted the growing love, but they aided to make it holy; they gave to the delicious fancy what before it had not paused, on its wing, to sigh for; they gave it that, without which all fancy, sooner or later, dies; they gave it that, which once received in a noble heart, is the excuse for untiring faith; they gave it—HOPE!

“And thou wouldst say,” replied the Lady of Longueville, with a meaning smile, still more emphatically—“thou wouldst say that a youth, brave and well nurtured, ambitious and loving, ought, in

the eyes of rank and pride, to be the mate and equal of ——”

“Ah, noble dame,” interrupted Hastings, quickly. “I must not prolong encounter with so sharp a wit. Let me leave that answer to this fair maiden, for, by rights, it is a challenge to her sex, not to mine.”

“How say you then, Mistress Warner?” said the dame. “Suppose a young heiress, of the loftiest birth, of the broadest lands, of the comeliest form—suppose her wooed by a gentleman, poor and stationless, but with a mighty soul, born to achieve greatness, would she lower herself by hearkening to his suit?”

“A maiden, methinks,” answered Sybill, with reluctant but charming hesitation, “cannot love truly, if she love unworthily; and if she love worthily, it is not rank nor wealth she loves.”

“But her parents, sweet mistress, may deem differently, and should not her love refuse submission to their tyranny?” asked Hastings.

“Nay, good my lord, nay,” returned Sybill, shaking her head with thoughtful demureness. “Surely the wooer, if *he* love worthily, will not press her to the curse of a child’s disobedience and a parent’s wrath!”

“Shrewdly answered,” said the Dame of Longueville.

“ Then she would renounce the poor gentleman if the parent ordain her to marry a rich lord. Ah, you hesitate ; for a woman’s ambition is pleased with the excuse of a child’s obedience.”

Hastings said this so bitterly, that Sybill could not but perceive that some personal feeling gave significance to his words. Yet how could they be applied to him,—to one now in rank and repute equal to the highest below the throne ?

“ If the Demoiselle should so choose,” said the Dame of Longueville, “ it seemeth to me that the rejected sùitor might find it facile to disdain and to forget.”

Hastings made no reply ; but that remarkable and deep shade of melancholy which sometimes in his gayest hours startled those who beheld it, and which had perhaps induced many of the prophecies that circulated, as to the untimely and violent death that should close his bright career, gathered like a cloud over his broad and musing brow. At this moment the door opened gently, and Robert Hilyard stood at the aperture. He was clad in the dress of a friar, but the raised cowl shewed his features to the Lady of Longueville, to whom alone he was visible ; and those bold features were literally haggard with agitation and alarm. He lifted his finger to his lips, and motioning the lady to follow him, closed the door.

The Dame of Longueville rose, and praying her visitors to excuse her absence for a few moments, she left Hastings and Sybill to themselves.

"Lady," said Hilyard, in a hollow whisper, as soon as the dame appeared in the low hall, communicating on one hand with the room just left, on the other with the street, "I fear all will be detected. Hush! Adam and the iron coffer that contains the precious papers have been conducted to Edward's presence. A terrible explosion, possibly connected with the contrivance, caused such confusion among the guards, that Hugh escaped to scare me with his news. Stationed near the gate in this disguise, I ventured to enter the courtyard, and saw—saw—the **TORMENTOR!**—the torturer—the hideous, masked, minister of agony, led towards the chambers in which our hapless messenger is examined by the ruthless tyrants. Gloucester, the lynx-eyed mannikin, is there!"

"O Margaret, my queen!" exclaimed the Lady of Longueville, "the papers will reveal her whereabouts."

"No—she is safe," returned Hilyard; "but thy poor scholar, I tremble for him, and for the heads of all whom the papers name."

"What can be done! Ha! Lord Hastings is here—he is ever humane and pitiful. Dare we confide in him?"

A bright gleam shot over Hilyard's face. "Yes—yes; let me confer with him alone. I wait him here—quick!"

The lady hastened back. Hastings was conversing in a low voice with Sybill. She whispered in his ear, drew him into the hall, and left him alone with the false friar, who had drawn the cowl over his face.

"Lord Hastings," said Hilyard, speaking rapidly, "you are in danger, if not of loss of life, of loss of favour. You gave a passport to one Warner to see the ex-King Henry. Warner's simplicity (for he is innocent) hath been duped—he is made the bearer of secret intelligence from the unhappy gentlemen who still cling to the Lancaster cause. He is suspected—he is examined—he may be questioned by the torture. If the treason be discovered, it was thy hand signed the passport—the Queen, thou knowest, hates thee—the Woodvilles thirst for thy downfall. What handle may this give them! Fly, my lord, my son—fly to the Tower—thou mayst yet be in time—thy wit can screen all that may otherwise be bare. Save this poor scholar—conceal this correspondence.—Hark ye, Lord! frown not so haughtily—that correspondence names thee as one who has taken the gold of Count Charolois, and whom, therefore, King Louis may outbuy. Look to thyself!"

A slight blush passed over the pale brow of the

great statesman, but he answered with a steady voice, "Friar or layman, I care not which; the gold of the heir of Burgundy was a gift, not a bribe. But I need no threats to save, if not too late, from rack and gibbet, the life of a guiltless man. I am gone. Hold! Bid the maiden, the scholar's daughter, follow me to the Tower."

IX.

HOW THE DESTRUCTIVE ORGAN OF PRINCE RICHARD
PROMISES GOODLY DEVELOPMENT.

THE Duke of Gloucester approached Adam as he stood gazing on his model. "Old man," said the Prince, touching him with the point of his sheathed dagger, "look up and answer. What converse hast thou held with Henry of Windsor, and who commissioned thee to visit him in his confinement? Speak, and the truth! for by Holy Paul, I am one who can detect a lie, and without that door stands—the Tormentor!"

Upon a pleasing and joyous dream broke these harsh words; for Adam then was full of the contrivance by which to repair the defect of the engine; and with this suggestion was blent confusedly the thought, that he was now protected by royalty, that he should have means and leisure to accomplish his great design, that he should have friends whose power could obtain its adoption by

the King. He raised his eyes, and that young dark face frowned upon him—the child menacing the sage—brute force in a pigmy shape, having authority of life and death over the giant strength of genius. But these words, which recalled Warner from his existence as philosopher, woke that of the gentle, but brave and honourable man which he was, when reduced to earth.

“Sir,” he said, gravely, “if I have consented to hold converse with the unhappy, it was not as the tell-tale and the espier. I had formal warrant for my visit, and I was solicited to render it by an early friend and comrade who would be my benefactor in aiding with gold my poor studies for the king’s people.”

“Tut!” said Richard, impatiently, and playing with his dagger hilt, “thy words, stealthy and evasive, prove thy guilt! Sure am I that this iron traitor, with its intricate hollows and recesses, holds what, unless confessed, will give thee to the hangman! Confess all, and thou art spared.”

“If,” said Adam, mildly, “your Highness—for though I know not your quality, I opine that no one less than royal could so menace; if your Highness imagines that I have been entrusted by a fallen man, wrong me not by supposing that I could fear death more than dishonour; for certes!” (continued Adam, with innocent pedantry,) “to

put the case scholastically, and in the logic familiar, doubtless, to your Highness, either I have something to confess, or I have not—if I have——”

“Hound!” interrupted the Prince, stamping his foot, “thinkest thou to banter me—see!” As his foot shook the floor, the door opened, and a man with his arms bare, covered from head to foot in a black gown of serge, with his features concealed by a hideous mask, stood ominously at the aperture.

The Prince motioned to the torturer (or tormentor, as he was technically styled,) to approach, which he did noiselessly, till he stood, tall, grim and lowering, beside Adam, like some silent and devouring monster by his prey.

“Dost thou repent thy contumacy?—A moment, and I render my questioning to another!”

“Sir,” said Adam, drawing himself up, and with so sudden a change of mien, that his loftiness almost awed even the dauntless Richard—“Sir, my fathers feared not death when they did battle for the throne of England; and why?—because in their loyal valour they placed not the interests of a mortal man, but the cause of imperishable Honour! And though their son be a poor scholar, and wears not the spurs of gold—though his frame be weak and his hairs grey, he loveth Honour also well enow to look without dread on Death!”

Fierce and ruthless, when irritated and opposed, as the Prince was, he was still in his first youth—

ambition had here no motive to harden him into stone. He was naturally so brave himself that bravery could not fail to win from him something of respect and sympathy, and he was taken wholly by surprise in hearing the language of a knight and hero from one whom he had regarded but as the artful impostor or the despicable intriguer.

He changed countenance as Warner spoke, and remained a moment silent. Then as a thought occurred to him, at which his features relaxed into a half smile—he beckoned to the tormentor—said a word in his ear—and the horrible intruder nodded and withdrew.

“Master Warner,” then said the Prince, in his customary sweet and gliding tones—“it were a pity that so gallant a gentleman should be exposed to peril for adhesion to a cause that can never prosper, and that would be fatal, could it prosper, to our common country. For look you, this Margaret, who is now, we believe, in London,” (here he examined Adam’s countenance, which evinced surprise,) “this Margaret, who is seeking to rekindle the brand and brennen of civil war, has already sold for base gold, to the enemy of the realm, to Louis XI., that very Calais which your fathers, doubtless, lavished their blood to annex to our possessions. Shame on the lewd harlot! What woman so bloody and so dissolute? What man so feeble and craven as her Lord?”

“Alas! Sir,” said Adam—“I am unfitted for these high considerations of state. I live but for my art, and in it. And now, behold how *my* kingdom is shaken and rent!” he pointed with so touching a smile, and so simple a sadness, to the broken engine, that Richard was moved.

“Thou lovest this, thy toy? I can comprehend that love for some dumb thing that we have toiled for. Ay!” continued the Prince, thoughtfully—“ay! I have noted myself in life, that there are objects; senseless as that mould of iron, which if we labour at them, wind round our hearts as if they were flesh and blood. So some men love learning, others glory, others power. Well, man, thou lovest that mechanical? How many years hast thou been about it?”

“From the first to the last, twenty-five years, and it is still incomplete.”

“Um!” said the Prince, smiling—“Master Warner, thou hast read of the judgment of Solomon—how the wise King discovered the truth by ordering the child’s death.”

“It was indeed,” said Adam, unsuspectingly—“a most shrewd suggestion of native wit and clerkly wisdom.”

“Glad am I thou approvest it, Master Warner,” said Richard. And as he spoke, the tormentor reappeared with a smith, armed with the implements of his trade.

“Good smith, break into pieces this stubborn iron ; bare all its receptacles ; leave not one fragment standing on the other ! *Delenda est tua Cartago*, Master Warner. There is Latin in answer to thy logic.”

It is impossible to convey any notion of the terror, the rage, the despair, which seized upon the unhappy sage when these words smote his ear, and he saw the smith’s brawny arms swing on high the ponderous hammer. He flung himself between the murderous stroke and his beloved model. He embraced the grim iron tightly. Kill *me* !” he exclaimed, sublimely, “kill *me* !—not my THOUGHT !”

“Solomon was verily and indeed a wise king,” said the Duke, with a low, inward laugh. “And now, man, I have thee ! To save thy infant—thine art’s hideous infant—confess the whole !”

It was then that a fierce struggle evidently took place in Adam’s bosom. It was, perhaps—O reader ! thou, whom pleasure, love, ambition, hatred, avarice, in thine and our ordinary existence, tempt—it was, perhaps, to him the one arch-temptation of a life. The changing countenance, the heaving breast, the trembling lip, the eyes that closed and opened to close again, as if to shut out the unworthy weakness—yea, in the whole physical man—was seen the crisis of the moral struggle. And what, in truth, to him, an Edward or a Henry, a Lancaster or a York ? Nothing. But still that

instinct, that principle, that conscience, ever strongest in those whose eyes are accustomed to the search of truth, prevailed. So he rose suddenly and quietly, drew himself apart, left his work to the Destroyer, and said—

“Prince, thou art a boy! Let a boy’s voice annihilate that which should have peopled all time. Strike!”

Richard motioned—the hammer descended—the engine and its appurtenances reeled, and crashed—the doors flew open—the wheels rattled—the sparks flew. And Adam Warner fell to the ground, as if the blow had broken his own heart. Little heeding the insensible victim of his hard and cunning policy, Richard advanced to the inspection of the interior recesses of the machinery. But that which promised Adam’s destruction, saved him. The heavy stroke had battered in the receptacle of the documents—had buried them in the layers of iron. The faithful Eureka, even amidst its injuries and wrecks, preserved the secret of its master.

The Prince, with impatient hands, explored all the apertures yet revealed, and after wasting many minutes in a fruitless search, was about to bid the smith complete the work of destruction, when the door suddenly opened and Lord Hastings entered. His quick eye took in the whole scene—he arrested the lifted arm of the smith, and passing

deliberately to Gloucester, said with a profound reverence, but a half reproachful smile, "My Lord! my Lord! your Highness is indeed severe upon my poor scholar."

"Canst thou answer for thy scholar's loyalty?" said the Duke, gloomily.

Hastings drew the Prince aside, and said, in a low tone, "His loyalty! poor man, I know not; but his guilelessness, surely, yes. Look you, sweet Prince, I know the interest thou hast in keeping well with the Earl of Warwick, whom I, in sooth, have slight cause to love. Thou hast trusted me with thy young hopes of the Lady Anne; this new Nevile placed about the King, and whose fortunes Warwick hath made his care, hath, I have reason to think, some love passages with the scholar's daughter—the daughter came to me for the passport. Shall this Marmaduke Nevile have it to say to his fair kinswoman, with the unforgiving malice of a lover's memory, that the princely Gloucester stooped to be the torturer of yon poor old man? If there be treason in the scholar, or yon battered craft-work, leave the search to me."

The Duke raised his dark, penetrating eyes to those of Hastings, which did not quail. For here world-genius encountered world-genius, and art, art.

"Thine argument hath more subtlety and cir-

cumlocution than suit with simple truth," said the Prince, smiling. "But it is enough to Richard that Hastings wills protection even to a spy!"

Hastings kissed the Duke's hand in silence, and going to the door, he disappeared a moment and returned with Sybill. As she entered, pale and trembling, Adam rose, and the girl with a wild cry flew to his bosom.

"It is a winsome face, Hastings," said the Duke, drily. "I pity Master Nevile the lover, and envy my Lord Chamberlain the protector."

Hastings laughed, for he was well pleased that Richard's suspicion took that turn.

"And now," he said, "I suppose Master Nevile and the Duchess of Bedford's page may enter. Your guard stopped them hitherto. They come for this gentleman from her Highness the Queen's Mother."

"Enter, Master Nevile, and you, Sir Page. What is your errand?"

"My Lady, the Duchess," said the Page, "has sent me to conduct Master Warner to the apartments prepared for him as her special multiplier and alchemist."

"What!" said the Prince, who, unlike the irritable Clarence, made it his policy to shew all decorous homage to the Queen's kin; "hath that illustrious lady taken this gentleman into her service? Why announced you not, Master Warner, what at

once had saved you from further questioning? Lord Hastings, I thank you *now* for your intercession."

Hastings, in answer, pointed archly at Marmaduke, who was aiding Sybill to support her father. "Do you suspect me still, Prince?" he whispered.

The Duke shrugged his shoulders, and Adam, breaking from Marmaduke and Sybill, passed with tottering steps to the shattered labour of his solitary life. He looked at the ruin with mournful despondence, with quivering lips. "Have you done with me?" then he said, bowing his head lowly, for his pride was gone—"may we—that is, I and this, my poor device, withdraw from your palace? I see we are not fit for Kings!"

"Say not so," said the young Duke, gently, "we have now convinced ourselves of our error, and I crave thy pardon, Master Warner, for my harsh dealings. As for this, thy toy, the King's workmen shall set it right for thee. Smith, call the fellows yonder, to help bear this to——" He paused, and glanced at Hastings.

"To my apartments," said the Chamberlain. "Your Highness may be sure that I will there inspect it. Fear not, Master Warner; no further harm shall chance to thy contrivance."

"Come sir, forgive me," said the Duke. With gracious affability the young Prince held out his

hand, the fingers of which sparkled with costly gems, to the old man. The old man bowed as if his beard would have swept the earth, but he did not touch the hand. He seemed still in a state between dream and reason, life and death: he moved not, spoke not, till the men came to bear the model; and he, then, followed it, his arms folded in his gown, till, on entering the court, it was borne in a contrary direction from his own, to the Chamberlain's apartment; then wistfully pursuing it with his eyes, he uttered such a sigh as might have come from a resigned father losing the last glimpse of a beloved son.

Richard hesitated a moment, loth to relinquish his research, and doubtful whether to follow the Eureka for renewed investigation; but, partly unwilling to compromise his dignity in the eyes of Hastings, should his suspicions prove unfounded, and partly indisposed to risk the displeasure of the vindictive Duchess of Bedford by further molestation of one now under her protection, he reluctantly trusted all further inquiry to the well-known loyalty of Hastings.

"If Margaret be in London," he muttered to himself, as he turned slowly away, "now is the time to seize and chain the lioness! Ho, Catesby,—hither (a valuable man that Catesby—a lawyer's nurturing with a bloodhound's nature!)—Catesby, while King Edward rides for pleasure, let thou and

I track the scent of his foes. If the she-wolf of Anjou hath ventured hither, she hides in some convent or monastery, be sure. See to our palfreys, Catesby! Strange," (added the Prince, muttering to himself,) "that I am more restless to guard the Crown, than he who wears it! Nay, a crown is a goodly heirloom in a man's family, and a fair sight to see near—and near—and near——" /

The Prince abruptly paused, opened and shut his right hand convulsively, and drew a long sigh.

END OF BOOK III. AND VOL. I.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

NOTE TO VOL. I.

The Badge of the Bear and ragged Staff was so celebrated in the fifteenth century, that the following extract from a letter addressed by Mr. Courthope, Rouge Croix, to the author, will no doubt interest the reader, and the author is happy in the opportunity afforded of expressing his acknowledgments for the courteous attention with which Mr. Courthope has honoured his inquiries :—

“ College of Arms.

“ As regards the badge of Richard Nevile, Earl of Warwick—viz., the Bear and Staff, I agree with you, certainly, as to the probability of his having sometimes used the whole badge, and sometimes the *staff* only, which accords precisely with the way in which the Bear and Staff are set forth in the Rous Roll to the early Earls, (Warwick,) before the Conquest. We, there, find them figured with the staff upon their shields, and the bear at their feet, and the staff alone is introduced as a quartering upon their shields.

“ The story of the origin of these badges is as follows :—

“ Arth, or Arthgal, is reputed to have been the first Earl of Warwick, and being one of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table, it behoved him to have a cognizance ; and Arth or Narth signifying in British the same as Ursus in Latin, he took the bear for such cognizance : his successor, Morvidus, Earl of Warwick, in single combat, overcame a mighty giant, (who had encountered him with a tree pulled up from the root, the boughs of which had been torn from it,) and in token of his success, assumed the ragged staff. . You

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will thus see that the origins of the two were different, which would render the bearing of them separately not unlikely, and you will likewise infer that both came through the Beauchamps. I do not find the ragged staff ever attributed to the Neviles before the match with Beauchamp.

“ As regards the crest or cognizance of Nevile, the Pied Bull has been the cognizance of that family from a very early time, and the Bull's head its crest, and both the one and the other may have been used by the King-maker, and by his brother, the Marquess Montagu; the said bull appears at the feet of Richard Nevile, in the Rous Roll, accompanied by the Eagle of Monthermer; the crests on either side of him are those of Montagu and Nevile: besides these two crests, both of which the Marquess Montagu may have used, he certainly did use the Gryphon, issuant out of a ducal coronet, as this appears alone for his crest, on his garter plate, as a crest for Montagu, he having given the arms of that family precedence over his paternal coat of Nevile; the King-maker, likewise, upon his seal, gives the precedence to Montagu and Monthermer, and they alone appear upon his shield.”

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 40, line 9, *for* "turn our fate," *read* "turns our fate."

— 78, line 24, *for* "Sibyll at the age of ten, six years before the date," &c., *read* "Sybill at the age of *eight*,—*eight* years before," &c.

— 124, line 28, *for* "*head* was firm," *read* "*tread* was firm."

— 168, line 21, *for* "the former," *read* "the latter."

ERRATA.

VOL. II.

Page 32, line 7, *for* "*Prince* Louis," *read* "*King* Louis."

— 138, line 8, *for* "suddenly backed them," &c., *read* "*the Prince* suddenly backed them."

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